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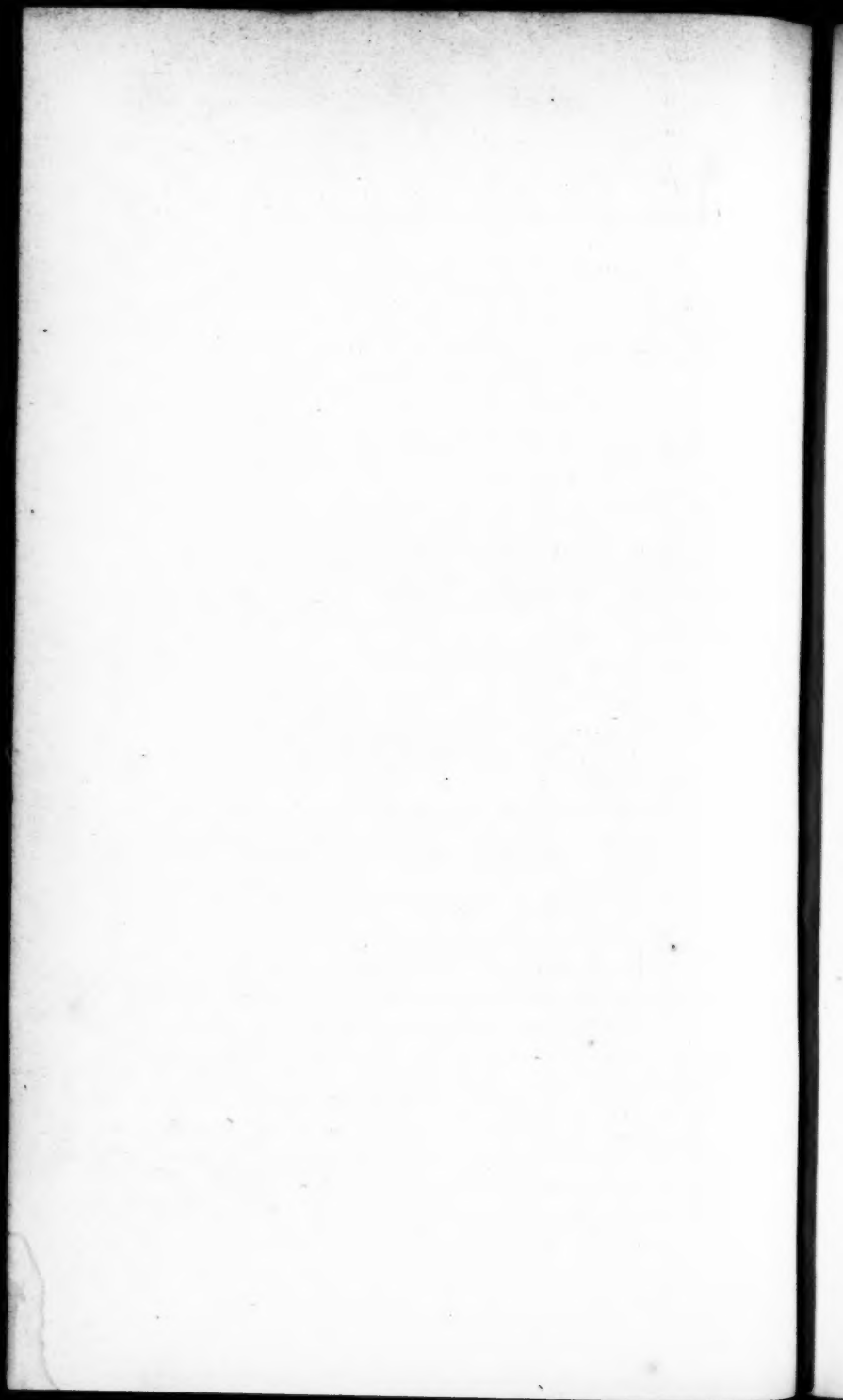
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THE
DUBLIN REVIEW.

MAY, 1861.

ART. I.—*Iceland, its Volcanoes, Geysers, and Glaciers.* By Charles S. Forbes, Comr. R.N. London: Murray, 1860.

THERE are few if any countries within the circle of the European family which can put forward so many and such varied titles to our attention as Iceland. There are, of course, a hundred other lands, which can each advance some special and absorbing claim to our admiration, respect, or serious contemplation;—some long train of glorious reminiscences and imperishable deeds, some mighty part borne in the history of mankind, some immense benefit conferred, or enduring influence exercised upon our race. And, at the present moment, when the world is standing still in mute expectancy of some great change, it can hardly be presumed that the condition and fortunes of a remote and thinly peopled island, placed almost beneath the Arctic circle, should attract even a moderate share of general consideration. But we have in mind more normal circumstances which allow a larger scope and a wider range, to our investigations; and do not limit our attention to the situation of the moment in the overbearing anxiety for what the morrow may bring forth. It is with reference to such circumstances, and taking that larger view of the history of European communities, that we believe the position of Iceland to be unique, at least among the countries of our quarter of the globe.

Placed on the very verge of the habitable world, and situate beyond the line which marks the farthest limit of travel suggested or stimulated by other motives than those purely selfish ones of commercial gain; Iceland, notwithstanding its isolation and our unfamiliarity with its special points of interest, presents to us features which must secure the sympathy of the philosophical student, and excite the curiosity of the man of science and the seeker after novelty and adventure. In an island lifted by volcanic action from the ocean's bed, where that bed lay deepest, girt by almost perpetual ice, continuously trembling through violent shocks of earthquakes, and ravaged by incessant volcanic eruptions of the most terrible and varied character; in a moist climate, where a dreary and tempestuous winter scarcely allows sufficient time for the warmth of summer, and forbids even the simplest forms of husbandry; in a country cut off from all save the rarest intercourse with the rest of the world, desolated by periodic pestilences of most formidable magnitude and direful effects,—we may well marvel that man ever fixed his abode, still more, that his perseverance and ingenuity have achieved a greater triumph than to eke out a precarious existence. Yet, here man not merely vegetated, but lived a life of literature, politics, and religion. Here he not so much triumphed over the natural obstacles and restrictions of his situation, as forgot them in the refinements with which he surrounded himself. Here, anticipating history by many centuries, a free people, by their orderly government and prudent administration, succeeded in resolving the highest political problem, and consolidating the peace, comfort, and prosperity of the whole community; while, by their spirit of adventure, they forestalled the glory of the discovery of America. At a period when all the rest of Europe was one wide theatre of chaos, of sanguinary wars and social revolutions, the Icelanders presented the enviable spectacle of a civilized state in which learning flourished, poetry was cultivated, and the arts practised; combatting with unwearying patience and unflagging industry the difficulties of their Arctic home, and obviating by their commercial enterprize the evils which they could not overcome. Here, accordingly, although originally but an exiled colony from the parent land of Norway, we find the first recorded essays of Norse literature, and the more polished and

ambitious productions of its more cultivated period. Here we find those inimitable Sagas, so life-like a reflection of the Norse mind, which embody the whole system of mythology of the Northern nations—a mythology which contrasts with the graceful fables of Hellas, as much as do the frank worshippers of Woden and Thor with the effeminate votaries of Aphrodite and Apollo. Hither, too, must the laborious student betake himself in search of those chronicles and memorials which do not so much recount as paint the early fortunes, the strong personal character, the social life, and political institutions of that hardy race which over-ran Europe from sea to sea, and rolled back the tide of Moslem invasion in the crisis of its fate. The student of Norse history and Runic lore may well be pardoned, if he turns to Iceland with feelings akin to those which swayed Herodotus, when he sought in Egypt the primitive vestiges of the civilization of Greece.

But it is not merely on intellectual and historical grounds that Iceland can claim a large share of attention. It is not the antiquarian or the political philosopher only whom she may expect to attract to her shores. There are special features of interest for the naturalist and the man of science, tempting allurements for the crowd whom pleasure or the love of change or healthful excitement yearly sends forth to travel. There are marvels in abundance, stern and sublime, such as cannot be matched, or at least met with elsewhere. Any one who loves to view nature in her primitive and most rugged forms, to contemplate the effects of great efforts of the mighty forces which lie slumbering beneath the crust of our globe, and to moralize on the helplessness of man and the frailty of his works, when placed in conflict with the irresistible agencies that moderate the vicissitudes of the physical world, will have full opportunity of gratifying his passion during the brief space of an Icelandic summer. He must not look for the teeming fertility, the luxuriant light and shade which robe the sides of Etna, nor for the blue sky and bluer water in which that king of fire-mountains is set. He must not expect to find ice-giants, like those which keep watch and ward over the sublime and beautiful scenes of Switzerland. He may not even hope to meet with that ever varying succession of fen and forest, waterfall and fiord, snow-capped peak and mossy dell, which throws such enchantment around a summer ramble in Norway,

and makes one regret when it is over that it has passed away so fast. Scenes such as these are the peculiar property, each of its own land; they are as national as its people, and cannot be found elsewhere: and he who should come to Iceland with the hope of meeting their fellows, would be sadly disappointed. But the feeling of disappointment would soon yield to the satisfaction and astonishment produced by the unexpected wonders which present themselves at every step. We have not the glories of other lands in all their fulness; but nature has borrowed from them with a lavish hand when heaving upwards this island from fathomless depths below the ocean. We have snow-clad mountains and glaciers from the Alps; fens and fiords and waterfalls from Norway; volcanoes and sulphur mines and earthquakes from Sicily. We have fisheries of salmon from Scotland, of herrings from the Dogger-bank, of whales from the Arctic seas, and of cod from Newfoundland. Occasionally, by way of variety, when the winter has been more than normally severe, the icebergs set free by the summer's thaw will bring fierce and unusual visitors in the shape of white bears from Greenland or Spitzbergen. And, special property of Iceland's own, there are geysers and mud springs; there is a district into which no man dare venture, for volcano and earthquake have seized upon it for their chosen abode; and wherever we tread the crisp lava crackles beneath our feet, and discloses a sub-soil of layer upon layer of blighted moss and heather, that mark by their successive growth and decay the periodic ebb and flow of the fiery tide.

Iceland has been at different times visited by Englishmen. Latterly, indeed, these visits have been assuming the condition of a habit. Of course the number of Icelandic visitors is not one in a thousand compared with the crowd which annually throng the mountains and valleys of Switzerland. It is not even anything like the number that in the season is to be found rambling through Norway. But it is increasing, chiefly through the accommodation afforded by the steamers that carry the Danish mails, calling at Leith on their outward and homeward voyages, and making about four trips every summer. We have no doubt that when an interest in Icelandic scenes and attractions shall have been more widely diffused among those classes of our countrymen for whom a sum-

mer excursion is almost a necessity, this number will be very considerably augmented. We cannot hope, indeed, that a trip to Hekla or the Geysers will ever be as popular as one to Chamouni or Monte Rosa. But we are satisfied that every one who has the good fortune of making himself personally acquainted with even a limited portion of Icelandic marvels, will be anxious to renew that acquaintance, and will spread among his friends a wish to share in the gratification he has himself enjoyed. There is abundant room, not only for rendering more accurate the information which we already possess, but for enlarging it almost indefinitely. The greater portion of the island has never been described or indeed explored. Most of the published accounts are limited to the south-west corner; and even there, an attentive investigator would be sure to light upon many novelties previously unobserved or at least unrecorded. It is a subject of mortification that the books purporting to give us sketches or notes of Iceland, which have appeared within the last fifty years, add really nothing to the information contained in the *Travels* published by Sir George Mackenzie, in 1811; and in most respects fall far short of the elaborate and detailed descriptions contained in that most excellent work. This arises doubtless from the fact that later writers have not possessed the varied acquirements, the large scientific knowledge, and the trained habits of careful and minute observation possessed by the distinguished men who compiled those *Travels*. But this deficiency only increases our desire to see the task undertaken by men of similar talents and attainments. How much would our stock of Icelandic knowledge be increased if men like the accomplished members of the Alpine Club would turn their steps northward, and visit the northern and eastern shores of this island, and penetrate into the district of Skaptar Yökul. Surely they who have explored all the Cols, and ascended every peak of Monte Rosa, who have climbed the Wetterhorn, and revelled in the horrors of the Saas Grat, would not shrink from perils that probably owe their dangerous reputation solely to the fact of never having been attempted? Putting other considerations aside, there are certain reasons of national importance which render a better acquaintance with the physical condition of this island eminently desirable. We yet hope to see the same attention, the same patient

research, and indomitable perseverance, brought to bear on its investigation, by which Forbes and Tyndall have familiarized us with the phenomena of the Alps.

The work before us is a record of the observations of two months, most busily employed, by Captain Forbes of the Royal Navy. It is written in a most easy flowing style, and abounds with anecdote and useful bits of information. Indeed we feel almost inclined to abate in its favour some of our remarks on the comparative meagreness of modern books, and the very little they add to our previous knowledge. For consistently with the main object of his visit, which was not scientific or geographical enquiry, but a pleasant trip, we do not think the author could have embraced more extended details, or proposed to himself more minute observation. Independently of this, the information which he does convey, if not as extended and full as we might expect in a larger and more pretentious work, is certainly given in a form more likely to attract the attention of most readers. The tale of his personal adventures is so well blended with descriptions of the natural scenery of the country and historical allusions, that it is almost impossible, once any one has taken up the book, to lay it down until it has been read through to the end. It certainly displays cultivated ability of no common order, and hence we have at the outset to offer one criticism with extreme regret. There is too evident a disposition to view every thing Catholic in a hostile and depreciating spirit; and this inclines the author, unintentionally no doubt, to misinterpret and misrepresent occurrences and events whose explanation depends upon or is intimately bound up with our religion. This hostility is a blot upon the frankness which breathes through the whole work; and which leads us to believe it is not naturally incidental to Captain Forbes's character. It may have been imbibed from others, unawares, and nursed by the prejudices unfortunately too frequent in his profession. Perhaps it may have been transfused into his pages while they were passing through the press, and is but the reflection of the evil company in which he made the Sicilian campaign of Garibaldi.

Captain Forbes started from Leith on the 21st of July on board the Danish mail steamer *Arcturus*.

"She is clean and fast, and the Danish cheer provided is ample and wholesome. You will also find your bitter beer and Harvey sauce; but no luxurious man should make the trip, even if he can bespeak fine weather. Our cabin passengers are an intelligent Lothian farmer who has an apt quotation from Burns for any idea that may start; an American professor and an American physician—the former, although a martyr to sea-sickness, has come all the way from the States to examine the Geysers.....A Danish artillery officer, three of my countrymen, and myself; and we are all told. Forward, there are a few Icelanders returning to their native land, which they love like islanders, a common saying amongst them being '*Island er kinn besta land sem solin skinnar uppá.*' 'Iceland is the best land on which the sun shines upon.' Aft, all with the exception of myself say they are bent on doing the Geysers during the week's stay of the vessel in Iceland and returning; but from a subsequent regardless display of white kids and varnished boots on the part of the Dane, he was evidently bound to the far north on a love 'pigeon' and eventually was betrothed and returned *without* his bride, proving the existence of 'stern parents,' even in Reykjavik."—pp. 6-7.

On the third day out they reached the Faroes:

"A triangular group of lofty table-shaped rocks, cropping out of the Atlantic, about a third of the way between the Shetlands and Iceland, and composed entirely of old volcanic formations, which have been superimposed beneath the depths of the ocean, and by subsequent igneous convulsion driven up to, and far beyond, the surface of the water. The twenty-five islands of which this group consists are so intimately related in formation and appearance, that they evidently were once a compact mass, in which upheaval has caused the rents, or rather fiords, by which they are now divided. In general these fiords are very deep, and vary from one to two miles in width, and are parallel to each other. Here the lay of the trap-beds and alternating strata may be distinctly traced from island to island in the face of the abrupt cliffs which in most parts bound their shores. And as we pass within a few hundred yards of the southern extremity of Nalsoe, the screaming of our feathery friends is relieved by the low moaning of the Atlantic swell in the numerous caves and fissures which it has hollowed out in the softer portions of the trap. One of these caverns pierces the island from side to side, and forms a natural arch with nearly 1000 feet of superimposed rock, offering a passage for small craft in fine weather. Immediately above the cliffs, nearly all of which are perpendicular, and averaging about 800 feet in height, stripes and patches of a vivid green form a pleasant relief to the eye, and pasture to a few sheep during the summer. These grassy holms are again capped with grey lichen-clothed terraces of the same trap formation."—pp. 9-10.

At Thorshaven, the seat of government, they anchored and stayed for the night. Here, the author and his *companions de voyage* landed, and ascending an eminence, obtained "an extensive and panoramic view" of this strange group. One of the islets, Sandoe, attracts particular notice, its cliffs being so steep that no boat can be kept there. "Its sparse inhabitants live in entire seclusion, saving an annual visit from the clergyman, who is hoisted up by ropes." Next morning his attention was called to a whaling smack, the master of which was in distress, four of his crew being in prison for theft. Outrages of this kind are, our author testifies, far too common on the part of whaling crews. The sheep, which are allowed to graze unheeded on the detached islets, are the chief object of their attentions; the rapidity of their operations and the remoteness of the scenes rendering detection impossible. In the case which came directly under Captain Forbes's notice, "the rascals had actually had the audacity to plunder a village. The disrepute such unmitigated brutality entails on our national character is very great: and it seems a pity that we do not follow the French system in Iceland, and send a man-of-war to keep such scoundrels in order."

On the sixth day out from Leith, the voyagers made Iceland. The first indication of land was the foam and the roar of heavy breakers in the vicinity of the dreaded Skaptar Yökul, which the calm rendered both audible and ominous, proclaiming the great perils that await navigators on these tempestuous and iron-bound coasts. Shortly afterwards a bold promontory loomed through the haze, known as Portland Head. It is the only high headland on the central portion of the southern coast, and is proposed as the first landing station of the projected North Atlantic telegraphic cable.

The dense fog began to lift and revealed the mysterious land of sagas and sayings. Immediately above the long line of foam were spread apparently interminable lava-fields, intersected with numerous rivers, and in many places covered with moraine and detritus, while here and there a gigantic glacier, quitting its native gorge, stalked out in abrupt relief upon the plain, on its march towards the sea, as if in chase of the uncontrollable white torrent debouching from its bowels. And as the fog ascends, the black and tormented flanks of mountain and yökul appear, each looking more grim than the last—rent and distracted by fire,

water and earthquake, into every form conceivable and inconceivable—conveying an idea of desolation and tribulation which must be seen to be realized.

“To the east, Kotlugiá Yökul’s ever-icy summit calmly rests on the accumulated ruin of centuries of intermittent volcanic activity; for this distinguished of Icelandic volcanoes, not content with the destruction of man and beast, obliterated every vestige of terrain on which they lived by successive deluges of water and ice, of lava and ashes; and as if still unsatiated with its destruction on land, created shoals and islands off the coast, which again have been destroyed by submarine convulsions.

“Abreast of us, Solheima Yökul, in comparatively close proximity to the shore, and connected with the former (Kotlugiá) by a lofty mountain range, including Myrdals Yökul, shelters a village of that name, and numerous homesteads scattered at its base, which to the uninitiated appear more like grassy hillocks out of place than the abode of civilized man. To the west, the towering Eyafialla Yökul, and its adjacent colleagues, rear their drear and gaunt cliffs towards the sea, bisected with glacier and torrent, but all alike devoid of wood or verdure, save the scanty stripes and patches under Solheima.

“Cap the mountain-tops with black, angry, watery clouds, and you have my first introduction to Iceland on a July day: for whilst at sea all was calm and clear, mist and fog seemed to claim the island as its own.

“We are now passing Skogar-foss, one of the finest waterfalls in the island, which here rushes over the cliffs into the sea in one unbroken sheet of foam, some fifty feet deep by thirty broad. The Westmanns are also becoming more and more distinct; likewise the Drifanda-foss, or driving cascade, which is precipitated from the brow of the Eyafialla range in a column of some 800 or 900 feet in height, and serves not only as a landmark to the Westmann islanders in their communications with the main, but also as a barometer. In calm weather, when the beach is accessible, the column is intact; but in stormy weather and a landing impossible, the wind, eddying among the cliffs, converts the fall, though considerable, into a cloud of spray, which is dissipated in the atmosphere.”—pp. 28-30.

We have given this long extract, not only because it is a good specimen of our author’s descriptive style, but for the information which it gives us as to the route projected for the Atlantic cable. It is proposed, as we have already said, to land the cable at Portland Head which is by far the nearest point to the Faroes. Thence it would be conducted overland along the southern coast to Reykjavik. Now, it has been urged that the nature of the country which this line should traverse is highly

unfavourable. The rapid rivers, the glaciers, the waterfalls, the atmospheric condition of the coast during a great portion of the year, would, of themselves, form no inconsiderable obstacles. But these difficulties become intensified by the fact that the district around Portland Head may be expected at any moment to become the theatre of violent volcanic disturbance. Such disturbance, in addition to endangering the physical permanence of the telegraphic line, would also exercise a fatal influence on it as a magnetic medium of communication. In the passage just cited the reader has a most truthful picture of the appearance of this part of Iceland; and may infer from it how much importance is to be attached to these objections to the proposed telegraphic route.

The Westmann islands, which lie off the S.W. coast, some fifteen miles from the mainland, are a group of basaltic columns. They are surrounded with an iron-bound shore, and present all the black ashy-looking features of recent volcanic ravages. They have, or rather the only one of them which is inhabited has the strange fatality of being peopled solely by immigrants. Whether arising from some local peculiarity of climate, or from the wretched diet of the inhabitants—certain it is that hardly a new-born child lives. They are all attacked with convulsions, at some period between the second and fifteenth day after birth, which almost invariably prove mortal. If any preternaturally vivacious infant survives the fifteenth day, he is looked upon as worth preserving—being the only specimen of that rare genus, a native Westmanner, who is likely to be in a position to transmit to posterity the personal experiences of his generation—and is accordingly sent to the main-land, to receive there that nourishment which could not be procured for him at home. Here our steamer landed its mails—an event which, by reason of the wildness of the weather, seldom diversifies the monotony of Westmann existence oftener than once a year—and then ran for Reykianæs, or *Smoky Cape*, the south-western corner of Iceland.

“It is a lovely summer evening, and the water without a ripple; but although the ocean is calm and clear, the murky mist has complete possession of the main, otherwise Hekla and the western portion of the southern coast range would encircle our northern horizon. The sun at last sinks into its ruddy bed, yet there is no per-

ceptible change ; day has merged into night without a shadow ; and after a long tournament at chess on the cabin sky-light, we discover, to our astonishment that it is past midnight."—p. 32.

This was on the night of the 26th of July. The next morning saw them steaming up the Faxa Fiord. The sky was cloudless, and such is the intensity of this northern atmosphere, that they saw the Snæfells Yökul, full sixty miles distant, as distinctly as if it were not further off than a couple of hours' sail. At length their destination, Reykjavik, the capital, "as it is facetiously designated," of this distant dependency of the Danish crown, was reached. "The town looked much more like some half-abandoned colonial location, that the energetic portion of the community had left for the diggings, than the metropolis of a community a thousand years old." The arrival of the mail is a great event at Reykjavik, occurring as it does only four times in the year, and these during the brief summer. During the remaining months its inhabitants are made to feel that they are cut off from all intercourse with the rest of the world. It is then hardly matter of surprise that there should be a copious display of bunting, and that every one should "quit their fishy stores, and line the beach to gape at and discuss the new arrivals, assist at the disembarkation of the mail, and eagerly besiege the post office." On this occasion the *Arcturus* was the bearer of intelligence more than usually interesting to the officers and crews of the two French men-of-war stationed in the harbour. The peace of Villafranca had been just signed, and they first learned the news from the little steamer. Captain Forbes, unlike his companions, not being pressed for time, was under no necessity of "doing" the Geysers within the week's stay of the steamer. He spent the week at Reykjavik, forming acquaintances, making inquiries, and in general employing his time in such a way as would best promote the objects he had in view when he undertook the excursion. We may usefully imitate his example, and avail ourselves of the respite to cast a glance over the country, and a retrospect at its history.

Iceland is about one-fifth larger than Ireland, and its area is vaguely estimated at 40,000 square miles. The coasts, as any map will evidence, are deeply indented with

fiords or inlets of the sea, which are in almost all cases the æstuaries of rivers. Two of these *fiords* on the west coast deserve particular notice for their extent, being in fact bays far larger than any similar inlet along our coasts. We have already referred to the volcanic origin of the island, raising it by successive efforts from the depths of an almost fathomless sea. The general form of the island is an arch, springing from north to south, and attaining its highest elevation of about 750 yards above the level of the sea, in a tract called Sprengisandr, a little to the south of the centre of the island. Rugged and irregularly shaped ridges traverse the country from east to west, sending out spurs towards the several peninsulas, and thus defining the angles of the coast by bold headlands. The central range lies nearer to the southern than to the northern coast: hence the northern rivers are longer than the southern. Between the spurs of the mountains, on the banks of the rivers, and sloping down to the shores of the *fiords*, are grassy valleys, which alone are inhabited. The centre of the island is a vast lava desert, through which one may travel for fully two hundred miles without meeting a trace of human habitation, a shrub, or even a blade of grass. The sameness is broken only by the *Yokuls*, or ice-mountains, which occupy more than a tenth of the whole surface. Magnificent glaciers cover the sides of these mountains, beginning at a great height, and sloping very rapidly towards the bottom of the valleys; and frequently, in the neighbourhood of the coast, crossing the plain like a causeway, and descending over the cliffs into the ocean. These glaciers present the same features of crevasses and moraines which are to be met with in Switzerland; they also seem to be subject to the same vicissitudes of increase and diminution, and apparently owing to the same causes, which are there observable. But the glaciers of Iceland are really yet unexplored. Grain will not ripen through the brief and uncertain summer, and must all be imported. Hence, so far as agriculture is concerned, the farming operations are almost exclusively limited to the grass crop. Even this is very precarious; being exposed to the influence of accumulations of Arctic ice on the northern and western coasts, which always occasion incessant rains, preventing the grass from ripening and rendering it impossible to dry it when cut. Famine follows such a calamity. For on

their cows and ewes the natives mainly depend for subsistence during the dreary winter. Their only reserve is dried cod's heads; the bodies of the fish they are obliged to barter for corn and other European commodities. Indeed, in the best of times, the great mass of the population are unable to procure more bread than will suffice for one meal a week.

The sterility of this ungenial soil is not confined to the cereal vegetables only; it extends to trees. Forests, indeed, are spoken of, but they are only tracts of stunted birch-bushes, seldom averaging more than six feet in height. And yet it would appear certain that formerly corn was grown, and real forests of trees existed, which have been destroyed doubtless through the waste and improvidence of the inhabitants. The question naturally arises, cannot they be restored? and, if not, why? It is alleged, in explanation, that the climate has become much colder, and consequently less favourable to vegetation than formerly; and this increased severity has been generally attributed to the gradual accumulation of polar ice. This is a subject which cannot be properly treated incidentally. We may however make one or two observations with regard to it. First, it is not at all certain that the climate of Iceland is colder now than it was a thousand years ago, so far at least as the atmosphere, or the condition of the polar ice is concerned. Nay, it seems most probable that the contrary is the case. At all events it is certain that the general climate of Iceland during winter is not more severe than that of southern Sweden and Denmark, which are situated between five and eight degrees more southerly; and in both these regions the climate is not unsuited either to trees or grain crops. Secondly, much allowance must be made for the effects of the periodical visitations of earthquakes and volcanoes, which have so awfully desolated the country, and must have considerably deteriorated a soil, which, under the most favourable circumstances could never have been very genial. Thirdly, the treeless nakedness of Iceland is not an unique phenomenon. There are many places in the British Islands and other northern countries, anciently clothed with immense forests, where scarcely a tree can now be made to grow. There are many spots in Scotland where grain-crops was formerly grown, which have been for ages abandoned to the grouse and the moorcock, as

hopelessly irreclaimable heaths. Yet grain is raised, and forests thrive in Sweden and Norway, in a climate immeasurably colder. The fact is that, in a cold situation, the mere absence of companions will prevent trees from flourishing. A small patch of wood will dwindle away, simply for want of that shelter which a large plantation would afford to itself, as a whole, and to every part of it. Where, then, an extensive tract of woodland has been destroyed, it is not an easy task to replace it by fresh planting, especially in countries which, from their atmospheric condition, impose the necessity of more than ordinary shelter. This is simply the problem which has to be resolved in Iceland. The amount of shelter has to be determined under which new plantations may be expected to thrive and supply the place of the perished forests. Some trees are more fitted than others to cope with the rigours of an Arctic winter. The experiment should be commenced with these. When they have grown to a sufficient height and consistency to shelter plants of a less hardy nature, then attention can be turned to the rearing of these latter kinds. The restoration of large patches of woodland seems an absolutely necessary condition, which must precede the hope of raising grain crops. We all know how intimately the atmospheric condition and climate of a country are dependant on the proportion of its area which is under wood. Where there are large forests, thickly planted, moisture is promoted, and storms of thunder and lightning are frequent. The peculiar features of tropical climate are always intensified in thickly wooded tracts. That is a large extent of woodland promotes moisture and heat. The restoration of its forests would do something similar for Iceland. They would temper the severity of the winter and shelter its fields from the severity of the northern blasts; while by retaining much of the heat, that now radiates from a bare surface, they would gradually diminish the general rigour of the climate, and adapt the soil to the production of corn.

Iceland seems to have been discovered in 861, just one thousand years ago. In the spring of that year, Naddodr, a roving pirate, in one of his voyages in the northern seas, while endeavouring to find the Faroes, either through an error in his reckoning, or driven by a storm, made an unknown mountainous coast. He landed, but finding nothing but ice and snow, he departed, calling the coun-

try *Snowland*. Three years afterwards it was visited by two other vikings, Swedes, Gardar and Floki by name. They found a great quantity of drift-ice along the northern shores, whence they called it Iceland. Floki, like most Norse navigators, was guided in his voyage by the flight of ravens, freeing them from time to time, and inferring the position of land from the direction of their flight. In 874, a number of Norwegian nobles, who had rebelled against Harold Harfäger, and been defeated by him at Hafur's Fiord, determined to seek an asylum in this distant country. They were conducted hither by Ingolf and Leif, two famous adventurers, who had been already condemned to banishment for several murders and other atrocities in which they had been engaged. The new colony was first established in the south-eastern corner of the island, but was eventually transferred to the neighbourhood of Reykjavik. Soon after its establishment, it was enriched by Leif with an immense booty, gathered in a successful descent on the coasts of England and Ireland. This expedition cost Leif dear; for, shortly after his return, he was slain in a quarrel with some of the Irishmen whom he had carried into captivity. Rapidly the colony grew in numbers and strength. Crowds of other emigrants, driven from their homes in Scandinavia by the disorders of the times, betook themselves hither: and in a few years it became a most flourishing and prosperous settlement. Norsemen had few wants, and these few were easily supplied. They waged war on the world; and no warriors have ever lived who practised more consistently or remorselessly than they the Napoleonic principle of making war support itself. Everything which was not required for absolute sustenance was borne home. Thus the population of the colony was steadily and rapidly augmented, partly by immigration, and chiefly by herds of slaves acquired in their excursions, while its material wealth was still more augmented by the rich gleanings swept from every European, and some Moorish lands. But, in so doing, the pirates were laying the foundations of a change of which they little dreamed.

Among the captives were many Christians, monks, priests, and even bishops. The old story was renewed, and gradually the truths of Christianity began to insinuate themselves into the breasts of the descendants of Wodin. When or how the conversion of the Icelanders was accom-

plished we do not know precisely. Tradition attributes the principal share in it to a Saxon bishop named Frederick, who came hither A. D. 981. It seems at any rate to have been more complete and instantaneous than that of their brethren on the Continent; for Christianity was formally adopted by the National Assembly in the spring of A. D. 1000. Churches and monasteries rapidly arose, and religion assumed the same dignified and respected position which was accorded to her in the countries of Europe. Simultaneously, or indeed, to speak more correctly, a short time previously, the political condition of the community was settled. The island was divided into four provinces, subdivided into twelve districts, each governed by local magistrates, elected by the people. An annual assembly, or parliament of the whole island, called the *Althing*, was held in Thingvalla, a place about fifty miles to the N. E. of Reykjavik. Here solemn trials took place, laws were enacted, and disputes arranged. The whole republic was under the nominal headship of a *Lagmann*. Land was held by *udal* (or noble) tenure, which was substantially a semi-feudal system. The gradual rise of powerful families, and the concentration of most of the land in their hands soon changed the elective character of the magistracy into hereditary. This led to feuds and deeds of violence, which ended in the surrender of the sovereignty of the island to Hakon, King of Norway, in 1254, three hundred and eighty years after its first colonization by Ingolf. The constitution, however, continued undisturbed, resembling rather the condition of a republic under royal protection, than that of a dependency, until the beginning of the present century, when the *Althing* was abolished. It was again restored in 1848.

Previously to the introduction of Christianity the Runic characters had been employed in inscriptions on wood, metal, and stone. But their use was limited to these inscriptions; *writing*, technically so called, there was none. Still the Icelanders had orally preserved their national traditions, and the memory of the prowess of their ancestors, and of the heroes of their race in songs, and in those *Sagas* which have become identified with the first essays of Runic lore. In the year 1057, however, Isleif, Bishop of Skalholt, introduced the art of writing, together with the Latin alphabet, modified according to the German usage, preserving some few of the old charac-

ters for the expression of peculiar sounds. This proceeding, which prevented the Runic alphabet from attaining the dignity of being the medium of a written language, was the decisive point in the literary history of Iceland. A general taste for learning became rapidly diffused. Societies were formed for the purpose of mutual instruction. The new art of writing was immediately employed in the important task of collecting the ballads, songs, and other memorials of the national antiquities, and of recording the historical recollections of the settlement of the island. Nor were the maritime expeditions of the early inhabitants forgotten, which had led to the colonization of Greenland and the other discoveries along the coast of North America, that reflect such immortal honour on the memory of those intrepid navigators. Several able writers also addressed themselves to digesting and commenting the laws and traditional institutions, and to chronicling in clear and simple narratives the events of their own times. The monks, as usual, especially those of the Benedictine monastery of Thingeyra, were large contributors to Icelandic literature; anticipating by five centuries the labours of the Maurist Fathers—on a small scale, and a different theatre, it is true; but storing up, withal, priceless materials for the future student of Norse archæology. Indeed nothing can compensate for the national loss sustained, at the introduction of Lutheranism in 1550, in the sack of the convents and the wholesale destruction of valuable manuscripts and relics of antiquity.

The position of Christianity in Iceland was eminently favourable to this literary development and to the course which it took. The conversion of the island had been effected almost simultaneously, and without any notable opposition. It had not, consequently, been attended with the same sweeping and indiscriminate hostility to the monuments and traditions of Paganism, which had been elsewhere deemed necessary, and had proved so fatal to their preservation. Accordingly the old Norse theogony still survived in songs and ballads. The old tales of their heathen forefathers were permitted to retain their place in the people's hearts. Deprived effectively of their religious meaning, by the practical hold which the lessons of Christianity had taken on the popular mind, or explained away as mythical allegories, there was no ground for fearing

that they could ever recover their ancient reverence. Perhaps, also, the fact that, from the commencement, the clergy were mainly native, was not without its influence. They had not, as was frequently the case on the Continent, come from a foreign land to combat Heathenism, unacquainted with the peculiar character of the people they were seeking to convert, and consequently ignorant of the mode of dealing with those popular prejudices which were arrayed against their ministry. They were never in the position of strangers, at war with the natives, on all those ideas of which a people is most tenacious, and for this reason alone, if for no other, necessarily regarded as intruders. Nor, when the work of conversion was accomplished, were they compelled, in order to secure its permanency, to recruit their ranks from their own country by men, who, whatever may have been the respect paid to them on account of their religious authority, must always have been looked upon as aliens to the tribe. These circumstances, it may be, were not without their weight in determining the attitude of the Anglo-Saxon and Irish missionaries towards the traditions and monuments of the Teutonic and Scandinavian tribes which they converted to the faith. But they did not exist in Iceland. There the clergy, from the first, were of the people. They knew intimately the habits, instincts, and leanings of their fellow-countrymen. They knew the weak points, as well as the strong ones, of their character; for they were those of their own. Consequently they were in a position, from the first, to deal practically with the tales of Northern Mythology. They knew at once how much of them they should reprobate and denounce, what superstitions they should guard against and eradicate, how much they were to explain away as allegory, how much they might allow to live as the legendary story of events whose true version was lost in the mists of antiquity. They acted accordingly. Nor do they seem to have considered, that any danger to the stability of Christianity could arise from their regarding those Pagan remains with more curiosity, perhaps,—for they had a domestic interest in whatever historical value they possessed—but certainly not with greater apprehension as to their practical influence on the conduct of their flocks, than we do those of Ancient Greece or Rome. The event proved the justice of their anticipations; for there is no trace that the Icelanders

were addicted to any grosser superstitions than any of their contemporaries, even those more favourably circumstanced.

After all, these are mere conjectures on a point which, more than any thing else connected with Iceland, is unique: namely, the singular preservation of Scandinavian traditions which renders its literature so peculiarly valuable in our days. But it is really idle to speculate on the origin of one feature, where everything is equally extraordinary, and may be discussed, but can, at best, be accounted for with difficulty. Rather, let us content ourselves with simply recognizing the facts, whatever may be their explanation. With the introduction, then, of writing a great and general educational and literary movement commenced in Iceland, which continued unabated for fully five centuries. A prominent feature of the literature, which thus arose, was the preservation of the national traditions, as well mythological as historical. The authors and foremost patrons of this educational movement, both in its general aspect and in the particular bias which it assumed, were the clergy and the monks.

The result of all these labours and exertions was an amount of knowledge and cultivation, so widely spread, as to render Iceland a country which, in point of general education and a high-class national literature, was quite unmatched among its contemporaries, and has hardly, if at all, been excelled by its successors. This literary taste, with its consequent acquirements, although, as we have seen, largely indebted both in its origin and in its progress to the fostering care of the clergy and the monastic establishments, was not, however, as over all the rest of Europe, confined to them alone. It was shared by all classes; and some of its most polished scholars appear to have been laymen. The natural result was a refinement of manners and an advanced civilization, that seem quite anachronous in that wild age of lawlessness and violence, and wholly beyond what the most extravagant conjecture could expect in so remote and inhospitable a land. Duelling, and trial by ordeal, protected elsewhere and systematized by custom and enactment, were here strictly prohibited. Doubtless, it was impossible to change radically the quick and fiery nature which had been one of the main elements in raising the Norse name to its high position, and which has so deeply

influenced the characters of all the modern nations of Western and Southern Europe. But it was much modified, theoretically, at least; and found a fitting expression in a legislation far in advance of its continental brethren.

The records and memorials of this vanished civilization, and the monuments of this dead literature still subsist, in piles of dusty manuscripts, preserved in the Royal Library of Copenhagen, in the British Museum, and elsewhere. Some few of them have been published; and from their freshness and vigour, and the deep interest of their contents, we may imagine the value of the treasure which yet remains entombed. The very names of the labourers in this remote field have perished, or lie buried with the forgotten productions of their genius. One there is indeed, which has rescued itself from the general oblivion, either through accident, or through the yet abiding greatness by which its owner, in his day, towered above all his contemporaries. He was a man who flung his shadow wide over every page of his country's story, who would have been most distinguished in any career, had he chosen to restrict himself to one, and who was without a rival in all. He was a great lord, the greatest in Iceland, owning more vassals than almost all the others together. He held several times the highest office in the gift of his fellow-countrymen. He was a great scholar, antiquary and poet, profoundly versed in all the learning then accessible, at a time when many nobles of Europe could not write their names. And in estimating the bearing of all this on the judgment we should form of the literary condition of the country, we must remember that he was educated altogether in Iceland, and never left his island home until after he had completed his forty-second year. He was besides a most accomplished man, of refined, nay luxurious tastes, of the highest order of talent, and most soaring ambition. He has left behind him a number of works, which, under any circumstances may fairly claim for him that first place in Icelandic literature which was allotted to him by his contemporaries and has been confirmed to him by the voice of posterity; but which we may well marvel he found leisure to compose, amid the cares and employments of continuous public life, and the distractions entailed by his many political intrigues. Pity that so noble a mind should have been stained by some of

the worst passions and vices of our nature, and that his fame should be clouded by the suspicion of having sought to sell the liberties of his country to Hako of Norway. His fate was very sad; he was murdered in 1241, in his splendid palace of Reikholt, by his three sons-in-law, in his sixty-third year. And yet, with all these drawbacks on his reputation, in versatile ability, in refinement, in most varied attainments, and high literary culture, we shall seek in vain to match Snorro Sturleson among his royal or noble fellows of the Middle Age. He will live in the minds of men centuries after their names shall have faded away.

Great as are the literary merits of Iceland, the highest claim, perhaps, that, in this age of commercial enterprise, its history can put forward to general attention, is the spirit of maritime adventure which distinguished its inhabitants from the date of its first settlement, and which, as we have already said, led to the anticipated discovery of America. Ploughing the seas in every direction, in quest of plunder, visiting every coast from the White Sea to the Euxine, and issuing forth on an expedition as soon as any scattered rumour reached them of a shore that had hitherto escaped their fatal inquisitiveness; it could hardly be presumed that the daring and reckless jarls who had fled hither from Norway, rather than submit to the slight check which the fair-haired Harold would have put upon their roving propensities, would not sooner or later have stumbled upon Greenland. The direct distance between the two countries is not more than 180 miles. Cape Farewell itself is not much farther from Cape Reikjanæs, the S. W. corner of Iceland, than the Shetlands. It is much nearer to it than any point of Iceland is to Trondhjem in Norway; and yet we know that direct voyages between Iceland and Norway were of frequent occurrence. Accident, however, led to the first discovery, in the person of one Gunnbiörn, who in trying to reach some of the western ports of Iceland was driven off his course by violent easterly gales, and at length made a high, rocky coast, with snow-covered mountains in the back ground. He did not land; but on his return, *within four days*, he gave to his countrymen a most discouraging account of this unknown shore. Some few years later,*

* The date of this expedition of Eric Raude is not settled. Some fix it at 982, others postpone it to 986.

Eric *Raude*, or the Red, a wealthy and restless youth, was banished from Iceland, on account of a murder of more than usual atrocity. Instead of betaking himself to any of the usual haunts of the Norsemen, he determined to profit by his exile and carve out some new adventure. Guided by the reports of Gunnbiörn, he sailed towards the south-west. After a quick run, he descried two lofty mountains, the one covered with snow, which he called the *Huitserken*, or the *White-shirt*, the other cased in ice, which he called the *Blaaserken*, or the *Blue-shirt*. Continuing on his course, he soon reached a headland, which he doubled; and, having entered a wide creek, he wintered on a "pleasant" island. He pursued his discoveries next spring, and exploring the mainland, was charmed by the verdure of the coast. He again wintered in the newly-discovered region, and then returning home spread far and wide the fame of its freshness and fertility, calling it the *Greenland*, in contrast with the barren rocks of Iceland, and, inviting settlers to join him, answered all inquiries by glowing and most alluring descriptions. He succeeded beyond his expectations, and started in the summer at the head of a flotilla of twenty-five vessels, only fourteen of which reached their destination. The new colony was soon augmented by considerable numbers, adventurers flocking to it in crowds, not only from Iceland, but from the Faroes, Orkneys, and other islands previously occupied by the Norwegians. And yet, from the commencement, the new colonists must have been sadly disappointed at the contrast which the reality presented to the magnificent promises of Eric *Raude*. Their life was one of unmitigated hardship and privation. Their rude hovels were surrounded by steep mountains of perpetual ice. They never knew the taste of bread, unless when an exceptional good fortune brought them from Europe a scanty supply of corn. They subsisted entirely on the fish which they caught, varied occasionally with the flesh of the Arctic wild fowl, and the small quantity of milk they could wring from their miserable cows: seal-skins, eider-down, and such other products of the chase, they bartered with the traders who visited them for wood and other necessities.

Withal the colony flourished, despite these difficulties, and extended itself along the coast. Very soon after its foundation, a second settlement was formed; and the dis-

tribution of Greenland into the *Oestre Bygd*, or *Eastern Settlement*, and *Vestre Bygd*, or *Western Settlement*, first instituted by Eric, was perpetuated. In 999, Leif, the son of Eric *Raude*, being in Norway, was converted to Christianity through the zeal of King Olaf Trygesson; and, bringing with him some monks, on his return, he was able by their preaching to induce his father and the other settlers to embrace the new faith. A bishopric was founded at Garde, a cathedral, dedicated to St. Nicholas, was erected, some monasteries, and even convents of nuns were established, and various provisions were made for maintaining the dignity of religion. It is distinctly stated that there were twelve parishes and two houses of religious men in the Eastern division, and four parishes in the Western. One villa of the Bishop was, we are informed, *magnifica*; another is described as a house "fit for a king to dwell in." We have also an account of a convent of St. Thomas,* which, however exaggerated in some of its

* Father Kircher has given us an account of this Convent of St. Thomas, taken from the narrative of one Nicholas Zeno, a Venetian sea captain, in the service of the King of Denmark, who was driven by stress of weather on the coast of Greenland, in 1380, and there saw this convent.

"Here is also a Dominican convent to be seen, dedicated to St. Thomas, in whose neighbourhood there is a Volcano that vomits fire, and at the foot thereof is a well of burning hot water. This hot water is not only conveyed by pipes into the convent, and through all the cells of the friars, to keep them warm, as with us the rooms are heated by stoves of fire-wood or other fuel, but here they also boil and bake their meat and bread with the same. This Volcano, or fiery mountain, throws out such a quantity of pumice-stone (lava?) that it hath furnished materials for the construction of the whole convent. There are also fine gardens, which reap great benefit from this hot water, adorned with all sorts of flowers, and full of fruit. And after the river has watered these gardens, it empties itself into the adjoining bay, which causes it never to freeze, and great numbers of fish and sea-fowl flock thither, which yield plentiful provision for the nourishment."

There is much that is incredible, and looks like a sailor's "yarn" in this description. But learned men are disposed to regard it as truthful in its main features. It has been strangely confirmed by a friar, a native of Greenland, who spent his youth in this convent, but was resident in Iceland about the middle of the sixteenth century. This man's story, as told to two different

details, conclusively establishes one fact at any rate, viz : that the high mechanical skill, and practical acquaintance with the mechanical laws, which must be supposed to have been pretty widely diffused amongst the religious bodies of Europe, if we wish to account for the existence of Roger Bacon, and for the many extraordinary facts collected by Kircher, was not confined to the Continental communities, but was shared by their distant brethren on those frozen shores. The prevalent opinion with regard to the extent of these Greenland settlements, is that they did not extend further north than the 63rd parallel. This is probably correct, so far as permanent settlements are concerned. But it is now certain that the voyages of these early colonists extended to a much higher point ; for in 1824 a stone, engraved with Runic characters, was found on an island in Baffin's Bay, in latitude 72° 55' N. We have also an authentic account of a voyage undertaken by some priests of the diocese of Gardar, in 1266, in the course of which they penetrated through Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait, and examined shores, the discovery of which has been vaunted as among the most intrepid feats of modern nautical daring. They have fortunately given us some astronomical observations, from which it would appear that they must have advanced almost to the 76th parallel.

Now, we can have no doubt as to the general truth of these accounts of the first settlement of Greenland and of its religious condition ; nor, even, of other facts still more extraordinary to which we shall presently refer. They have come down to us detailed in most simple narratives, compiled by authors who wrote independently of each other, in the century following the discovery. The colonists were members of Icelandic and Norwegian families ; they were perpetually visiting their parent countries ; there was a continuous intercourse kept up between Greenland and these countries ; the inmates of the Greenland monasteries were

authorities, who have transmitted it to us, endorsed completely the statement as to the pipes of hot water. It is evident that the modified temperature produced by such a contrivance, although not sufficient for the production of "all kinds of flowers and fruit," was yet capable of being made subservient to a variety of purposes of the last utility in the frozen climate of Greenland.

often sent over to the conventual establishments in Iceland and Norway, and *vice-versa*; the Bishops of Garde were suffragans of the Archbishop of Trondhjem, and besides the occasion of their consecration, had frequent necessity of coming to Europe. It was impossible under such circumstances, to falsify or tamper with facts attested by such ample and intricate tradition. Indeed, from the occasional notices and allusions scattered through these narratives, we are justified in suspecting that the picture of colonial misery which we sketched just now is over drawn; and that, as in the case of Iceland itself, commercial enterprize and activity were able to moderate the hardship and privations of a situation which would otherwise have been intolerable. And, if we remember, that the colony is admitted, on all hands, to have existed in the state we have described for nearly six centuries from the date of its foundation, we are warranted in looking upon this suspicion as amounting to even more than a strong probability.

But the place which the colonization of Greenland will ever hold in the history of geographical discovery, depends far less on its connection with Iceland—however honourable an illustration it may be of the intrepid daring and adventurous spirit of the people of that island—than on the fact that it was in reality, what Nature had designed it to be, the pioneer station on the road which led from Europe to America. Among the companions whom Eric *Raude* brought with him to the settlement of the newly discovered “green land,” was Heriulf, who established himself at a place called Heriulfsness, which our map-draughtsmen still continue, with strange perversity, to mark on the east coast. This Heriulf had a son named Biörni, who happened to be in Norway at the time the expedition sailed. On his return home, the first intelligence he received was, that his father had started for an unknown shore with the intention of settling there for life. The hardy Norseman seems to have listened very calmly to news, which would have appalled a modern son.

‘O’er the glad waters of the deep blue sea,’

had a music for him as for all his countrymen, which has, we believe, quite vanished with them from earth. He had just come ‘over the sea from Norrøway;’ what mattered

a sail of four days or so more, for such the trip to Greenland was represented? His decision was soon made. He would cross over and see how his father was doing, spend the winter with him—the Icelanders were not yet Christians, they knew not Christmas, but they burned the yule log merrily withal—and he would look about him in the spring. Suppose he did not like the place? Well, he had a Norseman's common fortune: Iceland, the Faroes, or the Orkneys, for a winter nest, and the ocean wide for a summer home. He had never been to Greenland, nor knew the way. But he was not worse off than Eric *Raude*, when he first turned his galley's head towards that icy coast which Gunnbiörn had caught sight of amid the fury of a gale. He sailed, having learned as the only instruction which he could procure as to the course he ought to steer, that he should keep well away to the southwest.

He sailed for days and days; but no land could he descry. It was early autumn, and he met with the usual fate of navigators in those seas—a gale. When the weather moderated, he found himself off a country covered with wood, but without mountains. This did not correspond with the description of Greenland. He had clearly come too much southwards. So at once he turned about towards the north. In *two* days he made another shore of similar appearance, and continued on his northern course. In *three* days more, sailing with the wind from S. W., he sighted high cliffs, with mountains and glaciers. This could not be the *Green* land. He coasted it, however, and found it an island. This discovery, strangely enough, seems to have decided him on leaving it behind. Continuing on his course, with the same wind, after a stormy voyage of *four* days, he made Heriulfsness, and astounded the colonists with his adventures. The statement of the number of days employed in performing each portion of this navigation, is of great importance, in the absence of all other observations.

We have wished not to curtail a single incident of this strange voyage, which discovered the mainland of America, in the same year that witnessed the first settlement of Greenland. In the whole history of Northern adventures, there is none which better illustrates the special characteristics of the race; the utter recklessness as to the future, and yet the firm will and intrepid courage, never

at fault in disaster, calm, if it could not be successful. The voyage seems to have been much talked about among the colonists, at home in Iceland, and even in distant Norway. Clearly, they were great "yarn-spinners," these old Scandinavians, and they more than suspected that Biörni was availing himself of the national privilege. At length, fourteen years after, Leif, the son of Eric *Raude*, who had been so instrumental in converting the Greenlanders, determined to test for himself the truth of the story. Having purchased Biörni's vessel, and received from him all the instructions he could give, he started A. D. 1000, with thirty-five companions, among whom was a German named Tyrker. They reached first the land last seen by Biörni, and found it to correspond with his description. There was no trace of herbage, but glaciers in the interior, between which and the cliffs the appearance of the country was barren and rocky. They called it *Helluland*, or the *Barren Land*. In this island of Helluland modern geographical critics have recognized the island known to us as Newfoundland.* Leaving behind him this unattractive coast, Leif reached another shore, very much indented, and with numerous banks of white sand. The whole face of the country was covered with

* Omitting other reasons, the following considerations seem to justify this conclusion. From sundry ancient Icelandic authorities it would appear that a day's navigation in fair weather was estimated at about 112 or 115 miles, being at the rate of from four to five knots an hour. Biörni made the voyage from Helluland to Greenland in *four* days, with a strong breeze from the S. W., which for a portion of the time increased to a gale. It is a moderate calculation to assign a rate of about six knots an hour to a voyage performed under such circumstances. This would give about 576 miles for the four days; while the bearing of Newfoundland is S. W. from Cape Farewell, and the distance is exactly 565 miles. This coincidence, which is much greater than is usually considered sufficient to establish an identity in the case of nautical observations, is further confirmed by the description of the appearance of the country, which corresponds accurately with the general features of Newfoundland.

We may here mention, that in 1285, two Icelandic priests, Adalbrand and Thorwald, discovered a "new land" to the west of Iceland. The notices of the voyage are, however, such that we cannot be certain whether this country was Newfoundland or Labrador.

forests, whence he called it *Markland*, or the *Land of Woods*. This is clearly Nova Scotia. Having coasted it he pursued his voyage, and after two days discovered an island lying to the east of the mainland. Entering the strait, which is described as bearing east and north, he ran westwards; and carefully steering between the many shoals which were dry at low-water, he entered a snug harbour. Here he landed. The place looked inviting; so having made a "clearing," he passed the winter exploring the neighbourhood of his encampment. The country is described as very pleasant and fertile, the winter much warmer, and the days longer than in Greenland. On the shortest day the sun was visible for nine hours. It happened one day that the German, Tyrker, strayed from his companions. Leif, going with a party in search of him, met him coming out of the forest with a bunch of grapes in his hand. This incident led to naming the country *Vinland*, or the *Land of the Vine*.* With the spring they sailed for Greenland, with a return cargo of wood; having decided the question that to the southwest of the new colony lay valuable lands.

The account which Leif gave of his voyage, aroused all the attention of the Greenland colonists. The following year (A. D. 1002) his brother Thorwald sailed for Vinland, and wintered at Leifsbudir, as the harbour where his brother stayed, two years before, was called. In the spring he despatched a large exploring party southwards, who seem to have examined Long Island, and the coast of Delaware and Maryland. In the spring of 1004 he sailed northwards, doubling Cape Cod, which he called *Kialarness*, or promontory of the *Keel*, from its resemblance to the shape of a boat; but fell in a skirmish with the natives. Nothing daunted by his fate, a large expedition, numbering three vessels, and one hundred and sixty sailors, started from Greenland in 1007, under the

* There is no controversy as to the situation of Vinland. It is universally admitted to be identical with the southern portion of Massachusetts. The length of the shortest day mentioned above, indicates this locality, while the description of the island and of the strait full of shoals, completely corresponds with the position of Nantucket. Other marks, recorded in the accounts of subsequent voyages, place the matter beyond all doubt.

command of Thorfinn, a youth of noble Norwegian extraction, whom prophecy had already designated *karlsefne*, or the *destined to greatness*. They remained over three years in Vinland, exploring the country in every direction, and carrying on a regular trade with the natives in furs, skins, &c., giving them in exchange stripes of red cloth. This voyage was most important, not only on account of the trade which it opened with the natives, but chiefly for the geographical, botanical, and zoological observations, concerning the three countries of Helluland, Markland, and Viuland, which are preserved in its accounts. These combine in fixing the position of the temporary colony in the south of Massachusetts, opposite the island of Martha's Vineyard. It may be observed that the description of the native Americans, contained in these accounts, would favour the idea that the Esquimaux formerly extended far to the south of their present abodes, and in the eleventh century, at all events, occupied the sea-board of the present New England.

The intercourse thus commenced with the mainland of America seems to have been irregularly kept up for, at least, more than three centuries. The latest mention of it occurs in a document compiled in 1348, where an Icelandic vessel is spoken of as having been to Markland in the previous year for a cargo of timber, precisely the very commodity for a vessel in the Canada or Nova Scotian trade. The thing is mentioned in such a casual way, that we are warranted in looking upon it as quite an ordinary occurrence. But some of these voyages appear, either designedly or accidentally, to have embraced other regions than those usually visited. The fragmentary notices and allusions to these expeditions are deserving of attention, on account of the curious speculations which they suggest. We shall just allude to two of the strangest. One of these refers to the shipwreck, on an unknown part of the American coast called *Hvritmannaland* (White Man's Land), or *Irland it mikla* (Great Ireland), of Are Marson, a wealthy Icelandic lord, in 983, during a voyage from Dublin to Reikjavik, in which he was blown out of his course by a succession of north-easterly gales. The people are represented as white, speaking a dialect of the Erse and Christians. They baptised Are Marson, and detained him among them for thirty years. Are Frode, one of the most trustworthy of Icelandic writers, to whom

we owe the most detailed account of the settlement of Greenland and the American discoveries, was the great grandson of this Are Marson. He firmly believed the tale, having heard it from his uncle, who had it from Are Marson himself; and considered the people to be an Irish colony who had found their way across the ocean a considerable time before.* The other story relates to the sojourn of Biörni Asbrandson among an unknown American people. He departed from Iceland in 999, and was never more heard of. Years after, one Gudleif, making the same voyage from Dublin to Iceland, was blown out of his course by the same north-easterly gales, which had proved so disastrous for Are Marson. He reached at length an unknown shore, on which he landed: but was immediately surrounded by several hundreds of natives, who made him prisoner. Then a venerable man coming forward, asked him in Norse whence he came; and on his informing him, he put to him many questions concerning several Icelandic notabilities. Then, drawing a ring from his finger, he gave it to him to take to an ancient Icelandic lady, with whom he would appear to have had tender relations, when both were young. "And none who saw that ring," adds the Chronicler, "ever doubted that the man who gave it was other than Biörni Asbrandson."

These things are strange, it may be said, nay, incredible. We do not vouch their truth. But it is idle to object to them, when they are but incidents in a story, the whole of which so far transcends the marvellous, that we seem, in listening to it, to hear the echoes of a fairy tale. Once we begin to criticise or discriminate, we must reject the whole: it is all of a piece. And the records of the discovery of America by the Icelanders are too secure, too consistent, too truthful to be rejected. The whole

* They who have examined most attentively this exile of Are Marson, find a striking parallelism in the Irish traditions concerning the voyages of St. Brendan and others. The tradition, if such it is, derives confirmation from another tradition current among the Shawanee Indians before their expulsion from Florida: namely, that the Floridas and Carolinas, were, ages ago, inhabited by a race of white men, who used iron tools, cultivated the earth, and worshipped the Great Spirit in houses built for the purpose. These men must have inhabited those parts, and disappeared long before the Spaniards saw America.

Scandinavian people must have conspired to invent a gigantic fiction, were it false even in one of its leading features, and they must have engaged unborn generations in the conspiracy. And such a fiction! which must have guessed even the minute details of the configuration of some 2000 or 3000 miles of coast, the distances and bearings of places hundreds of miles apart, the zoology and botany of countries differing widely in soil, climate, and physical conformation. It was no fiction, surely, when Thorfinn exhibited the ears of maize, in the streets of Trondhjem; nor when he sold the slab of birds-eye maple to the Bishop of Bremen for a mark of gold. More than eight centuries and a half have rolled away since Leif wintered in Vinland; and his descriptions are pictures of Newfoundland, and the country around Martha's Vineyard, to this hour.

The true marvel in this story is, not that the Norsemen got to America, but how they were able to get there at all. Their craft were but pinnaces, compared with the caravals that bore Columbus on his voyage of re-discovery; and these again were but coasters compared with the clippers of our time. They were mere open boats, or little better. And yet, in these frail vessels, manned by Norse intrepidity, and steered by Norse daring, they ploughed the stormiest seas, from Norway to Iceland, and thence again to Greenland, to Newfoundland, to New York; they explored the creeks of Delaware, and penetrated to regions which were believed never before the days of Parry to have echoed human tread. We have been accustomed to read the historic roll of the glories of the Northmen, as of a race that visited as conquerors every European shore, that sacked Constantinople, and held Acre to the last against all the might of Islam. But to our mind a deeper and a more useful lesson is taught in the page which recounts the tale of the hardihood and perseverance that explored every coast from Barrow's Strait to Florida, and presented Europe with a new world, had Europe only known how to profit of the gift.

But this career of adventure and discovery, which might have brought so much wealth and prosperity to Iceland had it been properly directed and supported, was destined to have a close full of sadness and gloom. The terrible epidemic, known in history as the *Black Death*,

which desolated Europe in 1348, made its way to these remote parts. It seems to have swept away at least half the population of Greenland. About the same time the Western Division was harassed by a series of attacks of the Esquimaux, contemptuously designated *Skrællings*, or *Dwarfs*, by the settlers. The assistance of their eastern brethren was demanded by the worn-out colonists. But when they arrived in the district, they found the settlement completely destroyed. The inhabitants had disappeared, their villages were in ruins, and not a trace of them remained but the untended cattle, lowing mournfully through the pasturages. Afflictions such as these could hardly be repaired; ages must elapse before a poor and barren country can make good great gaps in its population. In the present case the calamity was enormously aggravated by artificial circumstances. When the commerce with Greenland began to assume considerable proportions, the revenue derived from it was appropriated to defray the household expenditure of the Kings of Norway. To secure this revenue, no one was permitted to go to Greenland without a royal license under pain of death. Hence the trade came to be centred in the hands of a few individuals, who paid a composition for their privileges, and in lieu of all duties. The number of vessels annually employed in it, going direct from Norway, averaged forty. The *Black Death* was particularly fatal to the sailors and merchants engaged in the Greenland trade, and in consequence the navigation became less frequent, and the traffic rapidly declined. In 1389, Henry, Bishop of Gardar, was present at the meeting of the States of Norway and Denmark, in the island of Funen, in which Queen Margaret succeeded in effecting the union of the two kingdoms. His representations of the wretched condition of his flock induced the queen to despatch an expedition to Greenland. No tidings, it is said, were ever received of these vessels, so it was assumed they must have perished. Their fate, doubtless, contributed to put an end to an intercourse which seemed so full of peril. Margaret became involved in the intricacies of an elaborate and ambitious policy; her immediate successors had to fight, not merely for their crown, but for existence against a succession of foes. In the absorbing cares of such situations, they lost sight of their remote dependency, or left it to struggle, as it could, with its hard fate. The last notice

we have of a direct voyage from Norway to Greenland, occurs in 1406. Nothing having been heard of Henry, Bishop of Gardar, since his presence at the Assembly of the States in Funen, Askild, Archbishop of Trondhjem, determined, in that year, to exercise the metropolitan privilege claimed by his predecessors; and accordingly consecrated and despatched a prelate, named Andrew, in order either to succeed Henry, should he be dead, or to convey back some intelligence of him. No news of the fate of Bishop Andrew ever reached Europe; and, from that time forward, we meet with no mention of any intercourse between Norway and Greenland. The colony, however, seems to have lingered on, down to the middle of the sixteenth century; at least there are notices of that period which speak of it as then existing, and convey an impression that occasional communications still passed between it and Iceland. But, from that date, all trace of it disappears. It probably succumbed to the same fate as that of the Western Settlement, about two centuries before, and was destroyed by the Esquimaux. Some unusual blockage of ice, such as seems periodically to take place in the Arctic seas, may have cut off the retreat of the remnant which survived a succession of hostile attacks, and prevented them from saving their own lives, and conveying to Iceland the news of the ruin of a dependency that might, if duly cared for, have been a source of immense wealth to the Danish Crown. A notion, however, prevailed—and indeed in some quarters continues to prevail—that the colony continued to exist; and various expeditions were at different times fitted out, both by the English and Danes, for the purpose of re-discovering it. But they were mere piratical raids, whose only result was the slaughter or capture of some of the natives under circumstances of great brutality. At length, early in the last century, Hans Egede, a zealous and philanthropic Lutheran clergyman, induced the Danish government to consent to his leading a colony to Greenland. He settled, in 1721, at the mouth of Baal's River as it is called in most of the charts, and very near to the present large settlement of Godhaab; and thus laid the foundations of the Danish establishments now existing along the Western Coast. It is worthy of remark that he and his successors found traces of ancient settlements, including the remains of a church, scat-

tered along that coast between the 61st and 63rd parallel; but no similar traces have ever been seen on the Eastern coast by any mariner who has had the rare fortune to penetrate the icy barrier that effectually defends it from all detailed examination.

We have devoted more space than we can well spare to this colonial episode in the history of Iceland, not merely on account of its own deep interest, but for the important considerations to which it gives rise. It is clear we must have a very imperfect notion of the real character of Norse life and manners if we abstract from these expeditions. We are familiar with the Scandinavians as men ready to leave home, and all its associations, at the summons of a favourite leader, and join in a descent on some unwarlike coast which promised a rich booty. We are accustomed to meet them at every page in the history of the early Middle Age, first as ferocious pirates, as much at home on land as on sea; next as military settlers in the unhappy provinces which frequent visits had taught them to covet as a permanent possession; and finally, after their conversion, as chivalrous conquerors and heroic champions of the Cross. But these American voyages present them to us under a new aspect. The men whose names are prominent in the business, were not merchants even in the sense of the term which obtained among the Scandinavians. They were chiefly rich lords, who left their pleasant dwellings by Faxe or Breida Fiord, on Reykianæs, or at the foot of Snæfells; and, allured by the tales which had reached them, wandered forth over the Western Ocean, following in the wake of those who had preceded them, or becoming themselves the pioneers to new lands. Doubtless the old familiar type of the roving life and plundering foray is conspicuous in these expeditions; but there is much else besides. There is adventure undertaken for its own sake; there is the genuine spirit of nautical curiosity and discovery; there is the eagerness of the explorer strangely blended with the shrewdness of the speculative trader. The voyage of Thorfinn is in many respects an anticipation of what is actually going on in Japan. A new emporium has been discovered, new commodities come to light, new wares appear which have never been seen in the old countries. A judicious selection must be made of those articles which will be likely to fetch a high price in the home market;

and the risk which the skipper runs will naturally lead him to drive a hard bargain with the natives. All through there is adventure controlled in the choice of cargo by a prudent calculation of what will best minister to the luxurious tastes at home. To complete the parallel; there are squabbles with the natives, attended occasionally with fatal results; but, perhaps, if we were to pursue the subject through its details, the comparison might incline to the less favoured and more barbarous age. There cannot be a doubt that had Thorfinn's expedition occurred two or three centuries later, had it fallen in with the flourishing period of the Hanse, it would have been attended with far more important and permanent results. It is not a solitary Bishop of Bremen who would have purchased his slab of birds-eye maple; but the name of Vinland would have been as current on the Exchange of Bruges, and its productions vended as openly and sought as eagerly as those of Northern Russia or of India.

But the discoveries of Thorfinn and his companions, were far in advance of the spirit of their age, and shared the common fate of all such premature anticipations. They were not merely this; they were also at variance with the movement of the time. They did not present to the Norsemen prospects sufficiently alluring to divert them from the channel which absorbed all their superfluous enterprize along its wide stream. The gaunt cliffs and hoar glaciers of Helluland, the white sandy shores of the wooded Markland, or even the pleasant coasts of Vinland could hardly have tempted away men who sate on the throne of Alfred, and claimed a daughter of the Carlovingians as a bride for one of their chiefs and many provinces as her dowry; who had conquered Sicily from the Moslem and founded a kingdom at Naples. The discoverers of America brought back with them a trade; but their countrymen were warriors and not traders, and outside the circle of their countrymen, to whom could they apply? None else could understand them, much less appreciate them. Europe was, at the time, in the throes of a new birth. Her individual men, hitherto without a permanent civil bond, were coalescing into peoples; feudalism was rising out of the wreck of ancient society and barbaric institutions; the great lords were becoming sovereigns; and the commons were asserting their right to freedom. A century later she had to struggle for existence, to roll back

the tide of Islam, and fight for a civilization of which she knew not the price. When order began to dawn out of this chaos, and there was an England, a France, a Germany, and an Italy—divided, indeed, and distracted, but rich in all the elements of national greatness—then commerce arose to provide for wants before unfelt or untended. But the germs of an American trade, which had languished for a while amid the frosts of the North had then perished. The standard of the Raven had disappeared, and with it the memory of that western breeze to which it had once so proudly and hopefully fluttered. Trade once dead cannot be revived; it must be re-created. The Hanse, which might have encouraged and developed an existing trade, effectually forbade the reproduction of one which had been extinguished. The jealousy and ambition of that overbearing corporation found other work for the Scandinavian nations than to recall faded traditions, or to travel back on a road whose traces had been forgotten. This was reserved for another and a brighter epoch; when a better organization, greater wealth and increased power should have brought with them wider aims, and a larger national spirit. Then, when the monopoly that had so long held commerce in the leading strings of infancy, had been broken through, and competition had imparted a new life to maritime enterprise; men could listen to the murmurs of those voices of the past, and enter on the great undertaking of the re-discovery of America, and the securing that trade, which had been once before caught sight of, only to be too soon lost.

Returning from the consideration of the Iceland which was, and of that which might have been, had the great advantages placed within her grasp been properly appreciated and made use of, to the Iceland of to-day, the first point, which naturally engages our attention, is the condition of the population. Few will not feel interested in the actual circumstances of these descendants of a race whose early history was so brilliant. We have already touched on the poverty of Icelandic husbandry, and on its being almost entirely limited to the providing grass for the support of their stock. Even as an import, corn is a rare luxury, the only districts into which it finds its way being those near the sea-coast, where, once a week, bread may form a portion of the meal. In the inland districts, always,

and everywhere generally, the staple diet is fish, chiefly dried, varied with cheese, milk, and butter. A bad season is thus doubly disastrous, producing, at the same time, a scarcity of fish, and of the hay on which alone the cattle must live during the long winter. The result of such a dietary is to heighten the statistics of disease. The absence of animal and vegetable food produces its usual morbid effects, and aggravates the pulmonary ailments which naturally arise out of the climate. Both classes of disorders are aggravated by the bleakness and rigour of the region, which would require more varied and nutritious food in order properly to support life. These sanitary difficulties are increased by the construction of their habitations, and by their disregard for cleanliness—unfortunate characteristics of most races domiciled in cold countries. The following is a graphic description of the dwelling house of a comfortable farmer.

"The walls are two or three feet thick, a combination of turf and lava; the roof is boarded, and coated with a thick layer of turf, and consists of three gables, each surmounted with a weathercock. A long narrow passage with massive sides divides the dwelling, and leads straight into the kitchen, where a brisk fire of birch and peat is cooking the evening's '*skier*,' under the auspices of a crone who is not at all calculated to increase one's appetite by her appearance; on either side are large irregular dwelling-rooms, in which there is a quaint mixture of scythes and saddles, dried cod's-heads, and the side of a colt (it tastes like veal); overhead, stores of moss and angelica, gathered in the interior, coffee and sugar-candy, old clothes and spinning-jennies, fishing-nets and cradles (in one a litter of kittens, in another the hope of the family), strings of wet stockings, and dogs at every step; happily they bark but do not bite. Couple this with a darkness thoroughly Egyptian, and an atmosphere which might be almost cut with a knife, and you have the ground-floor. Step up this ladder and you are in the dormitory, running the whole length of the house; on either side are bunks, in which a single head and foot board separate nephew from grandmother, master from maid-servant; old homespun coverlets, older clothes, and older sheepskins are heaped about promiscuously; I believe seaweed forms the mattresses, but I dare not look. The entire establishment sleep together, as well as any strangers who may happen to drop in, a thing of frequent occurrence. I should also mention that no air can enter save by the trap-hatch by which we ascended: however I darsesay that makes it all the warmer in winter."—pp. 84-6.

Clearly, the "Model Lodging House" movement may be most usefully extended hither. Yet, with all these disadvantages, the mortality of Iceland is far short of what one would, under the circumstances, be prepared to expect. As far as we can ascertain it averages 3.1 per cent, a very moderate rate certainly, and which, if we make due allowances for consumption, establishes an amount of longevity that can only be accounted for by the hypothesis that the bracing cold hardens the Icelandic constitution against the natural consequences of even a perpetual dried fish diet. Of course this is to be understood of the normal state of things. Epidemics periodically occur and are most destructive. One-fourth of the entire population was carried off by such a scourge in the fatal years 1784-5.

As a set off, however, to these drawbacks on the physical comfort of the Icelanders, their intellectual condition is not wholly unworthy of their ancient fame. The business of education is regularly carried on among all ranks; and the degree of information possessed by the lower classes is probably higher than anywhere else in Europe. It is a very rare thing to meet an Icelanders who cannot read and write; and there still exists a legal provision authorizing the prevention of a marriage where the woman is unable to read.

"Legendary tales and histories, coupled with the Scriptures and Sagas, are their chief source of recreation on their long winter evenings, when clustered round a dim oil-lamp, one of the family reads aloud, and the remainder spin, knit, and weave; the day-time being devoted to domestic labours and the education of the children, which is enforced by law, but without much need; such is their natural thirst for knowledge that there are few who cannot both read and write Danish as well as their own language—ignorance being alike considered a crime and a disgrace both to parent and child."—p. 306.

The attainments of the Icelanders, especially the clergy, with respect to languages are truly wonderful. Many of the men who seek in fishing the scanty store for which their families depend for existence, are found to be thoroughly acquainted not only with classical literature, but with the modern languages. Notices of this kind are found scattered through the volume, and (at page 309) Captain Forbes mentions a clergyman who astonished him by addressing him in very good English. His library was

well stocked with French, German, English, and Danish books, besides numerous Icelandic volumes. All these languages he read with perfect ease; and in the course of an hour's talk, he touched upon everything from the 'Great Eastern' to the late campaign." To complete the picture—"Crime is almost unknown save in the way of rare cases of petty theft; and, with few exceptions, their domestic life is blameless, except in the seaports, which here, as elsewhere, draw a God-forsaken population."* Certainly this disparity between its physical and moral circumstances is not the least of the marvels which Iceland presents.

There is a curious chapter containing "some strange tales and legends on the *Utilegumenn*, or Outlaws, a class of men, or race, as some will have it, who are described as living in the lonely wilds of the interior of the island, intermarrying among themselves, and even preserving an ancient dialect of their own. There is a mystery about these people sufficient to arouse the curiosity of an adventurous band of tourists. Captain Forbes doubts their existence, but "with reserve." The natives certainly have no doubt on the subject. They appeal to the loss of thousands of sheep which annually disappear, and chiefly at night, from the high pasture-lands. That many sheep stray away in the summer time, and that several are carried off by foxes and sheep-stealers, is highly probable. But even our author admits, that it is difficult to account for the vast number annually lost, except by admitting the agency of a band of systematized plunderers. This vocation of sheep-stealing was many years since pursued with great success by a company of young men, who fled from Holar on the Northern coast to escape justice and took refuge in the caves of Surtshellir, on the borders of the central desert. The story of their fortunes and fate is described at length by our author, but evidently with some misgiving as to the authenticity of the facts. On his way to visit their retreat he traversed a wild lava region, his description of which deserves quotation as a specimen of the nature of the interior of Iceland.

"We entered a very old lava-field which contains by far the

* page 312.

finest forest I have seen during my wanderings, many of the stunted birch-bushes bordering on eight feet in height.....We skirted the comparatively diminutive Strútr Yökul, where the summer thaws display the bare cindery sides of a perfectly formed crater containing a beautifully rounded dome of blue ice, filling up the entire cup; it looks more artificial than real, so clearly and regularly formed were the edges and sides of the crater. We now traversed a low range which brought us to the entrance of the extensive lava desert of 'Arnarvatnsheidi,' a portion of the vast uninhabited, and for the most part impassable waste, of which the centre of Iceland consists. Two routes (the great northern and eastern roads) traverse that wilderness; but those crossing must take hay, and in some places even water, for their horses, as no blade of grass exists in that exhausted solitude; its very soul was long ago consumed in the throes which engendered such a desolation of desolations.....This once molten sea has run riot in waves never equalled off the Cape; here it has surged up the face of a mountain, there driven rivers out of their course; until, exhausted in its eccentricities, it has cooled down in a thousand bizarre forms."—pp. 144-45.

We wish we could extract the description of Surtshellir itself—the truly wonderful cave, or rather labyrinth of caverns, the fabled residence of the *Fire Demon*, who, according to an old myth, strangely corresponding with Christian tradition, is to destroy the world by fire. But it is too long for our space. Instead we shall give the following beautiful picture of a September evening in this Arctic land; premising that the day had been very tempestuous.

"The evening was very enjoyable after the hurricane, and twilight was relieved by a most brilliant aurora, which in these high latitudes often follows or precedes any great change of temperature; its pale, sylph-like, and undulating rays flitted about in every direction, and were only extinguished in one quarter of the heavens to be rekindled more brilliantly in another. Gradually increasing in power, its light equalled that of the moon, and, together with the intensity of the atmosphere, threw the distant western peaks apparently at our feet, and distorted them with inconceivable rapidity* into fantastic and fairy forms, making inexhaustible

* This phenomenon probably arises from the fact that the band of light, which forms the Aurora, generally rolls round upon itself with great rapidity; and hence, if it is not everywhere of the same intensity, must produce a continuous series of changes in the appearance of objects illuminated by its brilliancy.

demands on the eye and imagination. Brilliant coronas from time to time encircled our zenith, but the climax was attained when a stream of light, rising in the west, seemed to unfold itself from the conical, and at this moment supernaturally elongated Baula, and graciously but slowly advancing, arched the heavens, bisected the pale *Road of Winter*,* and rested on the glittering blue dome of the Ok as if to favour a fairy migration to that Goshen, of which the otherwise inaccessible Baula is said to be the entrance, where trees and meads are ever green, and its dwarfish inhabitants have only to regard their countless flocks and herds. This fragile bridge, possessing all the colours of the rainbow, after a brief hour's existence, imperceptibly separated in the centre and subsided towards its apices, which became more vivid in colour and light as they expired; the flickering rays lighting us down the edge of the precipice, over which roared the never-ending chorus of the falls."—pp. 149-150.

The trade of Iceland, as may be inferred from the notices of the country and the people, is debarred from all productions of the soil, which are *nil*. It is consequently obliged to draw its staple from the animal world—from fisheries, and from such produce of their flocks and herds as can be spared from domestic use. It chiefly consists in—

"Wool, and dried cod or kippered salmon, eider down, oil, and tallow; which they barter for coffee, corn-brandy, snuff, and bread-stuff of the coarsest description, and a few other European commodities. Towards the end of June the Handels-ted, or period of traffic commences, and all Icelanders prepare for their journey to the trading stations, where they are accustomed to carry on business. By that time their ponies have recovered from their annual winter fast,† and the sheep have had their wool torn off their backs in a most unceremonious manner, not being shorn as with us; and having no particular labour to keep them at home, and the roads and torrents relieved of their winter snow becoming passable, they gather together in large caravans of sixty or seventy ponies, and generally make for Reykjavik, where they not only find greater competition than at the isolated trading stations on the coast, but enjoy the annual gathering, encamping in the vicinity

* The Norse name for the Milky-Way.

† During the winter the ponies are more than half-starved, the hay being almost exclusively devoted to the sustenance of the sheep and cows, on which the family mainly depends for support. Hence in the spring the ponies are all in a miserable condition.

of the town.....The wily trader, taking care to keep his victim in perpetual debt, with the aid of a disinterested administration of corn-brandy has it all his own way, to the disadvantage of the unfortunate native, who barter away for a mere song the 'wadamel' or home-made cloth, and the mits and stockings—the result of the labours of the entire family during the long winter evenings."—pp. 312-14.

But, if Icelandic traffic is scanty in its wares and narrow in its operations, it is not for want of material resources, which, if properly worked, might be a source of great wealth to the inhabitants, as they have certainly contributed no inconsiderable share to the prosperity of foreigners. First among these, both in geographical order, and in the arrangement of our author, is the great sulphur district, lying around Krisuvik, and situate on the southern coast, in a line nearly due south of Reykiavik. The greater portion of this district is in the possession of a Mr. Bushby, an Englishman, in whose company Captain Forbes visited it. It is difficult to call the route to Krisuvik a road, track, or anything else, by which we ordinarily designate a line of communication. Surveying it from the crest of a slag-ridge in the neighbourhood of Havna Fiord,—

"A picture of erratic ruin bursts upon the eye, unsurpassed even in this desolate isle. The entire district looks as if it had been baked, broiled, burnt, and boiled by some devilish hand, until its chemical soul had fled, and left nought behind save a grim, grey shroud of darkness and despair.

"Away towards Reykianes, interminable hoary lava-streams, amongst the oldest in the island, form the promontory; the ocean receiving their extremities, which extend far away beneath its bosom on the submarine spine connecting the reefs and islets that from time to time have been elevated and submerged at the extremity of the volcanic line. Ahead, the sullen, sombre ash-cones and craters of the black mountain ranges around Krisuvik, meet the inky, angry-looking clouds with which the horizon is overcast; whilst sweeping over this congealed Pandemonium comes an Atlantic gale, driving a tropical deluge before it, dispelling in a measure the natural feeling of loneliness in this awe-inspiring solitude, more like some worn-out hell, which the brush of a Martin had created, or Shelley had imagined, than the home of man in any phase of his earthly pilgrimage.....Nothing breaks the monotony of the track: sometimes we are crossing frothy, sometimes cavernous lava; the latter dangerous—the roof varying from a foot or two to a few inches in thickness. As for the road, it was simply like bat-

tering along on the domes of a succession of cast-iron ovens ; in some places more rideable than in others, from the wrinkled and ropy surface they presented, but always both slippery and tortuous."—(pp. 102-3.)

The account of the sulphur-banks is both interesting and valuable. In some places the crust, formed by the hardening of the exudations from the greasy soil, was from two to three feet in depth, and so pure as not to contain more than '04 parts of foreign matter. The general formation is beds of white, red, and blue clays. Of these, the first contains from thirty to forty per cent of sulphur ; and the two latter, which occupy the lower levels, about sixteen per cent. The district extends over a space of twenty-five miles in length. Its riches consist "not so much in the numerous crusts of pure sulphur, as in the beds of what may be termed sulphur-earth, which are promiscuously scattered in all directions, averaging from six inches to three feet in thickness, and containing from fifty to sixty per cent. of pure sulphur." There is another large sulphur district in the north ; but it is less easy of access, and its yield is less pure than that of the banks at Krisuvik. One cannot help wondering, with Captain Forbes, that the Danish Government has never turned its attention to the development of this mine of wealth. Nor is it possible to exaggerate its importance, in the event of the Sicilian supply falling short, or being interrupted by the course of a war. Indeed, under this aspect, it is a matter of congratulation, that these Iceland sulphur-banks occupy a position so favourably circumstanced, both geographically and strategically, in our regard ; and that, after some difficulty, it has all passed into English hands, and will be made tenfold more productive by the application of capital, and the improvement of the modes of access. Nay, "judging by the trifling cost of production, and the moderate freight home—the numerous vessels coming from England with salt returning in ballast—sulphur gathered from these sources would be able to undersell the Sicilian market by almost a half." But, looking at the matter from a native point of view, it is a subject of regret that through the indolence or apathy of the government, this most valuable property has been allowed to pass into the possession of foreigners.

Next to this mineral source of wealth, or indeed prior to it in actual availableness and facility of development, come

the fisheries. They are nearly as infantile in their management as the sulphur-banks; but, if properly attended to, would soon, with a very trifling outlay, become far more remunerative. They are chiefly of two classes, cod and salmon. Of their productiveness our author gives an instance in the fact, that, from a portion of the river in the neighbourhood of Reykjavik, scarcely three hundred yards in length, he landed, in two hours, three fine grilse and fourteen large and vigorous sea-trout. Such boundless riches, borne by every tide to their very doors, if appropriated by the islanders, would soon raise their condition far above its present miserable level, and bring comfort and affluence to every homestead. But the same hard fate, which formerly deprived Iceland of the advantages that might have come to her from the Greenland and American traffic, seems still to pursue her. She reaps nothing from her mineral treasures, and can barely draw a scanty provision towards the support of her people from the piscatorial wealth of her rivers and seas. Perhaps this anomalous state of things is solely attributable to an unfortunate combination of circumstances, such as, at different epochs of the world's history, is seen to cling to certain nations, hampering all their efforts, and rendering abortive every attempt to emerge from poverty and obscurity. But it certainly does seem to establish a strong presumption against the administrative system of the Danes, that they should allow strangers to obtain the practical possession of what may fairly be considered the domestic property of their own subjects, or at least of all the beneficial interests which it yields.

In the neighbourhood of Borgar Fiord, our author visited a large establishment situate on the banks of the Huitá, or White River, belonging to the Messrs. Ritchie of Peterhead,—

“Where nine Scotchmen were employed in preserving in tins the salmon collected by the Icelanders from the adjacent rivers..... This year (1859) they had had a bad season, the fish taking off suddenly and early, and they had only secured about 20,000lbs. weight, 30,000lbs. being the usual average. Could our fishers purchase the right of fishing for themselves, three or four times that amount might be easily taken without detriment to the supply; but there are so many proprietors along the banks, with whom it is necessary, and at the same time difficult, to come to an understanding, that the only thing to be done is to let them take the fish in their

primitive manner, under piers which they build out in the stream and then purchase at the average price of about three pence a pound. Several similar establishments exist on the various large salmon-rivers, and one in the north has just been purchased by the enterprising owners of our steamer, (Messrs. Henderson of Glasgow), from which even the Icelanders annually export 50,000lbs. weight of kippered fish to Denmark; so the supply in this island may be almost said to be inexhaustible. Some dozen fish, brought on ponies from the head of the northern branch, (of the White River), were lying in a tub preparatory to curing, the largest weighing twenty-one pounds: it was considered a very fine one, their average weight running low in the southern rivers, whereas in the north a fish of thirty or forty pounds weights is by no means uncommon. They seemed less given to obesity and much more vigorous than those which frequent our shores, and altogether a firmer and finer fish."—(pp. 120-21.

Of the amazing productiveness of the cod-fishery we may form an idea from the fact, that the whole south-western corner of the island bears the designation of *Guldbringe Syssel*, or gold-bringing country, "from the golden cod-harvests" gathered along its shores. Breida Fiord, the great north-eastern estuary is almost a more favourite haunt of the cod. The fisheries here are,

"Not only monopolized, but carefully fostered and subsidized by the French government. This year (1859) there are two hundred and sixty-nine French vessels engaged, varying from forty to eighty tons burden, and manned with crews amounting in all to seven thousand fishermen; not merely hardy and able bodied seamen, natives of the Channel and Biscayan ports, but men who for the most part have served their appointed time in men-of-war.

"The owners of these vessels receive a subsidy; and the crews, besides an annual bounty of fifty francs, cheap tobacco, clothes, &c., participate in the rewards held out for service in the French navy—from further service in which they are exempt save in the event of hostilities. Three men-of-war are constantly cruising with them, and in the ports they frequent, to afford them any assistance they may require—either in men, spars, provisions, or medical aid. It is needless to remark, that, from the severity of their occupation, and the careful training they have received, no such formidable reserve of trained seamen exists, except those engaged in a similar occupation and under similar regulations, on the banks of Newfoundland, where they amount to nearly twenty thousand men."—* pp. 207-8.

* In an enumeration of the natural resources of Iceland, we can

But, after all, whatever attractions the history and ancient literature of Iceland may possess for the scholar and the archæologist; whatever temptations her sulphurbanks and fisheries may present to the capitalist; her enduring source of interest, ever novel, and ever permanent for the traveller, the tourist, the man of science, and the general traveller, is the multitude of natural marvels, which lie scattered broadcast over the land in endless profusion and variety. Some of these cannot be found elsewhere; some among them may be individually excelled by objects of the same kind in other countries; but as a collection they cannot be matched. As we view them, or read of them, they may well evoke all our feelings of curiosity and wonder, of sublimity and awe; and we find ourselves alternating between astonishment at the versatility of Nature's powers, and terror at the irresistible agencies which she employs, and the relentless efficiency with which they do their appointed work. We shall devote our remaining space to a rapid survey of these objects. The length to which our observations have already run would prohibit a more detailed notice; were we not indeed already dispensed from it, not only by the general acquaintance which we may fairly assume our readers already possess, but by the fulness with which they are described by Captain Forbes.

The excursion to Thingvalla may be passed over for its triteness. There is nothing about the place which can appear singular in Iceland. The special peculiarity which is generally dwelt upon is its situation as a sort of island, cut off from the surrounding lava-field by "a yawning fissure—fifteen feet wide, sixty deep, with a fathomless moat at the bottom"—and joined to the main field by a

hardly pass over the *Surturbrand*. By this name are designated extensive beds of bituminous wood which makes a very fair substitute for coal, and of which the north-western peninsula presents three distinct layers. It is supposed to owe its origin to the mysterious bounty of the gulf-stream, and of the current from the northern coast of Asia; each of which through endless ages continued, and still continues to bear its tribute of drift wood to the shores of Iceland. An attempt is being made to extend the usefulness of the *Surturbrand* by the enterprising owners of the Mail Steamer. Should the experiment prove successful it will probably give a stimulus to working some of its extensive beds.

natural lava-causeway. The *Isola Farnese*, some twelve miles from Rome on the Florence road, near the site of the ancient Veii, is of similar structure, the only difference being that the material is *travertine*, an advanced stage of lava. To complete the likeness there are sulphur springs and other Icelandic adjuncts in the neighbourhood.

Our author commenced his regular tour by attempting the ascent of Snæfell's Yökul. He crossed by boat from Reykjavik to Borgar Fiord; he strongly recommends all future travellers to avoid this mode of travelling, and to stick to the ponies in preference. Proceeding northwards, he passed a wild and extensive range, "where earthquake and fire have done their work earnestly, and old and modern formations are heaped about in wild confusion and profound degradation." From the summit of this range he opened up the magnificent view of the valley of Huitá, or White river, a deep and rapid stream, which at its mouth is half a mile in width. In the descent he passed

"A most remarkable four-sided pyramidal mountain called Honn, to which the Egyptian pyramids are mere pygmies in comparison, and not more regularly constructed. It is composed of regular super-imposed beds of trap, gradually diminishing to a point, and forming the steps, as it were, of four colossal staircases, each one of which is perfectly symmetrical, and looks much more like the handiwork of some bygone race of giants than a freak of nature; the almost mechanical neatness of this natural pyramid contrasting strangely with the ruthless destruction which surrounds it."—p. 119.

It is at the lower end of this valley, near the mouth of the Huitá, that the great salmon-curing establishment exists of which we have already extracted the description. Turning his course towards the east, our author ascended the Reykiadal, or *Smoky Valley*, over which "youthful geysers and thermal springs are scattered with a lavish hand," whence probably its name. An idea of this singular district may be formed from the fact that, from one spot, he counted twenty-seven distinct columns of vapour. Within a few yards of one of these thermal springs stands a farm-house. The site had evidently been selected with a view to culinary convenience; for in an iron pot, lying in the stream, the family meal was simmering. Some of these juvenile geysers were alternating jets. A mile further up the valley, and near another farm, is a natural steam-pump, working through three holes in a rock. The lower-

most serves as a spout to pour the hot water into a basin hollowed by nature, and used as a bath; the two upper ones act as pipes through which the steam alternately rushes at each discharge from the orifice below. In the centre of this valley is situate the parsonage of Reykholt, or *Smoky Hill*, formerly the site of Snorro Sturleson's palatial residence, of which the only remains now visible are a large mound of earth, some scattered blocks, and the celebrated *Snorralang* or "Snorro's Bath." This last is a well-built circular trough, thirteen feet wide, by four deep, and is supplied with water from a nest of hot springs, which trickle through a course that has been formed for them beneath the road. This little stream "is icy cold, then boiling, and subsequently lukewarm, all within the space of a couple of hundred yards"—a condition of things, which lends considerable probability to our author's conjecture, that these thermal jets are not, in strictness, *hot-springs* derived from subterranean sources; but owe their elevated temperature to the fact of their waters flowing over or traversing lava surfaces, which either have never cooled, or are retained in a state of high heat by volcanic agencies underneath which still continue in permanent activity.

Turning his back on Reykholt, Captain Forbes directed his course towards Snæfell's Yökul, the bourne of his excursion, distant some eighty miles. The line of travel—there was no road—lay right across the country, and, whatever its faults, cannot be accused of uniformity or tameness. At one time the track led across a lava waste, a sort of "red, vitrified-looking inland sea, tossed hither and thither, and blown into a thousand fantastic shapes." Now a huge ash-cone has to be mounted, or a rapid stream to be crossed, which presently disappears under an old lava-field. On the way, a "sand-and-cinder hill is passed, crowned with a dark vitrified rampart of lava, resembling a gigantic old embattled turret, some 600 feet in diameter; hence its name of Ellborg, or the Fortress of Fire." At another point,

"We break away on a three hours' ride across the marshes, that here extend from the sea to the base of the mountain spur with occasionally elevated or firmer spots. A curious geological transformation appeared to be progressing on the summits of these elevated tracks: they presented in many places, bare surfaces of the finest black mud, the edges of which were often so soft that it was

impossible to get the ponies over them; where, however, we succeeded, the surface was found gradually to harden towards the centre, and it was there firm enough. The mud, in many cases, had separated itself into perfect basaltic forms, not always regular in their number of sides. Into the interstices round the head of each distinct column, numbers of little stones had gathered, forming a complete and regular line of demarcation; and what appeared to me at least more remarkable was, that the surface of each column was perfectly smooth, and devoid of these stones, which were particles of the adjacent lavas. The area of the column was generally larger in proportion to the extent exposed, and the size of the stones increased in much the same ratio."—pp. 189-90.

At length he reached Olafsvik, a small seaport on the northern shore of the great promontory which divides Faxe from Breida Fiord. Having procured two guides, he attempted the ascent of the famous Snæfells Yökul, the highest mountain in the island, and regarded by the natives with a sort of superstitious terror. But he was destined to be disappointed. A heavy fall of snow and a constant fog effectually barred his progress, and compelled him to return. He remained at Olafsvik for three days, hoping that an improvement of the weather would give him another chance of accomplishing the task for which he had come so far. But, being frustrated in this hope also, he started on his return to Reykholt, *en route* to the Geysers. His way lay along the northern shore of the promontory. The weather was very tempestuous, and the sea too high to permit him to continue his course along the beach. Rather than return, he took the Bulaudshofdi pass, a terrible track which ran midway across the *débris* scattered on the face of a cliff, upwards of 2,000 feet high, and "a scant 25° out of the perpendicular." Captain Forbes designates this feat as "tempting Providence to an *insane* degree." We cannot characterize it by any milder term than as highly criminal. He exposed not only his own life, but those of his guides, to almost inevitable destruction, in a situation where neither skill nor presence of mind could have availed them in the slightest degree; and he did this for the mere sake of saving a few hours. Having escaped this great danger, he reached Grundar Fiord, the chief French fishing station, his account of which we have already quoted. Thence by the Berserkia Field, known to English readers through Sir Walter Scott's translation of the *Eyrbyggja Saga*, to Sticksesholm, through the ancient patrimony of the power-

ful family of the Snorros, and over ground famous in the early days of Icelandic history, and still full of most interesting memorials. At length he reached Reykholt, having ridden over ninety miles in two days, across an almost trackless country—and such a country!—"bitterly regretting that he had not come to Iceland by an earlier steamer, which would have given him another six weeks to make the tour of the island at his leisure." He had now only nine available days remaining. But, although he must have been well-nigh exhausted by his previous rapid and uncomfortable travelling, he still contrived to pack into these nine days more than most tourists could have been able to do, even if they brought all their energies fresh to the work.

A precious day was lost in seeking a guide. Two days more were occupied in making the journey to "THE Geysers." The word *geyser*, in Icelandic, means *rager*, and is applied indiscriminately to all noisy water or mud fountains; but as at Haukadal there is by far the most violent, noisy, and perfectly formed fountain in the island, they are therefore termed *par excellence* THE Geysers." The evening was far advanced when he reached the valley, and he hurried on to the famous spot.

"One moment I was carefully skirting the margin of a honey-combed cavity—its blue, boiling waters trickling away down the side of the slope to join others lower down; the next, I was passing the mouth of a funnel, in which the waters were violently agitated, but never rose to the surface. On all sides clouds of vapour were ascending, and from every orifice, steam, and sometimes small jets of water, escaped; or a slough of blue mud was bubbling and simmering, in the neighbourhood of which one was soon ankle-deep in hot clay. Passing the "Strokr" (*churn*), in violent paroxysms, I crossed the grass-plot which curiously intervenes, and, ascending its regularly-formed cone, stood on the edge of the basin of the Great Geyser, full to the brim, bubbling and seething in its centre, and heralding an approaching eruption by repeated subterranean detonations, which vibrated, not only through its intermediate framework, but the surrounding soil."—page 235.

He encamped in a small tent, on the ground, within forty yards of the basin, and was rewarded by the sight of an eruption. The Geyser erupts about once in twenty or thirty hours. The Strokr, which stands about a thousand paces south of its antagonist, is much less churlish of its displays, and may, at any moment, be stimulated by a

dose of turf-sods. Having no cone, its mouth is on a level with the surrounding surface, so that "a short-sighted man might walk into it with the greatest convenience." Its showers do not attain so great an altitude as those of the Great Geyser, but they radiate much more gracefully, and shiver into a perfect foliage of spray and steam. The day after his arrival Captain Forbes put its powers to a novel application. Having invited the clergyman of the neighbourhood to dinner—

"He hastened home to prepare it. Whilst my guide went to purchase a bottle of corn-brandy from the farmer, and beg him as the squire to meet the Church, I undertook the office of Soyer, and determined to avail myself of the natural cooking resources of the country. I collected a considerable pile of turf at the mouth of the Strokr, and then, taking my reserve flannel shirt, packed the breast of mutton securely in the body, and a ptarmigan in each sleeve. On the approach of my guests I administered what I supposed would be a forty-minute dose of turf to the Strokr, and pitched my shirt containing our dinner into it immediately afterwards.

"Directing the guide to keep the coffee warm in the geyser basin, and seated 'al fresco,' I offered brandy and strips of dried cod by way of relish—northern fashion. Not so contemptible either..... The forty minutes passed, and I became nervous regarding the more substantial portion of the repast; and, fearing lest the Strokr had digested my mutton, ordered turf to be piled for another emetic. But seven minutes after time my anxiety was relieved by a tremendous eruption, and surrounded with steam and turf-clods, I beheld my shirt in mid-air, arms extended, like a head and tail-less trunk: it fell lifeless by the brink. But we were not to dine yet: so well-corked had been the steam-pipe below, that it let out with more than usual viciousness, and forbade dishing-up under pain of scalding. After about a quarter of an hour, in a temporary lull, I recovered my garment, and turned the dinner out upon the grass before my grave guests, who immediately narrated a legend of a man in his cups who had fallen into the Strokr, being eventually thrown up piecemeal in the common course of events. The mutton was done to a turn: not so the ptarmigan, which I expected to be somewhat protected by their feathers; they were in threads. As for the shirt, it is none the worse, save in colour, the dye being scalded out of it."—pp. 238, 240.

On the second morning of his visit, he was so fortunate as to witness an eruption of the Great Geyser under very favourable circumstances. The atmosphere was clear and crisp, the solitude was unbroken, while the whole panorama

presented a succession of broad contrasts, furnishing matter for much moralizing.

"As morning was breaking it sounded an unmistakeable 'réveille,' which would have roused the dead; and I had barely time to take up my position, before full power was turned on. Jet succeeded jet with fearful rapidity, earth trembled, and the very cone itself seemed to stagger under the ordeal. Portions of its sides, rent with the uncontrollable fury it had suddenly generated, were ripped off and flew up in volleys, soaring high above water and steam, whilst the latter rolled away in fleecy clouds before the light north wind, and, catching the rays of the morning sun just glistening over the yökul tops in the far east, was lustrous white as the purest snow.

"Discharge succeeded discharge in rapid succession for upwards of four minutes, when, apparently exhausted, and its basin empty, I scrambled up to the margin intending to have a good look down the tube, which I imagined must also be empty; but the water was still within a few feet of the brink, and boiling furiously. Hastening back to my former position the basin filled rapidly, and I was just in time to witness the most magnificent explosion of all. Everything seemed to depend on this superhuman effort, and a solid unbroken column of water of twenty-five feet in circumference, was hurled upwards, attaining an altitude of very near 100 feet. Here the column paused for a moment before reversing its motion, and fell listless and exhausted through the volumes of vapour which followed it into its throbbing cup, again to undergo its fiery ordeal at the threshold of the infernal regions.

"The beauties of this awe-inspiring scene could not appear to greater advantage than on such a clear crisp autumnal morning. Northwards the faultless domes of the inaccessible yökuls of the interior formed a broad contrast to the jagged blue peaks of Blafel; and Hekla, together with Eyafialla, scowled on the pigmy efforts of the lowlands in their vain endeavours to emulate their loftier brethren in the boiling floods which have often preceded their molten streams; whilst, in the valley beneath, man toils as if he were to live for ever, and, in happy confidence, builds his house on the verge of what may any day prove his destruction, his cattle and sheep browsing on the hill, within a hundred yards of the noisiest eruption, without even deigning to look round."—pp. 244, 246.

Captain Forbes devotes considerable space to the Geysers, describing the appearance of the ground and the petrifications and incrustations which surround the basins with much force and accuracy. He gives us a very full account of their history, and discusses the process which, in his opinion, has resulted in their formation with great ability; and in a way which proves that he has devoted

much attention to the subject. Our space, and the object we have had in view in the compilation of this paper, prohibit our following him into these details. Referring our readers to the work itself, we pass on to accompany him in his excursion to Hekla. Having spent two days in observing and investigating the Geysers, he started for Skalholt, formerly the capital of the island, and the seat of one of its bishoprics, the other being established at Holum on the northern coast. Skalholt is beautifully situated in the midst of luxuriant meadow-lands, and embedded in an undulating range, backed by a magnificent amphitheatre of mountains. A wooden church and three cottages are all that now represent the site of the ancient capital of Iceland. The close of an eighteen hours' ride, over the eternal lava fields, now and then diversified by a morass or a dangerous ford over a yökul stream, brought him to the foot of the mountain.

"Hekla is not very remarkable, either from its height or picturesqueness, and mainly owes its world-wide reputation to the frequency of its volcanic eruptions. They average about three in a century; some have continued for six years without intermission. The intervals average about thirty-five years, but the discharges are by no means regular; the longest known period of volcanic rest never extended over more than seventy years. Its form is that of an oblong cone, about twenty miles in circumference, lying in the direction of the volcanic line, and it is about 5,000 feet in height; the snow extending (in September) about two-thirds of the way down the sides, which are chiefly composed of slag, ashes, scoria and pumice. Its lava-streams have nearly all flowed towards the west and south-west; the craters being on its western face, none towards the east.....Gigantic ravens, with iron bills, are ready to do battle with all intruders who may dare to enter this wild domain.We cross on foot a branch of the 1846-growth lava, the last eruption; and very disagreeable work it is—sharp and vitrified, it not only cuts up our mittens, but hands likewise in a most unmerciful manner, as we climb the angular surface and scramble from crag to crag."—pp. 269, 272.

The ascent led over the black sand-and-cinder slope of the mountain, by the flanks of lava-streams, and, when about two-thirds up, over the snow. At length the crater, or rather vent, on the side of the mountain was reached, whence the lava broke out in 1846 in far greater volume than it flows from Vesuvius. This aperture is funnel-shaped, about 150 feet in depth, and well coated with ice

on its lower side. There was not the slightest trace of heat about this portion of the mountain; but six different streams of lava could be distinctly traced, and their age, dating back to periods prior to the commencement of the last century, was almost written upon them. A little higher up stands *the* crater, or principal vent, which is

"Nearly circular, about half a mile in circumference, and from two to three hundred feet deep. The recently-fallen snow still lay in some parts; but by far the greater portion was bare and fuming. Its sides were a strange mixture of black sand, ashes, clinkstone, and sulphur-clay—more water was alone wanting to develop its slumbering energies. Descending to the bottom, which contracted almost to a point, I was somewhat surprised to find it of a hard black mud on one side, supporting a considerable mass of ice—a strange contrariety to its steaming flanks, in which, about half way down, near some precipitated sulphur, I had by digging away the crust succeeded in lighting a fusee, and subsequently my pipe; and choosing a temporary fire-proof seat, endeavoured to realize my position in the bowels of Hekla."—pp. 274, 276.

At length the summit was reached. On the north-east and south-west sides the mountain slopes gradually away; but the eastern face is nearly perpendicular for the first 3,000 feet.

"One could not fail to enjoy the magnificent and extensive view encircling this vitreous volcano, and which never shone to greater advantage than to-day, when a light north wind had carried the mountain-mists to sea, and a brilliant sun warmed peak and valley, and even imparted a genial aspect to those distant yökuls which the clearness of the atmosphere had transported to my feet. Away in the north-west the massive column of my old friend *The Geyser* seemed to bid farewell as it modestly rose in spotless white against the neutral-tinted slags of Bjarnarfell. In the interior of the island, of which we saw more than half way across, Lang and Hof's Yökuls' icy blue domes glittered in the sunshine, and backed the verdant valley of the Thiorsá, with its hundred silvery tributaries leading up the gorge into the 'Sprengisandr,' where the track crosses the desert to the northern coasts. Here and there patches of Iceland 'forest' darkened the valley, and irregular groups of heather-blooming hills were conspicuous in their harlequin colours, whilst the resolute-looking Bálfell rose abruptly from the plain to the height of 2,500 feet. To the north-east beyond that vast chain of lakes (Fiskivötn), is Skaptar Yökul, the most terrible of its cotemporaries, scowling over its ravages, where in one gigantic effort it destroyed twenty villages, over 9,000 human beings, and about 150,000 sheep, cattle, and horses. Beyond those interminable ice regions are the

untrodden Vatna and Klofa Yökuls, which never have been, and I believe never can be, penetrated by man.....Towards the southward Tinfialla and Eyafialla limit the view, and meet the ocean, on whose unruffled surface the abrupt basaltic cliffs of the Westmann islands are clearly defined, although fifty miles distant.....the whole forming a panoramic view unsurpassed either for interest or beauty, being one of the most extensive and varied of any in the world. Whether we consider the unique character of this island-pandemonium of volcanoes, or ramble from the awe-thrilling powers of Skaptar to the more delicate mechanism of that matchless natural fountain, or the dogged energies slumbering beneath our feet, we wander into the realms of hidden causes, and, alike bewildered and bewitched, are more than ever convinced of our nothingness—for if there be sermons in stones, volumes are unopened here.”—pp. 276, 279.

These are indeed fascinating scenes, as our author confesses, sufficient to repay a trip to the far north, and to compensate for the many inconveniences and shortcomings incidental to an Icelandic sojourn. But this fascination is only their holiday garb; the dress in which the natives know them best, is one of terror and awe, when Nature selects them as her head-quarters for the display of her most gigantic and destructive powers. The whole appearance of the island is an almost speaking monument of this relentless agency, before whose might the area of cultivation has gradually contracted through the combined effects of water and fire. But it is more especially the south-eastern districts that the genius of destruction seems to have selected for his permanent dwelling-place. There a conglomeration of ice exists, occupying a space of no less than three thousand square miles, at an elevation varying from six thousand to three thousand feet. This enormous glacier system actually rests on the elevated cones and fissures of a nest of dormant volcanoes. The geological and geographical circumstances of the mountains are well adapted to promote the retention of the snow and its conversion into ice. Thus the mass goes on increasing from year to year, until one of two causes precipitates a catastrophe. First, the pressure of the over-augmented ice crushes out the lower portions of the system, and drives them down, in the shape of regular glaciers to invade the valleys below, laying waste the pasturages, and increasing the area of desolation. Or, secondly, the dormant volcanic force which lies beneath this ice-system, is roused into

activity. In this case the glacial crust is most rapidly dissolved, and floods of boiling water and ice deluge the country sweeping everything before them. Captain Forbes gives us an example of such an exundation of Kötlugiâ Yökul :

"On 17th of October, 1775, the primitive inhabitants around Kötlugiâ, who had dwelt in a doubtful volcanic peace for thirty-five years, were warned of their impending fate by violent earthquakes, quickly followed by the boiling waters set in motion by the rapidly-developing internal heat of the mountain, which, melting the lower portions of its icy covering, floated off vast masses of the superincumbent glaciers. Sweeping everything before them, these ruthless floods completely overflowed Myrdalsand, bearing down masses of ice and rock, the former resembling yökuls in dimensions. Fifty farms, soil, houses, churches, stock, and owners, were literally carried out to sea, and a shoal formed of the débris. The air was filled with smoke, and it rained ashes, enveloping the adjacent country in total darkness. The wretched survivors found themselves denuded not only of their goods and chattels, but the very soil on which they depended for subsistence was torn from them, and an unproductive waste of sand, gravel, and lava-blocks, substituted for their homes and pastures, as if the demon of destruction were not satisfied with their ejection, but had determined to *improve* them off the face of the earth."—p. 285.

But the hero for this sort of business, appears, according to Captain Forbes' graphic account to be Skaptar-Yökul. His description of the eruption of this volcano in 1783, paints such scenes of devastation and woe, that although it is very long we are sure it will not fail to interest our readers deeply.

"After an unusually mild winter and spring, the approaching catastrophe was ushered in towards the end of May by a flourish of earthquakes, when the whole southern coast was violently agitated, and the island of Nyöe was thrown up off Cape Reykianæs, nearly two hundred miles from the scene of devastation which followed. Towards the 8th of June the inhabitants of the West Skaptarfell Syssel became more and more alarmed at the violence of the earthquakes in their vicinity : prognosticating some violent volcanic paroxysms, they abandoned their dwellings, took to their tents, and bewildered, awaited the result, unable to tell in what direction the danger would burst forth ; but on the eighth their awful suspense was relieved, though not their fears. Vast columns of smoke arose in the vicinity of the yökul, ashes and pumice were borne down in showers on the strong north gale, and immense quantities of ice were melted, causing the rivers to overflow their banks. Two days afterwards the eruption burst forth with an infernal fury which seemed to threaten the end of all things ; flames

blazed among the clouds of smoke ; a torrent of lava, flowing towards the river Skaptar, after a short struggle dispossessed it of its bed, and, cut off from its resources, it became dry in less than twenty-four hours ; the lava, collecting in the mountain channel—in many places four hundred to six hundred feet deep and two hundred broad—not only pursued its uncontrolled course towards the sea, but in many places, overflowed the banks, destroying everything that came in its way, and, on joining the low fields of Medalland, wrapped the entire district in molten flames. Old lavas underwent fresh fusion and were ripped up and lacerated by the streams which penetrated their subterranean caverns ; fiery floods succeeded one another in rapid succession ; numerous streams were diverted at each favourable point, and the entire country deluged at one time or another with molten masses. Towards the beginning of July the lava-stream again resumed the channel of the Skaptar, and pouring over the lofty cataract of Stapfoss, filled the profound abyss beneath, which the waters had been ages in excavating, and finally was arrested at Kyrkjubæ church, near the junction of the river with an arm of the sea.....The molten streams did not cool for upwards of two years ; and an idea of their dimensions may be formed from the fact that one of them was about fifty miles in length, and twelve and fifteen broad in the low country, where its height did not exceed a hundred feet, whilst in the narrow parts of the channel it rose to five and six hundred. Another branch was about forty miles in length, and seven at its utmost breadth ; and when it is considered that this merely represents that portion which flowed into the inhabited districts, whilst in all probability an equal, if not a greater portion, was heaped up at the base of the crater, and in the unknown districts by which it is environed ; and if we also take into consideration the pumice, sand, and ashes, scattered not only over the whole island, where the greater portion of the pasture was at least temporarily destroyed for hundreds of miles round, even causing the destruction of the fisheries on the coast—twice the volume of Hekla would hardly represent the matter ejected. During this awful visitation, men, cattle, houses, and churches, in the immediate vicinity, were actually burnt up by the insatiable lava-floods that poured down the hill-sides with fearful rapidity, and everything which could tend to support the life of man or beast perished ; noxious vapours filled the air, and all living creatures yielded to famine and its concomitant diseases. The cattle, deprived of their pasture destroyed by ash-showers, died by thousands ; and denuded of his only other means of subsistence—fish, man perished also. No wonder, then, that after many such ordeals these once vigorous Norse islanders should have deteriorated. That they have survived at all is a matter of astonishment ; for many have been their trials through plague, pestilence, and famine—fire and water dealing out death alternately. Nor is it easy to imagine a more awful visitation than

when, enveloped in almost total darkness by the clouds of smoke and ashes, and half suffocated by the noxious gases emitted, unable to see in what direction to flee for safety, they were left for days and weeks in sickening conjecture as to their fate; until, actually unearthed by fiery or boiling floods, escape was almost impossible; and, bound together by those domestic ties which are nowhere more intensely developed than on Icelandic hearths, the strong and the weak were alike hurried into the future."—pp. 286—90.

Leaving Hekla with all its scenes of fascination and awe behind, our author had to hurry through what remained of his tour at a sort of railroad speed. He was able, however, to visit and to spend a night and portion of a morning in the wild romantic glen of Reykir, the locality of the "Little Geyser." This glen, which extends back some miles into the mountains, is on an average half a mile in breadth, and composed of beautifully-veined and vividly coloured banks of sulphur clay. A stream traverses its centre, supplying copious materials for all the thermal springs of the valley. In appearance the Little Geyser resembles the mouth of a well, about six feet in its greatest diameter, with scarcely any incrustation round its margin, emitting its column of hot water about every three hours, and maintaining it at an elevation varying from thirty to forty feet for about three minutes. There is another fountain in this valley of Reykir which also plays periodically, breaking out from under a red clay bank by the side of the river. It is called the Badstofa; and its eruptions take place in an oblique direction, at intervals of five or six minutes, seldom, however, lasting more than one. This visit to the Little Geyser closed Captain Forbes's Icelandic excursion.

His concluding chapter contains a brief *resumé* of the many valuable remarks which are scattered throughout the volume, on the mining and fishing capabilities, and on the other circumstances which might be usefully availed of, for developing the natural resources of Iceland. Not the least important amongst these will be the adoption of Iceland as one of the chain of posts, in the projected North Atlantic Telegraph. His last words are an acknowledgment of the open hearted hospitality and sympathy which everywhere welcomed him, from the governor to the peasant; and a confession that he "turned his back on Iceland with feelings of poignant regret."

We have devoted much larger space than we could well

afford to this subject of Iceland; not so much for its own special objects, though from the extracts we have quoted from Captain Forbes, it is evident that these are neither few nor trivial, but for the much larger theme of which it forms but a part, and which it at once suggests. How deep an interest even in a purely geographical sense attaches to the stories of the early voyages of the Norsemen, and what a large amount of the actual history of ancient commerce and navigation is shut up in the Sagas relating to Vinland and Greenland, we have pointed out in a previous portion of this paper. As to our particular subject, viz., Captain Forbes' book on Iceland, we have also expressed our judgment on this point at the beginning of the article. Our readers may judge from the extracts we have cited, and the general account of it, which we have laid before them, whether that judgment has been partial or otherwise. That this work has contributed its share—great or small, who can tell?—to spread abroad the name of Iceland, and to get up a feeling of curiosity and enquiry about Icelandic affairs amongst a very large circle of readers, is a matter of public notoriety. Whether it has had anything to do with originating the spirited speculation that has undertaken to open a regular monthly line of communication during the spring, summer, and autumn months between England and Iceland, with a special view to the accommodation of tourists, we cannot say. But such a line is actually advertised, and we may soon expect to hear, not that the slopes of the Alps have waned in popularity; but that the volcanoes, geysers, and glaciers of Iceland have become better known and more frequented.

ART. II.—*Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the State of Popular Education in England*, Vol. 1.—Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. London: Eyre and Spottiswoode, 1861.

NO country in the world possesses the raw material of legislation in any degree to compare with our own. The only question that may perhaps be raised is, whether we have not almost too much of it. We have just learned that the weight of the forms issued by the Registrar General to the officials engaged in taking the census, amounted to forty-five tons. We should like to learn the weight of the Parliamentary Papers, Returns, and Blue Books, that each session fill the shelves of members of parliament. Now that statistics have become so exact a science, can no one calculate for us the number of all these many pages that our legislators have read, and the average number read by each of them? We, too, for whom all this prospective legislation is intended, can go to the queen's printers and buy as many Blue Books as we can carry away, with tables of figures enough to last us all the days of our life, and if we should happen to think that seven hundred beautifully printed pages of facts and figures are very cheap at four shillings, the idea might possibly cross our minds that we have something to do with the payment of the printer's bill.

However, no one would be likely to begrudge the cost of the noble Report before us with its five supplemental volumes; and every one will feel that the Royal Commissioners, who have bestowed such time and labour gratuitously on this important subject, have deserved well of their country. For ourselves we have but one regret, and that is, that if the government did not appoint a Catholic Commissioner, the Commission itself did not select one as an assistant Commissioner. The consequence is that we have no information, save some imperfect statistics, on Catholic education. "Information was afforded to the assistant Commissioners upon all the subjects of their inquiry, by almost every one to whom they applied for that purpose, though they had no compulsory powers. The only exception of importance was in the case of the Roman Catholic schools, admission to which was uniformly re-

fused." (p. 10.) It would have been well, if, instead of referring in this place to the correspondence with the Hon. C. Langdale, the Report had stated the grounds on which Catholics refused their co-operation. It would be far better for us not to have any share in the parliamentary grant for education, than to receive the share of it to which we are justly entitled, on the condition of our schools being rendered subject to Protestant inspection. The refusal on the part of the Duke of Newcastle, the chairman, to appoint a Catholic assistant Commissioner to report upon our schools was the harder because the Nonconformists were represented on the Commission itself by Mr. Miall; and the assistant Commissioners consisted of two beneficed clergymen of the Church of England, five lay-members of the same denomination, two Protestant Dissenters, and one member of the Established Church of Scotland. (p. 34.)

But an accurate statement of the position held by Catholic schools among the educational institutions of the country, useful as it would have been, would not have been sufficient. We cannot but feel that the Report of the Commission sins against us on the one hand by omission, and on the other by the want of adequate provision in all its recommendations for religious liberty, an evil that always in practice affects us more seriously than any others. Both these defects the presence of a Catholic at the Board of the Commission would have prevented. If such a one had been there he would have been able to have elicited from the witnesses some information as to the manner in which the religion of Catholic pauper children is disregarded in their education, especially in the metropolis; and thus the provisions for liberty of conscience to which, with respect to schools for the independent poor, the Report freely alludes, would not have been entirely ignored in that portion of the Report which treats of the education of the children in workhouse-schools.

The remark made by the Commissioners with respect to certain parishes where the only school existing is a Church of England one, should have been applied with treble force to workhouse-schools, which are not partially, but entirely supported by taxation, and in which the children are universally *educated* as Protestants, and in the majority of cases have no religious teacher but the chaplain of the workhouse. They say, "It sometimes happens that in

places too small to allow of the establishment of two schools, the only one to which the children of the poor in those places can resort, is placed by the managers under regulations which render imperative the teaching of the Church Catechism to all the scholars, and the attendance of all at Church. In such cases it may result that persons of other denominations are precluded, unless at the sacrifice of their conscientious convictions, from availing themselves of educational advantages for their children, furnished in part by public funds to which, as tax-payers, they contribute. This is manifestly unjust."—p. 344.

So, again, a Catholic would have protested that the "conscience clause" in the Bill proposed by the Commissioners for the compulsory education of outdoor pauper children, was entirely inadequate. In a former article* we described to our readers the Act of Parliament which the Education Commissioners propose to amend. We then availed ourselves of a Return, printed by the House of Commons, later in date by three years than that upon which the Commission founds its arguments. From both Returns, however, we come to the conclusion that the Act has been a failure, and requires amendment. As it at present stands, the Act provides that the Guardians "*may, if they deem proper,*" pay for the education of the child of any poor person in receipt of outdoor relief, "in any school to be approved of by the Guardians," and the Poor Law Board may issue their orders as "to the mode, time, and place, in or at which such relief shall be given, or such education received." And the Poor Law Board at once warned the Guardians that they were not "to use this authority as a means of interference with the dictates of the religious tenets of the poor person to whom this relief is to be applied, or of giving any undue preference to any particular school over others."

The Commissioners, who had previously described "Boards of Guardians" as "independent authorities not easily controlled or persuaded," who, "except in the larger towns, care little for education and much for expense," (p. 377), propose that this outdoor relief for educational purposes shall be compulsory. The school they describe as "any school to be approved by the Poor Law Board,

* Dublin Review, No. XCVI. p. 203.

for such time and under such conditions as the Poor Law Board shall see fit." Surely the Commission do not mean that the Poor Law Board are to settle in every individual case the school to which the child is to be sent. If not, they probably mean that the Guardians may send the child to any school certified by the Poor Law Board, unless the latter authority should interfere. No doubt the Poor Law Board, if asked to do so, would send a Catholic child to a Catholic school, but we have already had quite sufficient experience of the results of constant appeals from Boards of Guardians to the central authority when the Acts of Parliament are defective or obscure. It is absolutely necessary that it should be compulsory upon the Guardians to send children to schools in which the religion is taught which their parents profess, unless the parents expressly name some other school. Thus the very objectionable "conscience clause" proposed by the Commissioners becomes unnecessary. It runs as follows:—

"Provided always, that no child admitted to any school under the provisions of this Act shall be required to learn therein or elsewhere any distinctive religious creed, catechism, or formulary, or to attend any particular Sunday school or place of religious worship to which the parents or surviving parent, or the person having the care of such child shall in writing signed by such parents, parent, or person, and attested by one witness and addressed to the trustees, managers, or proprietors thereof, object."—p. 383.

Attendance at the Sunday school is the point on which the Dissenters lay the greatest stress. More than seventy-six per cent. of all the children receiving education are on week days in Church of England schools, but less than forty-six per cent. are Church of England Sunday scholars. On the other hand, the Wesleyans have less than four per cent. in their week day schools, but they have nineteen per cent. on Sundays. The Congregationalists only two per cent. on week days, but eleven per cent. on Sundays. And the Baptists, and four sects of Methodists, who have together but little more than one per cent. of the children on week days, muster in their Sunday schools the large proportion of twenty-two per cent. A regulation, ensuring leave to attend their own Sunday school, would apparently be all that these Dissenters would require to secure to them liberty of conscience, for it is clear from these statistics, that they do not care what manner of Protestant school educates their children on week days, provided that the Sunday

schools are respected, which "in many parts of the country form the machinery by which different religious denominations maintain or extend their numbers, and, through which, either as teachers or as scholars, the more zealous members of the denomination exert their zeal." (p. 51.) But such a provision would be simply to force upon us Catholics, with respect to the out-door pauper children, that frightful system of mixed education, which in the workhouses serves at present as a most powerful instrument for the perversion of our children, and which is provided against so efficiently by the Reformatory and Industrial School Acts, and by the regulations of the Committee of Privy Council on Education. The proportion of Catholics said in the Report to be attending respectively week-day and Sunday-schools is 5.52 and 1.5 per cent. of the whole number of scholars.

To the important lessons which may be learnt from the statistics with which we are so plentifully supplied in the Report before us, we hope to return in a few minutes, but it will be well, first, as something has been already said respecting pauper children, to advert to the remarks made by the Commissioners on this portion of the subject, which is at this moment attracting so much of our interest and attention.

Nothing can be more forcible than the condemnation passed by the Commission on workhouse-schools. Their predecessors, the Poor Law Commissioners in 1841, had spoken strongly on the subject.

"The moral and religious influences of education are not, we fear, without many obstructions when the school is within the workhouse, even when it is conducted by an efficient teacher; but under ordinary circumstances, when the deficiencies of the schoolmaster are combined with the pernicious influence of the associations inseparable from residence in a workhouse inhabited by a class whose indigence is often the sign of a low moral condition, we are convinced that we cannot hope for much beneficial influence from the school on the future characters and habits of the children, and we fear much evil and disaster may ensue."—p. 353.

The witnesses examined declare with one voice, that "instead of dispauperizing the children, the Workhouse-schools nurse them for the able bodied men's yard and the county prison." A good schoolmistress says that "she felt she was training up the girls for a life of vice and depravity; it was impossible under existing circumstances that it should be

otherwise; one after another went out to carry on the lessons she had learned from the adults, and she returned like them, ruined and degraded, to be a life-long pauper." Miss Louisa Twining speaks of the girls who "learnt the care and management of babies in company with their unmarried mothers;" and she asks and answers herself—"why should not these girls go and do likewise? And so of course they do, and a constant supply is kept up."

The state of the boys is as bad as that of the girls. Dr. Temple's evidence contains the following passage—

"The workhouses are such as to ruin the effect of most of their teaching. 'I think,' writes one of the teachers, 'the boys in this union will never be dispauperised; they have to mix with the men most of whom are 'jail birds.' I have found them talking to the boys about the jail, and of 'bright fellows finding their way to the jail.' Another says, 'I really can do nothing of any good in this place; the guardians will not give any land to be cultivated, and the dull deadening wool-picking goes on, and I have to sit sucking my fingers. What shall I do, sir? I cannot train the children. It appears to me to be absurd to tell these boys to be industrious, and to cultivate a proper spirit of independence, and then, after they have done schooling, to turn them adrift, with no chance whatever of being able to earn an honest living. I should be glad, sir, if you could place me in some station where there is some real work to be done, I do not care of how rough a character.' 'Nothing can be done while the boys are in the union,' says another. 'The common topic of conversation among the children is the arrival of the women of the town to be confined here,' says another. Another, writing from a union where the boys work in the field with the men, remarks, 'My work of three weeks is ruined in as many minutes.'" —p. 354.

"The children," say the Poor Law Inquiry Commissioners, "who enter the workhouse, quit it, if they ever quit it, corrupted where they were well disposed, and hardened where they were vicious." And this is the education that, with the small exception of the district and separate schools, we buy for the poor children of England by the payment of our poor rates! Amongst children trained thus are to be numbered far the greater part of the 2,378 whom a recent Return* acknowledges to be Catholics!

* Mr. Ewart's Return, printed by House of Commons, 4th March, 1861.

- The exceptions to this condemnation, which ranks workhouse-schools as schools of vice, are the district and separate pauper schools. How small the proportion is of the children enjoying an exemption from the curse inflicted by the working of the Poor Law in this particular will appear from the following table. (p. 373.)

	Children
In six District Schools (of which 3 are Metropolitan) are	2,682
In nineteen separate Workhouse schools ...	4,381
In schools attached to Workhouses ...	37,545
Total pauper children, 25 March, 1859 ...	44,608

And whatever alleviation there may be in the lot of the 7,063 children in the District and separate Pauper-schools, as being removed from the pestilential atmosphere of the workhouse, we Catholics have not much share in the benefit, for we have already* pointed out to our readers that not more than nine or ten children of the 2,296 in the Metropolitan District schools ever see a priest, while it is extremely difficult for the Catholic clergy to obtain admission to the separate schools, at least as far as the London unions are concerned.

Mr. Rudge is the chaplain of the North Surrey District School, with the name of which the readers of the Workhouse Papers are tolerably familiar. He says:—

“I am most glad to have the opportunity of bearing my testimony to the good effects which have resulted from one of the most wise and merciful legislative enactments for which the present reign has been distinguished—I mean the District Schools Act. I have held the chaplaincy of these schools ever since they were opened in November, 1850; when the children were drafted either from the various workhouses in the district, or from certain establishments for farming pauper children in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. I have, therefore, had unusual opportunities of testing the working of the two systems.

After referring to a former letter as to the previous state of the children, Mr. Rudge proceeds:—

“In the course of the last five years 2,839 pauper children have passed under my charge. The average number of yearly admissions to the school has been 540. The average number removed

* Dublin Review, No. XCVI. p. 295.

by their parents, or by order of the board of guardians, in each year, has been 252. The whole number of children who have completed their training in the school, and been sent to permanent situations, is, up to the present date, 260. Of the whole number admitted into the school since the commencement, only sixteen have been sent back to the workhouses by the managers, from the circumstance of their having reached the age at which they become able-bodied paupers, without having obtained situations. And of these I can confidently assert that at least a moiety owed their failure either to some physical or some mental defect. It has lately formed a part of my duty as chaplain to visit those children who have been sent to places, and to report upon their state to the board of management. I have generally found them giving satisfaction to their employers, and in the enjoyment of fair wages and kind treatment. The number of those who have returned to the school with an expression of the dissatisfaction of their employers is, on the whole, inconsiderable."—p. 369.

It is tranquilly assumed that *all* the children, not only when at school, but even afterwards when in service, are "under his charge." Of these 2,839 children, at a very moderate estimate, 400 were Catholics, whom the labours of the Rev. Mr. Rudge have transformed into Protestants. A single Mortara case can arouse the indignation of the country, but it has not any to spare for four hundred at a single school. This was the state of the school in February 1856. Five years have since elapsed, and another four hundred are to be added to the first. Eight hundred Catholic children have been brought up as Protestants in that one school in the course of ten years—on an average eighty Catholic children a year perverted in the North Surrey District School alone.

To this, as we have said, the Commissioners do not even allude, though it is difficult to conceive how the matter escaped their notice. They therefore suggest no remedy for the evil; but, happily, the recommendations which they make for the rescue of the children who are being ruined in the workhouses are not only not inconsistent with the amendment of the law that we require, but will serve us as a ground upon which we may build our own arguments. What we require, and what alone will effectually remedy the grievance under which we labour, are separate schools. The remedy the Commissioners propose is the compulsory establishment of district or separate schools. All that we need beyond the scheme of the Commissioners is that some plan be devised by which some of the schools

shall be for the exclusive education of Catholic children. The actual powers conferred on the Poor Law Board by the District Schools Act, or the larger powers which the Commissioners propose (p. 378) to confer upon the Central Board are certainly not intended to meet our case and do not do so; but analogous powers, and therefore no novelty in Poor Law Legislation, are all that are necessary. However, this subject of separate Catholic schools for pauper children must not be taken into consideration entirely by itself, and we therefore turn to another portion of the Report, that relating to the "education of vagrants and criminals."

There are four classes of children (if we leave the military and naval schools out of consideration) towards the education of whom the State has recently recognized its obligations. These are children convicted of crime, children in danger of crime, and children who are either inmates of workhouses or who are in receipt of out-door relief. For the criminal children reformatories have been established, of which we have but to remark that they receive from the Commission the high praise that no other "institutions connected with education appear to be in a more satisfactory condition." For the class of children who are in danger of forming criminal habits, but who have not been convicted of worse offences than vagrancy or begging, the Legislature has provided Industrial Schools. Of pauper children, whether receiving indoor or outdoor relief, we have already spoken.

The Industrial Schools Acts are under revision at the very time at which we write, and the law may consequently be consolidated, and its provisions enlarged or altered, as these sheets pass through the press. The Act of 1857 empowers a justice to send any child, whom he convicts of vagrancy, to a duly certified Industrial School, unless the parent gives an assurance in writing that he will be responsible for its good behaviour for twelve months. If there is any school in the county, or any adjoining county, conducted on the principles of the religious denomination to which the child belongs, it is to have the preference to all others. We have already* seen that it is ordered that a book shall be kept for the registration of the various

* Dublin Review, No. XCVI., p. 305.

religions of the children; and ministers of their religious persuasions, "upon the representation of the parent, or in case of an orphan, then of the guardian or nearest adult relative," may visit the children at such hours of the day as the managers shall fix. Lastly, Boards of Guardians may contract with the managers for the maintenance and education of pauper children.

It is clear by the last provision that the Legislature regarded the children who are sent to these Industrial Schools as of the same class as pauper children, and saw no disadvantage in their being educated together. No doubt, speaking generally, they are but one class. The pauper child, if turned out of the workhouse, would be a vagrant, would beg, and would be in danger of becoming a thief. The orphans and deserted children, who form sixty per cent. of the pauper children, would certainly do so, and the parents of the remaining forty per cent. would save but few of them from such a life. Such children, if charged before the justices with vagrancy would come under the Industrial Schools Act. The Commissioners take the same view, in the following exceedingly important passage of their Report:—

"It appears to us that the object which industrial schools are intended to promote is one which should not be left to private individuals, but should be accomplished at the public expense and by public authority. This results from its character. To take a child out of the custody of its parents, and to educate it in an institution over which they have no control, is a proceeding which must be considered as it affects the parent and as it affects the child. As it affects the parent, it is a punishment for the neglect of the most important parental duties. It is always disgraceful, and often severe, for the neglect of parental duty is quite consistent with the presence of strong parental feeling. It is obviously just to add to the disgrace and suffering inflicted by the child's removal the obligation of paying the expense to which the public is subjected in consequence of the parent's neglect.

"As it affects the child, the character of the proceeding is altogether different. It is intended, not for its punishment, for the supposition is that the child has not been convicted of any crime, but for its protection from the consequences of the neglect of its natural protectors. By the act of separating it from those protectors, whatever their character may be, the State puts itself in the place of a parent and assumes parental obligations. Children, therefore, who stand in this position, have a distinct moral right to proper education and superintendence at the hands of the State,

which again has the right to charge the parent with the expense of providing it.

"As we observed in the last part, this is precisely the relation in which the State already stands to indoor pauper children, that is to say, to children who are orphans, or illegitimate, or deserted by their parents. It follows that children who fall within the Industrial Schools Act. should be put upon the same footing as indoor pauper children. The only difference between the two classes is, that in the one case the natural protectors of the children are either dead or unknown, while in the other they are judicially declared to be unfit to exercise the authority arising out of their relationship.

"The practical objection to taking this course in the present state of things is that the present workhouse schools are in so bad a condition that there is a strong probability that the children who enter them will be corrupted. We have dwelt upon this subject already, and have recommended the general establishment of district and separate schools. We think that when such schools are established they will form the appropriate places of education for the children liable to be committed to industrial schools. If our recommendation be adopted, they will speedily be found in all parts of the country, and will thus afford to every district the resources at present offered by the industrial schools to a few large towns. We propose, therefore, that all district or separate schools for indoor pauper children be declared by Act of Parliament industrial schools within the meaning of the Industrial Schools Act of 1857."—p. 402-3.

The proposal here made is exactly in principle what we require. Justice and fairness demand that a convenient number of schools should be established, to which the guardians of certain districts should be obliged to send their Catholic children and maintain them up to the age of sixteen; and then these schools should, according to the suggestion of the Commissioners, be declared Industrial, so that children who are under special temptations to crime might be sent to them by justices. For this we should strain every nerve, for such an arrangement is the only one by which we can hope to secure our fair share of the advantages of the Industrial Schools Act, and the Report of the Royal Commissioners distinctly shows how reasonable is the demand we thus make.

Of all times this is the most opportune for us to select for asserting these claims. The recommendation of the Commissioners is very explicit that the Guardians should now be compelled by the Legislature to establish separate

schools, under pain of being included by the Poor Law Board in districts, to the schools of which their children should necessarily be sent. It is the very moment for us to claim that provision shall be made for our wants, so that in the necessary expenditure, that portion which is to be spent in the education of Catholic children may be spent in such a way as to ensure their education as Catholics, and not rather be lavished on the machinery of proselytism. So, too, with the Industrial Schools. The law is now being amended, because it has been found comparatively inoperative. There are in England eighteen certified Industrial Schools, of which only seven contain children detained under magisterial sentence; and of these seven, two have but one child each, and a third school only four. So that there are but four Industrial Schools in the country where children are received under the Act. The Newcastle-on-Tyne school has one hundred children under sentence, "Liverpool, Everton Crescent, St. George's Roman Catholic" has thirty-five, and there are thirty in the two Bristol Schools. So, of 171, the whole number of children under detention, thirty-five are in a Catholic school. It cannot be altogether the fault of the Act of Parliament that more children are not rescued from a life of misery and vice by its provisions, if the Justices of Newcastle and Liverpool can make such excellent use of it.

The use of these figures reminds us that we have promised our readers to return to the statistics of the Report. It is indeed furnished with them, in compliance with the modern demand for figures as well as facts, in great abundance. Those who prefer them "neat," will find them to their heart's content in the last part of the Report, where they occupy more than one hundred and twenty pages by themselves. Most of the same tables also occur in the body of the Report, diluted and prepared for easier digestion. As far as the Catholics are concerned, we see here and there symptoms of the scantiness of the information to which we have already had occasion to advert. Rather ridiculous instances are furnished by the notes on p. 65. "The average salaries in Roman Catholic schools in thirty-five English counties is given as £25, but as the number on which this average is taken is only one, it would mislead." And, again, "In another Roman Catholic district £39 is given, but the average is taken on only two cases." We are said to give the lowest salaries of

any one to our certificated infant school mistresses, viz., £42 10s., while £58 3s. 8d. is the average; but we are not told from how many cases the Commissioners have learnt our practice.

It is not difficult to state the amount expended on the education of the nation by Parliament through the Privy Council. The first grant was in 1839, and its amount was £30,000. This was gradually increased, so that it became in 1846, £100,000; in 1853, £260,000, and in 1859, £836,920, which is the largest grant that has yet been made. The total amount expended during those twenty-one years was £4,378,183 4s. 9½d., the principal expenses being,—

			£.	s.	d.
In building grants	1,047,648	17	8½
In training teachers	2,544,280	16	5½
Capitation	186,230	14	0
Administration (including inspection)	457,936	9	11
			<hr/>		
			£4,236,096	18	1
			<hr/>		

To meet the sum of four millions four hundred thousand pounds, contributed by the state, and paid for out of the taxation of the country, eight millions eight hundred thousand have been raised voluntarily by local contributions. So that in the twenty-one years named, more than thirteen millions of money have been expended on the inspected schools alone for the education of the children of the "Independent Poor." At the close of this period of twenty-one years, there were 9,388 such schools, or about two-fifths of the entire number of existing public schools, containing 1,101,545 scholars, or about half the number now under instruction in the whole country. And the thirty-two existing training colleges are another product of this immense expenditure.*

The system administered by the Committee of Privy Council on education is one that has grown to its present dimensions from small beginnings. At least one of the heavier items of its expenditure may be said to have been almost inadvertently begun. The Capitation Grant was originally intended as an assistance for small places; but a

* Report p. 309.

proposal to Parliament that the larger towns should be provided for out of the local rates, having been rejected, it was made general, and thus in three years from its institution has become the large sum of £61,183, which is, in fact, a contribution to the managers in aid of the expense of the maintenance of the school. This Capitation Grant, the Commissioners think, may grow to £300,000, or even a greater sum; and the extension of the present system to the whole country would probably cost us more than two millions a year, while there is a possibility of a far greater increase.*

A system thus established on no definite plan and increasing in so rapid a manner naturally demanded a full inquiry, and it is very gratifying to find that the Commissioners regard the system as one, though open to many amendments, yet on the whole so excellent, that they have to devise a plan which may extend its advantages to the whole country. This is of the greatest importance to us, who have in it enjoyed a fair share in the help afforded to education by the State, without having been called upon to purchase it by the sacrifice of our religious independence. It is this that has rendered our position in this respect an object of envy to our fellow Catholics in Ireland, who have to contend with all the evils of mixed education.

The Commissioners rightly regard this as one of the great beauties of the system, and they add, what is undeniably true, that "the existing plan is the only one by which it would be possible to secure the religious character of popular education." (p. 310.) Few passages have appeared in modern blue books more deserving of repetition with every emphasis than the following.

"It has been supposed that the object of securing the religious character of education might be equally attained either by restricting the teaching given in the schools to points upon which different denominations agree, or by drawing a broad line between the religious and the secular instruction, and by providing that the religious instruction should be given at particular hours, and by the ministers of different denominations. We do not think that either of these expedients would be suitable to the state of feeling in this country.

"With respect to the plan of restricting the teaching to points

* Report p. 314.

agreed upon, we may refer to the history of the British and Foreign School Society. Undenominational teaching was its distinctive principle, but all the schools, including British and others which are founded on that principle, contain only about 14.4 per cent, of the scholars in public schools, whilst the remaining 85.6 per cent. are in denominational schools. The British schools are for the most part large schools in towns, and are usually established where the various dissenting bodies, not being numerous enough to establish denominational schools, prefer a British school to one connected with the Church of England. Religious communities, when able to do so, always appear to prefer schools of their own to schools on the undenominational principle.

"The British and Foreign School Society is the oldest of all the societies connected with education, and might for a considerable time have been regarded as the representative of all the bodies which were not satisfied with the principles of the National Society; but in the course of the last eighteen years the Wesleyans and the Independents have established boards of their own.

"The plan of drawing a line between religious and secular instruction, and confining the religious instruction to particular hours, would, we believe, be equally unlikely to succeed. The principal promoters of education maintain that such a line cannot be drawn, and that every subject which is not merely mechanical, such as writing and working sums, but is connected with the feelings and conduct of mankind, may and ought to be made the occasion of giving religious instruction. They maintain that the religious influence of the school depends no less upon the personal character and example of the teacher, on the manner in which he administers discipline, upon the various opportunities which he takes for enforcing religious truth, and on the spirit in which he treats his pupils and teaches them to treat each other, than upon the distinctive religious teaching.

"Upon this subject we would direct attention to the following resolution of the Wesleyan Committee of Education in reference to a Bill introduced by Sir J. Pakington:—

"That while it has ever been the fixed rule in Wesleyan schools during the teaching of the catechism, to permit the absence of any child whose parents should object to his being taught such formulæ, and to leave all children free to attend on the Sabbath whatever Sunday school and place of worship their parents may prefer, this Committee believes that the Wesleyan community will never consent that the teaching of religion itself in their schools shall be subject to restriction. Their experience shows, that besides the Scripture lesson with which their schools daily open, and in which it is sought to make divine truth intelligible to children of all capacities, an able Christian teacher will find throughout the day, when teaching geography, history, physical and moral science, and the knowledge of common things, frequent

occasion to illustrate and enforce the truths of religion, and that religious teaching may be made to impart life and spirit to the whole process of education.'"—p. 311-12.

On account of the difficulty with respect to religious teaching, the Commissioners are of opinion that the burden of supporting education should not be transferred from the central revenue to the local rates.

"We think that if it were resolved to establish a system under which schools should be founded and supported out of the rates, difficulties would arise as to the religious teaching to be given in them, and as to the authority which the clergy of different denominations should exercise over them, which would probably prevent such a measure from passing through Parliament, and would prevent it from working in an harmonious manner if it did. Our opinion on this subject is founded principally on past experience. Difficulties of this kind, as we have elsewhere observed, prevented the Committee of Council from recommending the foundation of a Normal College in connexion with the State. Similar difficulties defeated the attempt to establish a national system of education in 1839, and to establish a system specially adapted for the factories in 1842. The difficulty as to the Normal Colleges was overcome by the establishment of upwards of 30 Training Colleges connected in the closest way with different denominations. And meanwhile many thousand elementary schools have been established in the course of the last twenty years, almost all of which are specially connected with some one religious denomination, in many cases by foundation deeds, which give legal security for the permanence of the connexion. These facts show that amongst those who really manage popular education, there are deep-seated differences of principle which operate strongly on their minds, and are very unlikely to be removed.

"It may be urged that little has been heard of such differences for some years past, that the parents of the children to be educated are, generally speaking, comparatively indifferent to the subject, and that consequently whatever may have been the case formerly, no serious difficulty would be found at present in providing a common constitution for the schools supported by the rates, and in making arrangements as to the teaching in them which would be acceptable to all. We think this a mistake. It is quite true that for several years little has been heard of religious differences in the management of schools, and we do not anticipate that anything will be heard of them in future so long as the constitution of the schools remains untouched. The quiet which has prevailed arises from the independence of the different denominations and their undisturbed possession of their respective provinces, but there is no reason to suppose that the circumstance of their having occupied

this position for upwards of twenty years would dispose them to exchange it for another. On the contrary, the difficulties would be greater now than they formerly were."—p. 304-5.

And besides, the experience of workhouse schools shows that the rate-payers, or their representatives, would be the worst and most unfit hands to which we could entrust the care of our poor schools. Yet this must necessarily be done if the support of the schools were to be thrown upon the rates. The Commission are, however, of opinion that the local rates may bear a portion of the expense without any interference with the present organization of the school management. The following is their proposal. First, the State shall pay "in schools in which a certificated teacher has been actually employed for nine calendar months in the preceding year," containing less than sixty children, not less than 5s. 6d., nor more than 6s. per child; and in schools containing more than sixty children, not less than 4s. 6d., nor more than 5s. per child; and an additional 2s. 6d. per child for every child who has been under a pupil teacher or assistant teacher, allowing thirty children for each pupil teacher and sixty for each assistant teacher. The actual payment within the limits here mentioned will be determined by the Inspector's report of the discipline, efficiency, and general character of the school. This would sweep away all the present complicated scale of payments in augmentation of teachers' salaries, pupil-teachers' allowances, capitation grants, &c.

The Commissioners then propose to institute County and Borough Boards of Education, who shall appoint examiners, being certificated masters of at least seven years standing. These examiners are annually to examine in every school that shall apply for a grant from the county or borough rate, each individual child in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and the girls in plain work. The grant is to vary from 21s. to 22s. 6d. for every child who shall have "fulfilled tests" in this examination, and shall have attended school during one hundred and forty days in the preceding year. The present requisite for a capitation grant from Privy Council is one hundred and seventy-six days. Children under seven are not to be examined, but to be paid for at the rate of 20s. per child.

Such is the scheme. It is calculated that the total average cost of educating children in poor schools is about

30s. a head. By this plan it is intended that 10s. at the lowest and 15s. at the highest, or at least one-third, and at most one-half the whole expense should be derived from public sources. We have seen that the Privy Council Grant in 1859 amounted to £836,920 in assisting according to the present system 1,101,545 scholars. The Commissioners estimate the cost of their plan for the education of 1,500,000 children, as, from general taxation, £630,000, and from local taxation £428,400, which latter sum would be raised by a rate of 1½d. on all the rateable property in England. By this calculation the grants for annual maintenance of schools would be drawn equally from the Privy Council and the County or Borough rate, the former retaining the burden of building grants, inspection and the maintenance of the training colleges.

These recommendations, as far as they relate to the Privy Council Office, may be regarded as suggestions for its improvement, even though the rest of the scheme should not be adopted. They would maintain, it is hoped, the quality of education by encouraging schools to employ superior teachers, they would simplify the enormous complication of the business of the office, and they would diminish the rigour and apparent injustice of some of its rules. The plan of introducing the contributions from the county rates would enable many schools in poor districts to obtain assistance that now are precluded from it; it would, it is supposed excite a local interest in the schools, (though this seems to us problematical), and it would, if the proposed system of examination were adopted, improve the teaching where it is most defective at present.

The judgment of the Commission on the present system of Privy Council assistance to education is almost as severe as their proposals of amendment are sweeping, but they seem hardly to be aware how severe they are. This is owing to the still greater severity with which private and unassisted schools are necessarily condemned. The Commission are quite sensible of the immense improvement in education that has been brought about by the Government Grant, but they do not seem to us to have exaggerated the defects of the system, but throughout to have been singularly fair and impartial in their judgments. At present the certificate of the teacher is regarded as a doubtful indication of his professional aptitude. Indeed, one inspector goes so far as to give the preference to the

results produced by teachers holding the lowest certificates. "The preponderance of efficiency is somewhat, though very slightly, in favour of the third or lowest class of certificates." The Commissioners propose that the Inspectors should have the power of raising or lowering the certificate; but we must confess that we do not see how the various degrees of certificates (p. 149) would enter into the plan which we have already described. That plan would restore matters to a more healthy state, by helping, not the schoolmaster personally, but the school and its managers, and leaving the latter to make their own engagements with their teachers, and also leaving the salaries to rise by an increased demand or to fall by a greater competition, as in all other employments.

The Report complains in one respect of the course of what it calls the male training college, (p. 115), and it proposes to borrow the subject of political economy from what, by a not less startling instance of *prosopopeia*, it styles the female syllabus. This is a startling proposition at first sight, on another ground, that our poor children should be taught political economy, of which we ourselves know little or nothing; but, if as we presume, it practically means that a schoolmaster should be able to give a labouring man some idea "of the causes which regulate the amount of his wages, the hours of his work, the regularity of his employment, and the prices of what he consumes," we cannot object. The Commissioners are quite alive to the harm that has been done by a too ambitious and showy style of education on the part of the teachers. They truly say that the failures of certificated teachers are due to the defective education rather than to too high a training. "They arise not from over refinement, but from vulgarity. The use of ambitious language, vain display of knowledge, the overlooking what is essential and elementary, a failure to see what it is that really perplexes a child, are the faults which an educated person avoids, and into which an uneducated person falls." "If it were possible ... to submit the students to a longer course of instruction, embracing fewer subjects, but acquainting them more deeply with those selected, they would probably acquire greater clearness of mind and liveliness of expression, and would so be better fitted for teaching." (p. 132). A diminution of the number of subjects required would be a great boon, even without a longer course of instruction.

Dr. Temple expresses himself well when he says, "I think that it would be better if you could get schoolmasters with less knowledge and more education, which is what is commonly meant by people who ask for what they call a lower standard, but it really is a much higher standard." Though the Commissioners praise the Training College course, or at least recommend but little alteration, they acknowledge that there is far too much of "mere cram" for people who have to spend their lives in teaching poor children to read, write, and cypher, and girls to sew.

The main defect of the schools which the present method of inspection is not calculated to remedy is, that the essential and elementary things are not properly taught, and that the lower classes are sacrificed to the proficiency of the more forward children. These defects the proposed examination in these most necessary parts of education, by which a county or borough examiner is to ascertain and record by name the progress of each individual child, is intended to correct. The fault which teachers are tempted to commit under the pressure of the expectation of the inspector's visit, is much of the character of the religious instruction, which is amusingly described in the following extract.

"The efforts of the teachers," says Mr. Foster, 'whom I met with, appeared directed chiefly to the facts of Scripture history, stimulated hereto by the usual tenor of the inspector's examination. A Roman Catholic lady, writing about a school under her management, which she wished me to see, and describing the religious instruction there given as devotional and practical, remarked, in passing, that it did not consist, as in the Protestant schools, of inculcating the exact number of kings that reigned in Israel, or the precise names of Jacob's sons. The animadversion was, I believe, strictly just. Whatever may be the repetition of forms, the real teaching is for the most part neither devotional, nor doctrinal, nor practical, but historical, embracing chiefly the facts, and names, and numbers recorded in the sacred text. An inspector explained to me, that his reason for asking minute questions of this sort was, that if he found the children acquainted with these minutiae, he inferred a general knowledge of Scripture truth. Whether he is right or not, this practice in inspection gives the direction to the daily teaching of the schools.'"—p. 232.

It is certainly most satisfactory to see that the common sense view of the education of the poor is so thoroughly accepted by the Commissioners. The following passages,

taken from various Inspector's Reports, are calculated to do much good.

Mr. Fussell remarks :

"Next in importance to religious instruction we must place those indispensable subjects, reading, writing, and arithmetic. Of these the two former are indisputably the most difficult to teach, and as indisputably the most rarely well taught. This arises, I believe, in no small degree from the inadequate standard which both teachers and children have formed in their own minds respecting them,—they are far too easily satisfied with themselves. A very large proportion of the children do not know what good reading is—they are not taught in what it consists, or in what bad reading consists. In too many cases it would be more true to say that the teachers *hear them read*, than that they teach them reading. Very careful and special instruction should be given to the pupil-teachers in this respect. Few things are more painful to me than to see the energies of a young teacher in his class frittered away after this fashion. A child reads a sentence,—he commits gross faults. 'Read it again,' says the teacher. He reads it again, and, as may be expected, he reads it pretty much as at first. 'Read it again;' and so on. It does not seem to enter into the teacher's conception that his own labour, and the child's too, would be immensely lightened, if he would but tell the child what his faults are, and *why* he has to read it again. A teacher who pursues this plan will never have good reading in his class. The children are baffled, confused, and disheartened; and, as a natural consequence, they subside into stolid indifference. It must never be forgotten that the art of reading is an imitative art, and that no teaching of it can be effective unless the practice of furnishing the children with models of good reading be largely resorted to."—p. 249.

Mr. Fraser is even more graphic.

"Good reading—by which I mean distinct articulation, proper expression, and an intelligent apprehension of the drift of the passage read—is a treat that I was very rarely permitted to enjoy. The children appear to fall into slovenly habits,—indistinctness of sight as well as of speech,—in the lower classes, which become ineradicable. The modern method of discovering the pronunciation of a hard or previously unknown word seems singularly infelicitous. There is a reading lesson in the Third Irish Book, which I was fond of using as a kind of test. It is the story of a congress of birds summoned by a swallow to discuss the proper course to pursue in reference to a field which a farmer was sowing with hemp-seed. It begins easily enough to tempt the children to start glibly, but in the second or third line there comes the adverb "unanimously," a long but by no means difficult word to articulate for children who have ever been taught to regard the syllabic arrange-

ment of letters, but upon which the second class invariably, and very often the first class, broke down. There would be first an uncomfortable pause, then a wistful eye cast on the teacher; then, on my request that the word might be spelt, a rapid gabble of the 11 letters of which the word is composed; at the conclusion of this process, the same helpless incompetence to proceed; then the eye once more turned upon the teacher; and finally, in most cases, the frank confession of the latter that it was her habit always to help the children at this point, and that when they had repeated the letters, she gave them the pronunciation of the word. I venture to assert that the girls in the Hereford workhouse were not taught to read in this way. Such teaching will never enable its pupils '*nare sine cortice*.'

"Another phenomenon that you frequently observe in hearing a class read, not perhaps the very highest class in a school, but the second and third classes, and which certainly, I think, indicates the absence of some very important qualifications in the teacher, is that, if you quietly stand by and give the children their head (so to speak), for five minutes, without stoppage or correction of any kind, you will be perfectly amazed, if it is at all a difficult passage, at the quantity of utterly unintelligible gibberish that you will have listened to. I remember once hearing at the inspection of a school, though not in the course of this inquiry, the head girl in the first class read St. Luke, iv. 14, thus:—'And there went a *flame* of him through all the *religion* round about,' with perfect self-satisfaction, and in utter unconsciousness of the absurd blunders she was perpetrating. Such children never can have been accustomed to connect sense and sound, but have simply acquired a mechanical facility of utterance, which is a bar instead of a help to rational progress. A piece of mechanism, when it does get out of gear, plays havoc just in proportion to the speed at which it is going. The unconscious thing believes that its only duty is to go, and whether it is going right or wrong it has no test within itself to discover."—pp. 250-51.

Mr. Foster's remarks are not a little suggestive.

"I met with very few day schools indeed in which it seemed that the words read or repeated from a book, even with apparent ease, conveyed any idea to the mind of the pupil. For instance, a smart little boy read the first verse of the ninth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, 'And he entered into a ship, and passed over, and came into his own city.' I asked, 'What did he enter into?' 'Don't know, thank you, Sir,' replied the boy politely. 'Read it again. Now what did he come into?' 'Don't know, thank you, Sir.' In another school, a girl of about 13 years of age was directed to 'say her geography' to me, and after she had repeated the boundaries of several countries, I asked 'What is a boundary?' 'It's a year's wages.' My question had suggested to her mind the terms on

which the pitmen are in some collieries bound for a year to their employment. Doubtless she did not dream of its connexion with the lesson she had just repeated. These are fair specimens of the usual results of any effort to elicit the children's apprehension of what they were learning—either total silence or an answer perfectly irrelevant. The truth which has been forced upon me in a way it never was before is, that the language of books is an unknown tongue to the children of the illiterate, especially in remote situations. It is utterly unlike their vernacular dialect, both in its vocabulary and construction, and, perhaps, not less unintelligible than Latin generally was to the vulgar in the middle ages. The gulf between is the more impassable wherever, as in the collier villages, there is little or no intercourse with persons of the middle class. Only a very small proportion of the children seem to attain any adequate understanding of the language of books during their school life, and whether they do afterwards or not depends much upon the circumstances of their lot.”—p. 255.

Although we have placed such long passages of the Report before our readers, we cannot withhold the following, which has been very frequently alluded to in various publications since its appearance. We would venture to suggest that the plan of making children from memory write on slates an answer of the catechism, is an excellent method of discovering whether the children have learnt the words correctly, or whether they slur over the answers in so slovenly a manner that they have really pronounced a quantity of gibberish nearly resembling the true answer in sound. Children in our poor schools seldom learn the catechism from the book, and the confused sound made by a number of children pronouncing the same words, will often teach a child, parrot like, something like the following specimen.

“‘My duty toads God is to bleed in him, to fering and to loaf withold your arts, withold my mine, withold my sold, and with my sernth, to whirchp and to give thinks, to put my old trast in him, to call upon him, to onner his old name and his world, and to save him truly all the days of my life's end.’

“‘My dooty tords my nabers, to love him as thysel, and to do to all men as I wed thou shall do and to me, to love, onner, and suke my farther and mother, to onner and to bay the Queen and all that are pet in a forty under her, to smit myself to all my gooness, teaches, sportial pastures and marsters, to ougthen myself lordly and every to all my betters, to hut no body by would nor deed, to be trew in jest in all my deelins, to beer no malis nor ated in your arts, to kep my ands from pecken and steel, my turn

from evil speaking, lawing and slanders, not to civet nor desar othermans good, but to lern labor trewly to git my own leaving, and to do my dooty in that state if life and to each it is please God to call men."—p. 256.

The *Times* told us that "pet in a forty," was "put in authority," to which it is quite necessary to add that "to oughten myself lordly and every," stands for "to order myself lowly and reverently." There is no little force in the remark, "When the parents are censured for not prolonging the attendance of their children at school, it rests with those who censure them to show that the most has been made of the attendance already given. If a child of ten years old, who has attended school with moderate regularity for four or five years, can hardly read and write, and cannot cypher to any useful purpose, it is very hard to call upon the parent to keep him at school four years longer, and to tax him with gross selfishness and ingratitude, because he does not choose to forego a large addition to his family income in order to do so. The parent's notion of what education should be may be limited: but, as far as it goes, it is sound. It is no doubt true that it would be most desirable to teach children many other things besides reading, writing, and arithmetic; but if a child is ignorant of these after four years schooling, his parents may well be excused for supposing that the experiment has lasted long enough." (p. 178.) That the standard instruction in ordinary poor-schools cannot be expected to extend beyond these simple things, and the standard usually attainable as well the results to be hoped for as the fruits of all this school training, are clearly put by Mr. Fraser.

"Even if it were possible, I doubt whether it would be desirable, with a view to the real interests of the peasant boy, to keep him at school till he was 14 or 15 years of age. But it is not possible. We must make up our minds to see the last of him, as far as the day school is concerned, at 10 or 11. We must frame our system of education upon this hypothesis; and I venture to maintain that it is quite possible to teach a child soundly and thoroughly, in a way that he shall not forget it, all that it is necessary for him to possess in the shape of intellectual attainment, by the time that he is ten years old. If he has been properly looked after in the lower classes, he shall be able to spell correctly the words that he will ordinarily have to use; he shall read a common narrative—the paragraph in the newspaper that he cares to read—with sufficient

ease to be a pleasure to himself and to convey information to listeners; if gone to live at a distance from home, he shall write his mother a letter that shall be both legible and intelligible; he knows enough of ciphering to make out, or test the correctness of, a common shop bill; if he hears talk of foreign countries, he has some notion as to the part of the habitable globe in which they lie: and underlying all, and not without its influence, I trust, upon his life and conversation, he has acquaintance enough with the Holy Scriptures to follow the allusions and the arguments of a plain Saxon sermon, and a sufficient recollection of the truths taught him in his Catechism, to know what are the duties required of him towards his Maker and his fellow man. I have no brighter view of the future or the possibilities of an English elementary education, floating before my eyes than this. If I had ever dreamt more sanguine dreams before, what I have seen in the last six months would have effectually and for ever dissipated them. In such inspection of schools as time and opportunity allow me to make, I strictly limited myself to testing their efficiency in such vital points as these; never allowing myself to stray into the regions of English grammar, or English history, or physical science, unless I had previously found the ground under the children thoroughly firm, and fit to carry, without risk of settlements, a somewhat lofty and more decorated superstructure."—p. 243-4.

It appears to us to be a great misfortune that the schools for the "independent poor," throughout the country, are not conducted more upon an industrial system. The school hours are too long, the confinement is too great: if the children could, for some hours a day, be well employed in active hard work, as they are in District and Industrial Schools, they would learn more, and when they left school, be not only better instructed, but stronger and more useful. The evidence given before the Commission "tends decidedly to the conclusions:—I. That for children under the age of 12 years, 24 hours a week is nearly the limit of profitable instruction in studies requiring mental effort. II. That 18 hours a week is often a more useful period of mental effort than 24. III. That 15 hours a week, the utmost that is obtained by the factory children, is, to use the most unfavourable expression, not insufficient. IV. That much may be done in 12 hours a week, or two hours a day, provided that those two hours be two fresh hours in the morning. V. That children who have been educated up to the age of seven in a good infant school can be taught in three years, in a school attendance of from 15 to 18 hours a week, to read well, to write well, and to understand and apply the common rules of arithmetic."—p. 191.

When "children begin to have a money value, as soon as

they can shout loud enough to scare a crow, or can endure exposure to the weather in watching cows in a lane," so that at eight years of age they can earn sixpence a day ; why is not an effort made to get them to school for a couple of hours in the morning? So too, in towns, employers would often spare their errand boys for that amount of teaching, and much good would be done in that time under an energetic and intelligent teacher.

By laying stress on the defects of the system now pursued, and on the recommendations of the Commission, we might perhaps leave an impression too unfavourable to the system : but we have not entered into any examination of its merits, or of the good results that it has brought about, or cited the favourable expressions of the Report, for, first, its good qualities are now so widely appreciated, that our readers do not require to be reminded of them ; secondly, we may take for granted, that five millions of public money have not been spent in vain ; and thirdly, we have turned to the Commission, with a special interest to learn what faults it has to find, and what amendments to propose.

The great deficiency of which the Commission complains, is not in our schools for boys and girls, but in those for infants. It is singular that we should be called upon to repair our foundations in this respect also. The infant schools are inferior to those for older children, and it is much more difficult to find fit persons to conduct them. "The certificated teachers," says Mr. Watkins,

"have one obvious and great disadvantage ; they are very young when they enter upon their duties, and they have to deal with very young children. But the younger the children to be trained, the older, within certain limits, should the trainer be. He has more need of experience, of self-knowledge, of discernment in child-nature, and sympathy with child-life. He has before him a more delicate and continuous work than he who acts upon the juvenile boy or girl."—p. 151.

The case is thus stated by the Commissioners.

"Infant schools form a most important part of the machinery required for a national system of education, inasmuch as they lay the foundation, in some degree, of knowledge, and in a still greater degree, of habits which are essential to education, while without them a child may contract habits and sustain injuries which the best school will afterwards be unable to correct and remedy.

"To keep at school a boy who might be earning wages, or a girl

who might help her mother in household work, must always be a sacrifice ; but children under seven can earn little or nothing, and the presence of several of them in a small room required for a variety of other purposes is a considerable inconvenience. Infant schools, therefore, are free from competition with the employers of labour and with the requirements of the family.

"Infant schools are also comparatively cheap, as they are usually taught by mistresses.

"Lastly, it may be observed that the difficulties produced by differences of religious belief can hardly arise in respect of such infant schools as form independent establishments. It is scarcely conceivable that the instruction of children under seven years of age should ever be dogmatic. The power of understanding the peculiarities of doctrine which separate churches and sects is not developed till a much later period.

"On the other hand there are difficulties which impede the establishment of infant schools, especially in rural districts. A village can seldom support two schools, even if they are placed in the same building. The value of infant schools depends almost exclusively on the tact, patience, sympathy, and ingenuity of the teacher ; and the employment is one which requires good and even spirits. It is difficult to obtain these qualifications, and, as we shall show hereafter, there are few institutions in which infant schoolmistresses are trained. Very young children cannot attend any school which is not near their own homes ; and where the population is much scattered this circumstance alone may prevent the establishment of an infant school, as there may not be children enough for the purpose within the limits of attendance. Practically, therefore, it is difficult in rural districts to avoid either leaving infants, as at present, in the dames' schools, or placing them by themselves as the youngest class in the village school. The latter course will become more practicable if, as we shall suggest, every schoolmistress should undergo a course of training in the training college to adapt her to deal with infants."—p. 31-2.

The passage respecting the religious teaching of infants, is the most absurd in the whole Report. That children under seven may not be able to see the difference between the Church of England and the Wesleyans, or Baptists, may be quite true : but in our infant schools a great deal of dogmatic teaching accompanies the sign of the cross, the *Hail Mary*, the *I believe*, and *I confess*.

The Report also declares that we need a very extensive institution of evening schools. We can only spare room for an extract from Mr. Fraser's evidence, which may be practically useful.

"I start with the principle that the development of the night

school, the placing it on a sound and permanent basis, the making it a place where the education, interrupted by the imperative claims of labour at ten, may be not only kept up, but pushed forward till the pupil is fifteen, is or ought to be the paramount object of those who desire to extend the elementary education of the people. I consider that it demands attention more urgently, and will repay attention more largely, even than the day school. I should be prepared to sacrifice, if it were necessary to sacrifice, something of the efficiency of this, if by so doing I could secure the efficiency of that. I think there is a way in which, if not entirely and in all places, yet to a far greater extent than we succeed in doing at present, we may secure this efficiency. The crucial difficulty is to get teachers. *We must get them from the day school.* There is simply no other source open to us. But how get them? Everybody must admit the reasonableness of the rule of the Committee of the Council, that teachers of day schools, who in addition to five or six hours spent in school, have another hour and a half to spend with their pupil-teachers per day, shall not only not be required, but shall not even be allowed, to take part in the instruction of night schools. It would be too great a strain on their physical strength and intellectual vigour if they were. The work of neither school would be done well. I cannot therefore get teachers for my night school, if the day school remains just as it is. I propose that it should not so remain. *I would suspend the day school FOR THE AFTERNOONS of the four, if not the six, winter months; from the beginning of October to the end of March, or certainly from November to February.* My whole staff of teachers, then, whatever its size, masters, mistresses, pupil-teachers, liberated from their two hours' work in the afternoon, having all that time for exercise, recreation, private affairs, would be ready and available for two hours' work from 6.30 to 8.30 in the evening.

"The sacrifice in the real power and usefulness of the day school would be infinitesimal. You would still have your three hours of forenoon work clear. Those three hours, well employed, are enough for most purposes of ordinary instruction. In the majority of workhouse schools (of whose general efficiency I have already spoken), and in industrial schools, the children get no more. Any one who knows much about the inside of schools knows that the atmosphere, the intellectual atmosphere, of the afternoons, is heavy, oppressive, somniferous. I feel pretty sure, that the intellectual condition of schools would not retrograde if, for a third of the year at any rate, all the instruction were condensed into the three hours from nine to twelve (or, better still, perhaps, from ten to one), of the forenoon."

"I am inclined to believe that teachers generally would like the plan. They would be thankful for the five or six hours which they could thus call their own in a winter's afternoon. They would find the burden of their work considerably lightened by being broken by

this interval. They would be sustained by the always pleasurable consciousness of increased usefulness. They would be encouraged by witnessing more permanent fruit of their labours.

"The night school, again, instead of being an additional expense, would be an actual source of income. As no greater demand than at present would be made on the teachers' strength or time, no increase of salary could reasonably be expected; while the fees of the night-scholars—for the school should not be free—would form no inconsiderable addition to the fees of the day-scholars; more than sufficient to defray the cost of lighting.

"The two schools, again, being thus amalgamated into one, as far as the staff of teachers is concerned, might without objection be held in the same room, and use the same class books and apparatus. Under the present system an entirely new "plant," so to call it, is often required for the night-school, to avoid the collision of two co-ordinate but independent, establishments."—p. 47-9.

We have been led away by the interest of the subject that the Report has brought under our notice from the statistical returns it puts before us. We therefore close our summary of the information we have derived from the admirable and most useful volume before us by the insertion, in this place, of a few interesting tables. The class occupied by our children, amongst the poor of the country, is most strikingly shown by the fact that while 66 per cent of our Catholic school children, or two-thirds of the whole number, pay the *lowest* school fee of a penny, somewhat more than half that proportion only in Church of England Schools, and (which is still more remarkable) not more than 17½ per cent. amongst the Dissenters, pay the same fee. And when we come to the higher school fees, the large proportion of the children of Dissenters is very striking. The following table serves almost as well as a religious census, to show the classes of society in which the religious are respectively found in this country. (Report p. 72.)

"CENTESIMAL PROPORTIONS of the TOTAL NUMBER of CHILDREN of each of the under-mentioned CLASSES OF RELIGIOUS SCHOOLS paying certain stated FEES.

Denomination or Class of School.	1d. and less than 2d.	2d. and less than 3d.	3d. and less than 4d.	4d.	Over 4d.
Roman Catholic	65·93	25·72	4·92	2·71	·72
Church of England	37·3	45·25	11·51	4·15	1·79
Protestant Dissenters and British Schools ...	17·57	39·96	22·23	15·79	4·45
Average Total	34·6	43·19	13·41	6·5	2·3

In looking at the tables which we leave in our readers' hands, we cannot but cast most wistful glances at the figures that tell us of 20,909 children in Ragged Schools, and 35,303 in those of Workhouses. The Commissioners, we are delighted to see, have no praise for those fearful instruments of proselytism, the Ragged Schools, and they recommend that no further allowance from the parliamentary grant, should be made to them.

Description of School.	Number of Week-day Schools and of Scholars.				Average Number of Scholars in a School.
	Wk.-day Schools, <i>i.e.</i> , Departments.	Male.	Female.	Total.	
CLASS I.					
Church of England ...	19,549	624,104	562,982	1,187,086	60.7
British Schools ...	1,131	89,843	61,162	151,005	113.5
Roman Catholics ...	743	41,678	44,188	85,866	115.5
Wesleyan (old connexion)	445	35,887	23,986	59,873	134.5
Congregational ...	388	18,143	15,020	33,163	85.4
Baptist ...	144	5,102	4,286	9,388	65.2
Unitarian ...	54	2,105	1,983	4,088	75.7
Calvinistic Methodist (a) *	44	1,759	1,170	2,929	66.5
Jews ...	20	1,908	1,296	3,204	160.2
Society of Friends (a) ...	33	1,674	1,35-	3,026	91.7
Presbyterian Church, in England (a). ...	28	1,675	1,048	2,723	97.2
Primitive Methodists (a) ...	26	643	699	1,342	51.6
Presbyterians, undefined (a)	17	1,528	1,064	2,592	152.4
Methodists, new connex ⁿ (a)	14	1,096	755	1,851	132.2
United Methodist F. Ch. (a)	11	656	520	1,176	107.
Total ...	22,647	827,801	721,511	1,549,312	—
CLASS II.					
Ragged Schools ...	192	10,308	10,601	20,909	108.9
Orphan and Philanthropic	40	2,116	1,646	3,762	94.5
Birkbeck Schools ...	10	1,088	339	1,427	142.7
Factory Schools (a) ...	115	9,000	8,000	17,000	147.8
Total ...	357	22,512	20,586	43,098	—

(a) These returns are taken from the Census of 1851.

* "Circulars and forms in the Welsh language were issued from the Office of the Education Commission to Calvinistic schools, but the returns were so imperfect that it has been thought advisable to adopt the numbers of the census returns."—p. 80-1.

Description of School.	Number of Week-day Schools and of Scholars.				Average Number of Scholars in a School.
	Wk-day Schools, i.e. Depart- ments.	Male.	Female.	Total.	
CLASS III.					
Workhouse	869	18,313	16,990	35,303	40.6
Reformatory	47	2,198	485	2,683	57.0
Naval (b)	13	1,476	15	1,491	114.6
Military (c)	70	6,852	1,419	8,271	118.1
Total	999	28,839	18,909	47,748	—
CLASS IV.					
Collegiate and superior or richer Endowed Schools (a).	560	32,000	3,000	35,000	62.5

(a) Taken from the Census of 1851.

(b) Not including ships' schools.

(c) Not including regimental schools.

Description of School.	Number of Evening Schools and of Scholars.			
	Schools, i.e., Departments.	Scholars.		
		Male.	Female.	Total.
Church of England - - -	1,547*	39,928	14,229	54,157
Congregational - - -	125	3,748	2,596	6,344
British Schools - - -	108	2,842	1,408	4,250
Roman Catholic - - -	96	3,292	5,121	8,413
Baptist - - - - -	73	1,854	1,098	2,952
Unitarian - - - - -	37	950	760	1,710
Wesleyan (old connexion)	21	687	463	1,150
Jews - - - - -	6	123	182	305
Non-Sectarian - - -	9	654	324	978
Ragged Schools - - -	14	493	214	707
Total . - - - -	2,036	54,571	26,395	80,966

* "This number of Church of England Evening Schools is estimated. The number of Evening scholars in England and Wales

"The following table gives similar information with respect to Sunday Schools:—

Description of School.	Number of Sunday Schools and of Scholars.			
	Schools, i. e., Depart- ments.	Scholars.		
		Male.	Female.	Total.
CLASS. I.				
Church of England - -	22,236	540,303	552,519	1,092,822
Wesleyan (old connexion)	4,311	224,519	229,183	453,702
Congregational - - -	1,935	128,081	139,145	267,226
Primitive Methodist -	1,493	68,273	68,656	136,929
Baptist - - - - -	1,420	77,153	82,349	159,502
Calvinistic Methodists † -	962	60,025	52,715	112,740
Methodist (new connexion)	336	24,943	26,574	51,517
United Methodist Free Churches - - - -	402	30,540	32,069	62,609
Roman Catholics - -	263	15,768	19,690	35,458
Unitarians - - - -	133	6,940	6,202	13,142
Non-Denominational - -	23	1,537	1,125	2,662
Jews (Sabbath) - - -	2	18	70	88
Total - - - -	33,516	1,178,100	1,210,297	2,388,397
CLASS II.				
Ragged Schools (Sunday and Sunday evening) }	356	11,625	11,532	23,157
Total - - - -	33,872	1,189,725	1,221,829	2,411,554

was absolutely ascertained by the National Society; but the number of departments or schools was not ascertained; in order, however, to find it with proximate accuracy, the proportion of evening scholars to each evening school existing in the ten specimen districts has been applied to the ascertained number, 54,157."

† "The numbers of the Calvinistic Methodist schools and scholars have been taken from the Census Returns of 1851. Circulars and forms in the Welsh language were issued from the Office of the Education Commission; but the Returns were so imperfect that it has been thought advisable to adopt the numbers of the Census Returns."—p. 81-2.

ART. III.—*Lectures on the History of the Eastern Church.* By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Regius Professor in the University of Oxford, and Canon of Christ Church. London: John Murray, 1861.

PROFESSOR STANLEY would be sorely puzzled to write his own biography. A profound artist of men and manners, a graphic delineator of the dress which nature puts on in her different latitudes, and of the gorgeous colours—the grim or sombre features—that distinguish it: enough of a philosopher to be able to dive below the surface of events, and to bring to light their hidden connexion or unlooked for parallelism, he would still be at a loss to paint his own portrait, either sober like Raphael, or intoxicated (allegorically, that is) like Fuller. He may have not yet realized his own principles—perhaps indeed he has not yet come to the end of them. Possibly he has never yet looked at them in one group, weighed the force, calculated the proportions, estimated the bearings of each abstractedly, and so determined what their relative effects should be amongst themselves, and upon the whole man. Possibly he may not yet have come to his full growth either as a thinker or a writer; and his instincts tell him that he is daily taking up new matter into his intellectual system, which is to become part of his being. If the venerable Lord Lyndhurst, brought into accidental connexion with the works of St. Augustine, at the close of his long legal and parliamentary career, could be roused into a glowing eulogy of the talents and acquirements of that distinguished Father, with whom he had only then for the first time made acquaintance: what are the effects likely to be produced in a clerical professor, with the rare candour and high-mindedness of Dr. Stanley, who, in the prime of his faculties, and in virtue of his office, is just entering upon a career of study, which, if conscientiously pursued—as it assuredly will be by him—will oblige him to throw himself into the feelings and actions of the saints and martyrs of antiquity, and to live in the writings of SS. Athanasius and Augustine, of SS. Bernard and Thomas Aquinas? Does Dr. Stanley, in his heart, expect to learn nothing from communion with minds like these? And when he has become fully conscious of the actual obliga-

tions of Christendom, past and present, to these its successive champions, its guardians, its interpreters, will he acknowledge in them no more moral weight or value than that of the mere historical witness: no more authority in all that concerns religion, than he is willing to attribute to the mere popular divine, or philosopher, or historian, or public character, of all ages? Will he decide that those who have lived and died for Christ exclusively, are to be deemed to know Christ no better, than those who have merely lived for themselves: that those who have made Christianity their exclusive study and rule of life, are to be supposed no better judges of its genius, its interests, its requirements, than those who have occupied their whole lives in the pursuit of physical science, or of the laws which govern man in his individual or social state? Will he decide that popular instincts avail everything for and against social institutions, but are never to be taken into account, where religion might cite their testimony; that the political yearnings and cravings of the masses are to be studied, sympathized with, and eventually satisfied, as founded in reason; while their religious aspirations are to be spurned as so many fond superstitions? Will the popular doctrine, '*Vox populi, vox Dei,*' be without meaning for Professor Stanley, in explaining religious phenomena, whether past or present?

We will not anticipate what time—what each successive volume—will unfold, let it suffice to have observed that the proverb, "*noscitur a sociis,*" affords no guarantee for the future in partnerships of intellect. Arnold, Whately, Newman, and Keble, were once associates; Lacordaire, Montalembert, and Lamennais were fellow-workers. Professor Stanley has appeared on behalf of Essays and Reviews, or at least of two papers—perhaps the most important—in that now world-wide series. But a subtle intellect, like that of Professor Jowett, and a practical intellect like that of Dr. Temple, and the warm heart and vivid imagination of Dr. Stanley, will sooner or latter experience their points of divergence. They cannot long be companions in the same train of thought; they cannot weigh men in the same balance; they cannot attach the same importance to events, observances, or speculative principles. One revolution made Fox and Burke the closest of friends, another rent them asunder as the poles. But we must not allow ourselves to be drawn into prophecy, still less into

a hasty criticism of two characters, upon whom we are not now engaged. All that we mean is that Professor Stanley will never be the subtle metaphysician that Professor Jowett is, nor a first-rate schoolmaster like Dr. Temple. He will never be able to abstract himself sufficiently from men and manners to be the first, nor will his physical frame fit him to join in the games of cricket and foot-ball with sufficient "elan" to be the second. Hence, the deeper they plunge into their respective subjects, the wider will be their divergence, when they come to compare notes. Professor Stanley is a little man, as, we learn from his descriptions, were two of his grandest characters, the Apostle Paul and S. Athanasius. He resembles them in this one further respect, that he is in heart and soul a genuine Christian. He has a genuine love for Christianity, and for the ideal excellencies of its Divine Founder. He has searched history in vain for a religion capable of exalting our nature and adding to the well-being of man, even upon earth, in the same degree. He has studied heroes, ancient and modern, but has never found a perfectly faultless character save One, or any approaching perfection that did not resemble that One. The principles which he holds dearest and most ennobling, he can trace to no other source than to the New Testament. Peace with all men—love towards all men, humanity, active charity, purity of heart, elevation of mind, progress towards something better than we are or can be in the present world—and, conversely, what his own loving nature shrinks from most, war, slavery, distinction of caste, cruelty, selfishness, debauchery, degradation of mind and of man, he can find no where else so emphatically reprobated, or consistently disavowed. Professor Stanley, therefore, cannot fail to have realized that the history of civilization is essentially bound up in that of revealed religion; he may not yet have realized, with M. Guizot, that the obligations of Europe are due, not to mere Christianity, but to the Christian Church. When he is as familiar with the under-currents of medieval history as he is now with the surface; when he has collected his materials for sketching the Lateran Councils as graphically as that of Nicæa, the character of Innocent III. as that of Constantine; when he has sounded the depths of that chaos, from which the Church, and she alone, extricated society between the 7th and the 14th centuries; when he has dived into the inner lives of colossal saints

like St. Anselm and St. Francis, and pondered over the spiritual works of Thomas a Kempis and St. Francis of Sales; when he has duly meditated on the genius of those days that erected so many gorgeous cathedrals, and founded so many princely colleges and universities; then, perhaps, the professor will feel bound to acknowledge that Holy Scripture has been interpreted both by actual events and in living agents, to a degree compared with which all critical interpretations of the letter of the New Testament are beggarly, and all modern realizations of its spirit undeniable shortcomings. His conclusions will differ little from those of Hurter, Ozanam, and Montalembert, or we are much mistaken.

But, to the work in question. Comparing it with his last work on Sinai and Palestine, however characteristic this has been supposed to be of his peculiar genius, we do not hesitate to say that he appears here to infinitely greater advantage. With all his turn for geography, with all his undeniable talent for extricating moral and religious, political and social, considerations out of rocks and woods, plains and rivers, mountains and seas, in the unravelling of the threads, or adjustment of the links, of history, it cannot fail to strike the attentive reader of his works that he is only so far great, as he has brought these topics to bear upon personal or national character—for the same reason that Holman Hunt is great in his splendid picture of "The Finding of our Lord in the Temple"—and from their due grouping and working up, has rendered his portraits so pre-eminently truthful, as well as so doubly graphic.

Professor Stanley would never furnish us with the exact bearings, the latitude and longitude, of every village in Palestine, as Professor Robinson has done; nor should we ever think of quoting him upon climatology in the same breath with Baron Humboldt. On ethnology and philology we might not be disposed to pay much heed to his judgment; and even for the dry facts of ecclesiastical history, such as could only be gained by laborious research, we should apply to Gieseler or Hurter in preference. But, as a biographer, brilliant and truthful at the same time, Professor Stanley stands unrivalled; no man ever succeeded better in catching the salient parts of a character, in penetrating to its inmost feelings and predilections, in dressing it up in the exact costume of its age, and

grouping around it all the associations of country, climate, manners, station, and companionship. May we add with equal impartiality? To be impartial, is to give the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth: and, we say unhesitatingly, that no writer ever made this his aim more conscientiously than he has done, both by diligent investigation and setting forth of all facts bearing upon the subject, and also by bringing out the praiseworthy or else the redeeming features on both sides, whether for or against what may be supposed to be his acknowledged position. He has endeavoured to throw himself unreservedly into the objective phenomena, and to place them precisely in that point of view in which they will be best seen by his audience; to array his "tableau vivant" in its most appropriate costume, grouping, and attitude, and let the characters speak for themselves. He has *endeavoured*—and we say faithfully—but not always succeeded; the atmosphere in which he moves is sometimes too strong for him; sometimes it is that he is led away by his extreme love for parallelisms or unexpected coincidences; sometimes he is unconsciously swayed by the charms of style, and in order to produce rhetorical effect, swells some subordinate fact into exaggerated proportions; sometimes even plays upon words, when he would illustrate things.

As Professor Stanley is one of those rare characters to whom truth is infinitely dearer than his own personal infallibility, and who courts criticism rather than praise; we shall not scruple to dwell upon each one of these failures, as we consider them, in detail, and to refer chapter and verse to the passages in which they occur. To note the weak points of a writer so dazzling, cannot fail to be of interest, and of advantage, too—provided we can establish our case—to the general reader.

1. First, then, it is not enough to collect the whole past, whether of a particular epoch, nation, or individual, into one or more graphic sketches, with scenery so completely drawn to the life, that men and events long forgotten seem to breathe again, and to be re-enacted before our eyes. We must become ourselves parts of the picture. We must abstract ourselves from our own age, from our own ideas, from our own train of associations, from our own superior accomplishments, refinements, and progress in art or science; we must forget all the lessons that we may or ought to have derived from intervening history,

and throw ourselves unreservedly into the circumstances, the feelings, the difficulties, of those times, those characters, that form its subject. The historian who fails to do this himself, who omits to insist upon his readers doing so likewise, is incapable of performing the part of an upright judge; he may be the greatest of painters, but he will be only a hard and overbearing arbiter: and he will encourage the same unfairness on the part of his readers. What might, or what might not, Professor Stanley have been, had he lived in the days of the great Athanasius? and might not the great Athanasius have been greater still, had he flourished in the 19th instead of the 4th century? To sit in judgment, as philosophers, upon any man, we must, in the spirit of the teaching of Bishop Butler, place ourselves, for the time being, in his shoes. It is thus that we shall be led to make the due allowance for a criminal, and it is thus that we shall be best qualified to estimate the genius of a hero, or the saintliness of a Christian bishop. It is the force of these considerations that has induced many military men to place Hannibal before Alexander the Great and Cæsar; and how many thousands have asked themselves the question, some tremblingly, some with the enthusiasm which transcendent genius naturally calls forth, what would have been the career of the first Napoleon, had he been born in these days of locomotion by steam, and electric telegraphs? It is in the comparative neglect of these considerations that Professor Stanley sits in judgment upon the two greatest characters of his present volume, the patriarchs Athanasius and Nikon. Far from placing himself reverently amongst their contemporaries, and looking at them exclusively through the medium of those associations of time and circumstance, which he has himself so graphically thrown around them: he sits palpably in his chair at the Clarendon, Professor of ecclesiastical history in the University of Oxford in the 19th century, and before an audience brought together, in part by the express train from London, in part from colleges and halls that have become the prototypes of modern luxury—in terms, of what in any one else, would savour of superciliousness, of what in him is unaffected sympathy—begins by inviting his hearers to take their stand with him upon now-received principles, and then weighs the actions, apportions the merits, expatiates upon the shortcomings, of men long since foremost in the veneration of centuries,

and the love of millions, compared with whom his own fame, for the present at all events, is but as a drop in the sea! To this must be added, we regret to say, one glaring instance of positive unfairness, unless it be involuntary. Speaking of the latter of these two great men, he says, "With the vast field which Nikon had before him, it is mournful to see the power, which might have been concentrated on the reanimation of the whole ecclesiastical system, employed on the correction of minute errors of ritual, which can only be discovered through a microscope. Benedictions with three fingers instead of two,—a white altar-cloth instead of an embroidered one—pictures kissed only twice a year—the cross signed the wrong way—wrong inflections in pronouncing the Creed—these were the points to which he devoted his gigantic energy, and on which, as we shall see, he encountered the most frantic opposition."^{*}

Let the Professor, for a moment, imagine himself the metempsychosis of Archdeacon Paul, and, forgetting all the grand openings that education and enlarged intelligence may suggest to his second self, ask his former self whether he deemed these observances so childish, or these changes in them so trivial; whether, in short, if the patriarch of Moscow, in the 17th century, meditated any reforms at all, it would have been possible, from all that he remembered of that barbarous age and people, to have conceived any other point from which they should commence, and on which, till triumphantly carried, they must of necessity centre. There was a day, when, to comment upon the works of Aristotle, was the highest philosophical employment that Europe knew of: were S. Thomas Aquinas resuscitated in our own age, we very much doubt whether he would study physical science at all in that author. The littleness or greatness of questions that have engrossed former ages, is to be estimated by what former ages thought of those questions, rather than by what we ourselves may think; and every question that has ever been made one of life and death, is to be measured, even in our own estimate, with questions involving similar grave consequences in our own days. Europe has but just emerged

* P. 423-4. We are not unmindful of the remarks which accompany these passages—just enough as far as they go.

from a sanguinary war, to which disputes about the Holy Places formed the prelude. Take, again, what we, inhabitants of the metropolis, or of Oxford, experience, even in these enlightened days, when we visit our friends in some remote country district. We come fresh from clubs, or common rooms, where the topics of conversation are Dr. Livingstone's last discoveries in Central Africa, or Dr. Davis' Mosaics from Carthage; or the controversy between Professor Goldwin Smith and Mr. Froude on the merits of Cardinal Pole, or the political treatises of Alexis de Tocqueville: or the alleged discoveries of minerals in the sunbeams, or the immense wealth that has actually been made from gas-tar, or water: and to our amazement we find that none of these subjects form topics of conversation in our new abode, and when we introduce them, they excite no response, or but little interest. It is on farming, or gardening, the last meet with the hounds, the last battue, the last county election, the last vestry, the last quarter sessions, that all minds are fixed: nothing that concerns the world at large, but only what affects the interests of the local squirearchy, or the domestic economy of the rector's wife. When an age, or when individuals, have nothing better to think or talk about, they will think and talk about the things that are most present to them, and actually before their eyes. We have not yet ceased, as a nation, to preface our most solemn or scientific meetings with familiar dialogues about the weather; and what a fertile subject is dress still, to the fairer part of our community! In the Middle Ages, similarly, they had endless discussions about the tonsure, the habit, the fasts, the austerities, the privileges of the religious; for every one then was, or was going to be, a monk or nun. And what they talked about, they gradually felt about, till they came to regard them as of the first importance; and so, ultimately, questions of orthodoxy, and of heresy, and of life and death, hung upon them; just as in some parts of Europe still, beards and cigars are party-symbols. Happy the age or the country that is above trifles, and yet *is not above worshipping God with humility.*

Still, to form a correct estimate of former ages, we must throw ourselves into their idiosyncrasies. In the career of the great S. Athanasius, nothing occurs which we can even consider of secondary importance. He was neither the reformer nor the champion of rituals; he can never be

charged, even by moderns, with wasting his arguments or his energies upon trifles. Professor Stanley has not done so, we admit; but neither has he drawn marked attention to the circumstance, that emphatically they were the most opposite to trifles, upon which his whole life was spent. "It is by its solitary protest against subservience to the *religious fashion of the age* that the life of Athanasius has acquired a proverbial significance, which cannot be too often impressed on theological students."

Such is the introduction to what are called "his contests with the emperors." A quotation, now tolerably well known, from "Essays and Reviews" follows. The corollary appended, is:—

"This, *whether we agree, or, whether we disagree*, with the objects of Athanasius, is the permanent lesson which his life teaches."—P. 276—7.

We confess our inability to decide whether it is here intended that Professor Jowett should derive lustre from S. Athanasius, or S. Athanasius from Professor Jowett. If mention of "Elijah" favours the former supposition in the next sentence; mention of "the lives of some of the early reformers in the Christian Church," points to the last. Professor Stanley has evidently preferred citing honest old Hooker, in that undoubtedly "splendid" passage to which he refers, for the merits of the saint, to risking any plain-spoken, heart-felt, encomiums of his own. His cold "measure" of the excellence of Athanasius..... "the only one of all the saints of the early Church, who has actually kindled the cold and critical pages of Gibbon into a fire of enthusiasm,..." is, that it is "his rare merit, or *his rare good fortune*, that the centre of his theology was the doctrine of the Incarnation."—p. 293.

We certainly desiderate "the fire of enthusiasm," even such as animated Gibbon, in this passage. According to Gibbon, he battled through life for a single idea, namely, that of the Divinity of our Lord;—a Christian Professor hints that, after all, this may have been his mere good fortune! Can it be the part or the excellence of a biographer to portray principles and actions to the life, but never to let it appear what his own sentiments—his own sincere convictions—are? Is this the art of arts in biography "*nil admirari*?" Perfection, therefore, had not been attained, when the life of the late

Dr. Arnold was composed. We may certainly avoid parading ourselves while describing others; nevertheless we cannot help thinking that there are some characters, even of a remote age, with whom we need not fear, with whom we might feel it for our very credit, to associate ourselves. It is certainly not St. Athanasius who will suffer, if he is but chillingly drawn by his modern biographers; nor need we be at the least pains to undertake his defence. What we regret is, that we should be able to read his life with infinitely more pleasure in the pages of Gibbon, than in lectures especially devoted to the history of the Eastern Church. By both it may be equally well told; but by one only is it unaffectedly admired. Gibbon shrunk from arraigning his hero; our Lecturer does not hesitate to pick holes in the Saint! From Eadmer's life of St. Anselm might have been imbibed a worthier spirit. Truly there are grounds for imagining that the influences of the age press hard upon Professor Stanley; that, as there has been recently exhibited a sensitive repugnance in the masses to be catechised about their faith or religious denomination: so he, sincere Christian though he may be, and we believe is, in his own mind, must nevertheless shrink from avowing himself to be such in his Academical Lectures, and before his pupils. He signed the XXXIX. articles once for all; why volunteer incidental or unnecessary professions of his faith? And so, worshipping Christ in his own heart, he withholds his sympathies from St. Athanasius, and allows his audience to doubt, whether Constantine, or Peter the Great, may not occupy a higher place in his regard.

The age in which we live rightly discountenances opprobrious language in all controversies, especially theological. In the same spirit it is, that promiscuous swearing, so inveterate in the last generation, is now held to be scarce compatible with the manners of a gentleman. And yet we have not come to think with the Quakers, that all oaths are unlawful: neither because death has ceased to be a punishment for all other offences, have we come to the conclusion that it is too grave a penalty for murder. Harsh reproaches, and harsh punishments, are to be measured in all ages, by the occasion that calls them forth, and by the hand that ministers them. When Professor Stanley enumerates—and enumerates for censure, the favourite epithets of St. Athanasius for the Arians—"Devils, anti-

christ, maniacs, Jews, polytheists, Atheists, dogs, wolves, lions, hares, chameleons, hydras, eels, cuttlefish, gnats, beetles, leeches;" and adds, "there may be cases where such language is justifiable" (the implication is that, in the present instance, it is *not* justifiable) "but as a general rule and with all respect for him who uses them, this style of controversy can be mentioned as a warning only, and not as an example" (p. 292.) does he forget what it was that the Arians denied, or the relative position towards them that St. Athanasius occupied? Do not our judges still designate those who revolt from the constitutional supreme authority "traitors," and those who commit felony, "criminals and malefactors?" Will Professor Stanley candidly say, whether he thinks all condemnatory expressions unbecoming in a Christian Bishop towards those who actively oppose the doctrine that Christ is God? Or if it is merely the choice of epithets that he objects to, will he, the eloquent advocate of all geographical and ethnological illustrations, detect no clue to the Athanasian metaphors in oriental fable and oriental imagery? Meanwhile what will be the account that he will give of the following catalogue? "Hypocrites, fools, blind, blind guides, as whited sepulchres, as graves, generation of vipers, serpents;"* for it was thus that Athanasius' master, and ours, publicly stigmatized His enemies during His Teachership upon earth!

There are yet some notable points where Professor Stanley is unconsciously biased by contemporary sentimentalities. He shrinks instinctively from the admission of a miracle, or of a special Providence. We believe sincerely that he is a worshipper of One that is above nature, and can interpose between natural laws and their appointed course, and likewise "for us, and for our salvation, became Man." If we cannot admit the Incarnation without admitting a miracle, how can we refuse credence to subsequent miracles duly authenticated, for the furtherance of those purposes which form the end and object of the Incarnation? On the other hand, it is not always, and it need not be always, by a suspension of the laws of nature, that the Incarnate One benefits or assists those for whom He became man. Oftentimes He

* St. Matt. xxiii. 13-33; St. Luke xi. 40-44.

does but overrule events in their favour, or dispose the hearts of men in their behalf. In numberless instances that are recorded, some of them in His Own Life—some in the lives of His apostles—no more is meant than what most God-serving Christians experience in their own personal history, or in that of their immediate friends. Some have been reclaimed from a career of sin: some restored from a disease believed to be mortal: some preserved from imminent peril by land or by sea: some rescued from death in war, or amongst savages: by what we can only call a special interposition, a direct interference in their behalf, by and through natural laws, on the part of Him Who died to save them.

When the Jews "rose up and thrust Him out of the city, and led Him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast Him down headlong: but He passing through the midst of them, went His way..."* it is not recorded that any miracle intervened, nor need any be inferred beyond what has been just alleged. Yet who can affirm that it was mere accident that He was not killed then; or doubt that the miscarriage of the scheme was due to the interference of a Power unseen—that Power by Whom His death upon the cross had been predetermined? At a subsequent period "no man laid hands on Him, because His hour was not yet come....."† thus explaining both occurrences.

It might almost provoke a smile to observe the special pains that Professor Stanley is at, to do away with the idea of any such special interposition in behalf of S. Athanasius, when his life was most in jeopardy, and just precisely when his death would have most imperilled the cause for which he fought.

"Through this mass of horrors the two imperial officers and their attendants passed on to the screen before the altar—Athanasius had refused to go till most of the congregation had retired. But now he was swept away in the crowd. In his own version of the story, he is at a loss to account for his escape. But his diminutive figure may well have passed unseen; and we learn, besides, that he was actually carried out in a swoon, which sufficiently explains his own ignorance of the means of his deliverance."—P. 283.

* S. Luke, iv. 28—30.

† S. John, vii. 30.

Would Professor Stanley have been lowered in the eyes of his enlightened audience, or his own, had he added, "whichever way it was effected, we may well believe that God interposed in behalf of His devoted servant." We repeat, such *thaumatophobia* can only compare with hydrophobia!

It may readily be supposed that he who will refuse to recognize the Providence of God in the career of His saints, will be still more *spiritually near-sighted* where Divine judgments are concerned. Accordingly, the death of Arius has been thus apostrophised.

"It is one of the few occasions in history, where a difficult crisis has been solved by an unexpected death. That the sudden illness and death of the aged Arius was a Divine judgment in behalf of the doctrine which he had opposed, will *now* be held by no one who has any regard to the warnings of Christ Himself against any such inference. That it was the effect of poison, is contradicted by the actual circumstances of his end. Like most ecclesiastical wouderers of this kind, it was neither a miracle nor a crime, *it was a natural coincidence, and no more.*"—P. 252.

For that conclusion he had already prepared his hearers in a graphic portrait of that heresiarch—

"He would be handsome but for the emaciation and deadly pallor of his face and a downcast look, imparted by a weakness of eyesight. At times his veins throb and swell, and his limbs tremble, *as if suffering from some violent internal complaint, the same, perhaps,* (here note a double hypothesis of the author), *that will terminate one day in his sudden and frightful death.*"—P. 115.

In this inference, built, as we have said, upon a double hypothesis, the professor, for the *thaumatophobia* before mentioned, would fain repose. As a theologian and historian, a sense of duty should have constrained him to do more. In the latter capacity he should have candidly told his audience, that the belief of contemporaries, and of posterity till very recently, was, that Arius, whether *through* natural causes, or otherwise, died "by the visitation of God," as is still the phrase with British juries. In the former capacity he should have thought twice before committing himself publicly to a gloss so transparent upon St. Luke, xiii. 1—5, the only passage to which he can refer. What do we know of the *antecedents* of "those Galileans" whom Pilate slew, or "the eighteen on whom the tower of Siloam fell"? We are not told that they were criminals;

for aught we know to the contrary, they may have been righteous men—like thousands, doubtless, who perished at Mendoza in the late frightful earthquake. But a notorious felon drops down dead suddenly in his prison without any traces of violence on his person. Should those words of our Lord convey “warnings” to a British jury, “against” bringing in what would be their undoubted verdict, “died by the visitation of God?” In fine, though the Professor be unwilling to see the least similarity between the sin of Arius, and the sin of Judas Iscariot, did it never strike him that there was a strange similarity, too strange to be mere “natural coincidence,” between the respective deaths of the heresiarch and of the traitor? On a further contemporary sentimentality, namely, tenderness towards heretics, we shall say a few words presently. We have not quite done with that on which we are now engaged.

The same instinctive shunning of the unseen it is that lies at the root of his unwillingness to recognize anything but the human element in general councils of the Church.

“They are the pitched battles of ecclesiastical history..... Ask, when, and where, and why they were fought. Put before your mind all the influences of the age, which were there confronted and concentrated from different quarters, as in one common focus. See why they were summoned to Nicæa, to Constance, to Trent..... Look at the long procession as it enters the scene of assembly; see who were present, and who were absent.”—p. xlix.

He had, in a preceding page, shown how, in his estimate, the discussion would proceed, though there speaking of what he would consider, not merely as one, but the best of all of them.

“Imagine them, as any one who has ever taken part in any council, or commission, or committee, or conclave of any kind whatever, can and must imagine them; one sacrificing, another insisting on, a favourite expression; a new turn given to one sentence; a charitable colour thrown over another; the edge of a sharp exclusion blunted by one party; the sting of a bitter sarcasm drawn by another.”—p. xlvii.

He sums up all this, freshly, graphically, and instructively drawn, as it is beyond doubt, when engaged upon the history of the first-born and most venerable.

“With every disposition to know these assemblies, with every desire to make allowance for their weaknesses, and to esteem the

results of their labours, it is impossible to understand them rightly, or even do justice to their merits, without remembering throughout, that they were assemblies of fallible men, swayed by the good and evil influences to which all assemblies are exposed."—p. 85.

Here Professor Stanley would do well to ask himself, and as he studies S. Augustine and his age, he will have the amplest means for doing so—so perspicuously does that eagle-eyed Father lay bare the marrow of the question, —whether he is a Pelagian or not; whether he believes, or does not believe, that the Holy Spirit really works in the hearts of Christians, and acts within them as a principle of new life: whether, in short, grace is really given to those who, being baptized, have put on Christ, so that they are able to do something that was previously beyond their natural faculties. We can hardly believe, from the evidence of his sermons, that he considers the gifts of the Spirit to be purely imaginary. But if he attributes real efficacy to them in the individual, how, and upon what principle, can he repudiate all action of the Spirit upon the body politic? S. Paul has covered all his objections, when, speaking of himself and his ministry, he says, "We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us."*

Professor Stanley would do well to compare the predetermination of individuals, which we conclude he admits, with the infallibility of councils; and then observe how one explains the other. Both are true in the abstract, yet both are difficult in their application. To us, at least, it is not antecedently certain who are the individuals that will be saved, and yet we are bound to assume for certain, that there are some who will. Similarly, before any given council has met, and been received by the Church, it is impossible for man to predict its infallibility. Let him not, therefore, so give way to the tendencies of the age, as hastily to repudiate all ideas of the indwelling of the Holy Ghost in the collective Church; for, assuredly, his next step will be to disavow it in his own heart likewise. Let not the exhibition of so great a treasure "in earthen vessels" shake his faith. As to his triumphant assertion that "common sense is, after all, the supreme arbiter and corrective even of œcumenical councils," (p. 177) he has

* 2. Cor. iv. 7. Comp. verse 1.

made strange confusion between the common sense of individuals and the body politic. The common sense "of the whole Christian world" is equivalent to what is more properly termed "the mind of the Church." Nobody doubts *its* prerogatives; it is, in fact, that which every general council is intended to represent, or elicit; and it is a mere play upon words to endeavour to confound it with that practical principle which is our rule and guide in all matters that concern our conduct through life.

Some shallow philosophy remains to be noticed in the following observations respecting both the sessions and decrees of the Nicene Fathers. First of all, he says, "The discussion was based upon the principle of free enquiry, and not of authority."—p. 151. As he had before observed, "the first grand precedent for the duty of private judgment, and the free unrestrained exercise of biblical and historical criticism."—p. 136. What would our Lecturer have his pupils, or his readers, conclude from these hasty deductions, from this imaginary correspondence between ancient and modern practice? It is quite possible that Professor Stanley in common with many moderns, may recognise no difference between bishops and presbyters, or even between laity and clergy; yet he *must* be content to interpret ecclesiastical councils by principles involved in their very essence, and proclaimed loudly, as current, in all contemporary history. Did the Nicene Fathers, in the eyes of their contemporaries, or in their own, meet as private Christians, or as members of the episcopal order; in accidental gatherings, or in solemnly convened synod? Could presbyters, deacons, or laity, *then* have met, either separately or conjointly, for the same objects? Did they vote with bishops upon doctrine, when admitted to hear doctrine discussed by bishops? As well compare deliberations in the Court of Chancery with private study, and private laying down of the law by some country squire; as these formal meetings and discussions of the supreme hierarchy, with the private study of the Bible, such as is asserted to be the prerogative of all Christians in the 19th century. The fallacies of "every man his own lawyer," and "every man his own doctor," have been discredited, because both law and medicine, when trifled with, avenge themselves on the spot. The delusion of "every man his own priest and interpreter of Scripture," is still rampant,

because men may violate the laws of religion and of morality with impunity till the judgment-day. If a terrible explosion attended every perverse rendering of a passage of Scripture, every immoral act, we should probably have fewer heretics and fewer sinners.

But that the bishops, in *their official capacity*, should have arrived at their conclusions by careful examination of Scripture, and by free enquiry, will be wonderful, we should imagine, to no one, who has ever speculated on the rise of all systems of art and science, of government and religion. For, of necessity, every system here upon earth must begin with induction; and induction consists in the analysis of facts or phenomena with a view to their classification, from which, subsequently, general laws are evolved. All this is by no means the work of a moment: and till this has been done there can be no system at all: and unless this has been done correctly, there can be no system that will endure criticism.

But a system once constructed, it is not with the foundations, but with the superstructure that we are concerned. We only recur to the foundations when the house is in danger, or has to come down. Consequently there will be two distinct periods in the history of all systems, when the inductive principle will be at work—at their commencement and at their decline. Its application is out of place when they have become systems, however they may rest upon it throughout. Its first application moreover was to build up: its last will be to change or overthrow. When the science of chemistry was in its infancy, men made experiments with oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, till their true nature was laid bare. Were their properties still under dispute, how could they form the basis of a fresh series of investigations? Geology began with distinctions between stratified and unstratified rocks: to assail these distinctions would be to sap at the roots of the Devonian system of Sir H. de la Becke, and the Silurian system of Sir R. Murchison. Similarly, when Christianity was young, it was necessary that her first principles should be inductively tested and established, not indeed by the mass of mankind—for whose general benefit it was nevertheless designed—but by those whose business and profession it was to make it their exclusive study. Thus the Nicene Fathers studied the Bible, just as Aristotle studied logic and metaphy-

sics, just as Justinian studied jurisprudence, just as Galen medicine, just as Bacon physical science. Subsequent Councils accepted the decisions of the Nicene Fathers, and added to them; and meanwhile from these and from the commentaries of the Fathers upon Scripture generally, was framed a system of theology that was looked up to by students of revelation with the same reverence that students of philosophy regarded Aristotle: students of civil law the pandects: students of medicine the works of Galen: students of physical science the *Novum Organon*. The Fathers studied the Bible, being engaged upon first principles. Ecclesiastical writers, as was natural, during the middle ages studied the Fathers, to the comparative neglect of criticism of the Scriptures. For it is destructive to all systems to be perpetually questioning first principles.

Professor Stanley should be the first to see through his own superficialism. Induction in the hands of the Fathers was constructive: in the hands of moderns it has been destructive. The object of the Fathers in their criticisms upon the Bible was to build up a system: the object of moderns in their criticisms upon the Bible has been to destroy all system.

Once more—the Professor is led on by a plausible ardour for fairness, to undertake the defence of heresiarchs like Arius, or of false prophets like Mahomet. This is also a favourite sentimentality with moderns. The French, since their conquest of Algeria, especially, have laboured to white-wash Mahomet, to please the Arabs: and German authors have started the idea, that as the writings of heretics exist only, for the most part, in the quotations made from them by their opponents, there are grounds for supposing that they have been unfairly represented. In one or two cases, this is said to have been proved. Into the remoter of these two classes, we do not propose to enter. On some future occasion, possibly, we may enquire separately into the merits of the 8th Lecture, should we ever deal with Mahometanism as a whole; meanwhile, we recommend to all those who have a love for Holy Scripture, the perusal of that exquisitely drawn contrast between it and the Koran, which they will find there, no less effective in the cause of truth, than creditable to the writer. But when Professor Stanley endeavours to

whitewash Arius, and extenuate his heresy—when he thus appeals for equity towards heretics in his Preface—

“We may still lament that the story of the lion is so often told by the man: that the lives and opinions of heretics can be traced only in the writings of the orthodox: that the clergy have been so often the sole historians of the crimes of the laity. But we shall have learned at least to know that there is another side, even when that side has been torn away or lost. ...”—p. lv.

we cannot resist offering him some suggestions respecting heretics and their writings generally, especially why these last have not been preserved. Where, indeed, lies the fault, we ask, upon the broadest principles? And we reply, unhesitatingly, because they do not contain truth but error! In all the history of the world, there is no one fact more grand or more sublime, than the oblivion which attends error of all kinds, and the immortality that attends truth. Why are the writings of Plato still venerated throughout the world: and why have those of his adversaries, the Sophists, been buried in the grave? Why do the Sceptics of the Academy only live through Cicero, by whom they are refuted? Why do men read and admire still Juvenal and Persius, forgetting Sotades and Ausonius? In all four, there is gross obscenity, but in the two former, it is only introduced to be stigmatized. The writings of Julian, and of Porphyry, live, but who reads them? Three centuries hence, who will read Hume, Rousseau, or Voltaire? But there will be no age of the world that will tire of the writings either of St. Austin, or of Chateaubriand, of Bossuet, or Butler. Were the writings of all the false philosophers, of all the immoral writers, of all the heretics, that have ever come into existence, still extant, would they be read generally? Why have they perished, but because they were forgotten, as soon as their authors and abettors had ceased to live? Why were they forgotten, but because they did not contain truth? What has truth to do with it? It is the natural food of the mind of man, and upon it men live. Lies themselves must counterfeit truth, in some form or other, to go down with him: as soon as his stomach discovers them, it rejects them.

And now one word about wilful heretics. Why are they to be considered otherwise than on a par with malefactors, or to receive more equitable treatment? Will any body

take the trouble to search the archives of justice, and if he finds there no records of the defence of the prisoner, but only the sentence passed upon him, or the charge of the judge that condemned him, will he contend that "there is another side, even when that side has been torn away or lost?" Whether we decide that heretics are to be corporally punished like malefactors or not—a point into which we need not here be led,—it is unquestionable that their crimes are exactly parallel throughout. For a heretic is not necessarily a man of no religion, or no moral excellence; neither is a malefactor one who has broken every commandment in the Decalogue. Yet a murderer is hung rightly, though he may never have committed a theft, or been guilty of the sin of blasphemy, or of adultery; neither should we shrink from condemning a heretic, though he may have broken but one, and that not the most important article in the Creed. Redeeming points may be pleaded equally, for the heretic and the murderer, but these will neither justify murder, nor heresy, nor earn exemption from punishment for the offender. For we live in a system of laws, not all of them of Divine original, whether in our ecclesiastical, or our social state: and the breach of them should not be tolerated in one state more than the other, or society will suffer, in one or other respect. Human and artificial are the laws that punish forgery, smuggling, dealing without license, gambling; artificial are the distinctions between manslaughter and justifiable homicide: burglary and petty thefts: with the one exception of murder, all penalties enforced by law, for the infringement of law, were devised by man. Are they the less to be put into execution? and are all those offences against society, which society alone considers injurious to its well-being, to be pardoned, because they are not proscribed in the New Testament: or conversely, will society consent to punish every crime that is there proscribed, as breaches of the civil code? Admit, therefore, for the sake of the argument, that the Nicene Creed is a human composition, and contains a great deal in it that is not to be found in the Bible—what then? Has Christian society no right to have laws of its own, to reduce what it believes to a formula, logically arranged under heads—and should a deliberate contravener of a single article in that Creed escape punishment, or avoid censure, because he has not

broken them all, or because he has only broken one of secondary importance? Because a man has not committed murder, is he to be acquitted for forgery?—because he has not incurred the extreme penalty that the law awards, is he therefore to get off scot free? There are some crimes that we are disposed to view more leniently than others: but should we not regard it a dark sign of the times, if we saw grave authors rushing into print to defend or extenuate, not forgery, nor petty larceny, but the crime of murder? Even so it is a dark sign indeed, when one like Professor Stanley, “*ex cathedrâ*,” shrinks from the responsibility of condemning him who denied the Divinity of the Son of God—of the Founder of our Faith! May he learn in time not to confound mawkish sentimentality with the love of justice and of truth!—may he learn rigid justice, while not forgetting humanity.

And now we have done with our criticism for the most part; so let us part from him with this one question. In going through those numerous points of similarity and divergence, between East and West, on which we are about to extract from him largely, did it never strike him?—and if it did, will he not be candid enough to own it?—that of all what have been called the developments of doctrine in the Roman Catholic Church, against which the Church of England has seen fit to protest, there is not one which the Eastern Church, in its broadest sense, *notwithstanding its free circulation of the Scriptures, and its use of the vernacular in the liturgy*, does not hold, maintain, and inculcate, in some form or other, though it may be with more latitude, and less exactitude. Honour to the Virgin, and to the Saints—prayers for the dead—belief in purgatory—confession—belief in what she now calls transubstantiation. On all these points, Constantinople is with Rome, rather than Canterbury: so that it is not a controversy between the Church of England and the Church of Rome, upon these points, but between the Church of England, and all branches of the universal Church, East and West. The one vital point in which Constantinople makes common cause with Canterbury is, that both refuse to submit to the jurisdiction of the Pope. It is well that the actual situation of all parties should be proclaimed and appreciated.

We merely refer to the parallelisms of pp. 313-14, and 470, because, in our opinion, they are exaggerated, or too

fine drawn. Dr. Sewell once preached a sermon from the text "Who hath believed our report?" (Isaiah liii. 1.), in which he compared the rise of every fresh discovery in science with the rise of Christianity; the crosses of philosophy with the one cross of Christ. According to him, every great chemist or geologist, underwent martyrdom, though not for Christ, and the reason of it all was, that the world was cruciform! Such is the imaginative character of the first of these: the second is a mere play upon words: "The Reformation rent away sects and nations," *not* because "the established churches of Europe *would* not change enough;" but precisely as in the other case, because they *had* changed too much. Modern innovations formed the gravamen in both cases; the Professor has been misled by a trope of rhetoric of his own moulding.

A slip of the pen probably caused him to write "*Catholic* canonization" (p. 256), for he had elsewhere shewn that Constantine was a saint, not of the Catholic, but of the "*Orthodox Church*." And when in page 361. he denied any antagonism between the Church of Russia to the other Churches of the East, a slip of memory caused him to forget that the Church of Russia was content to recognize both the orders and the baptism of Mr. Palmer, while the Synod of Constantinople declined to recognize either the one or the other. Does he not know, further, the feelings with which the arrival of the first Russian bishop at Jerusalem was hailed by the Greek convent there, till then, master of the situation? And did he never hear Greeks talk at Athens about the Church there belonging to the Russians?

Similarly, when he says, page 333, "In many Western Churches, the man is the exception amongst the worshippers: in all Eastern Mosques, the exception is the woman;" he had forgotten that women, in the religion of Mahomet, have no place assigned for them in any mosque, and can only enter some mosques on sufferance.

We turn now with infinite satisfaction to the more pleasing task of exhibiting some of the most striking passages of a writer so truly dramatic, and, when not unconsciously swayed by prejudices that are too strong for him, so candid, so full of information, so loving, so pure-minded. We regret much that we can find space only

for such as are most instructive, and must leave our readers to peruse some of those that are most brilliant and original, for themselves. There is even considerable amusement to be found in these pages; and we have enjoyed a good laugh over many of the quaint incidents of the life of Nikon, as told by the canny Archdeacon: and the anecdotes with which the reforms of Peter the Great are interspersed.

We begin, therefore, with a selection from the first Lecture on "the Characteristics of the Eastern Church;" and certainly never was "breath" spent to better purpose upon "dry bones." In other hands it would have been a dull subject indeed; in these, we cannot afford room for enough of it.

"The distinction which has been most frequently remarked is that of the speculative tendency of the Oriental, and the practical character of the Western Church. This distinction is deep-seated in the contrast long ago described by Aristotle between the savage energy and freedom of Europe, and the intellectual repose and apathy of Asia. It naturally finds its point and expression in the theology of the two Churches. Whilst the Western prides itself on the title of the 'Catholic;' the Eastern claims the title of the 'Orthodox.' 'The East,' says Dean Milman, 'enacted creeds, the West discipline.' The first decree of an Eastern Council was to determine the relations of the Godhead. The first decree of the Pope of Rome was to interdict the marriage of the clergy. All the first founders of theology were Easterns. Till the time of Augustine, no eminent divine had arisen in the West; till the time of Gregory the Great, none had filled the Papal chair. The doctrine of Athanasius was received, not originated, by Rome. The great Italian Council of Ariminum lapsed into Arianism by an oversight. The Italian language was inadequate to express the minute shades of meaning for which the Greek is admirably fitted. Of the two creeds peculiar to the Latin Church, the earlier, that called 'the Apostles,' is characterised by its simplicity and its freedom from dogmatic assertions; the latter, that called the Athanasian, as its name confesses, is an endeavour to imitate the Greek theology, and by the evident strain of its sentences, reveals the ineffectual labour of the Latin phrases, 'persona' and 'substantia,' to represent the correlative, but hardly corresponding words by which the Greeks, with a natural facility, expressed 'the hypostatic union.'.....

"The Athanasian Controversy of Constantinople and Alexandria, is, strictly speaking, *theological*; unlike the Pelagian, or the Lutheran, controversies, it relates not to man, but to God.

"This fundamental contrast naturally widened into other cognate differences. The Western theology is essentially logical in form, and based on law. The Eastern is rhetorical in form, and based on philosophy. The Latin divine succeeded to the Roman advocate. The Oriental divine succeeded to the Grecian sophist. Out of the logical and legal elements in the West, have grown up all that is most peculiar in the scholastic theology of the middle ages, the Calvinistic theology of the Reformation. To one or both of these causes of difference may be reduced many of the divergences which the theological student will trace in regard to dogmatic statements, or to interpretations of Scripture, between Tertullian and Origen, between Prosper and Cassian, between Augustine and Chrysostom, between Thomas Aquinas and John Damascenus..... A single instance illustrates the Eastern tendency to a high theological view of the doctrine of the Trinity, combined with an absence of any precision of statement in regard to mediation or redemption. In the Western liturgies direct addresses to Christ are exceptions. In the East they are the rule. In the West, even in Unitarian liturgies, it is deemed almost essential that every prayer should be closed, 'through Jesus Christ.' In the East, such a close is rarely, if ever, found. One vestige of this Oriental practice is retained by the English Prayer-book in the collect attributed to S. Chrysostom."—pp. 24-29.

Under the head of monasticism, he continues :—

"It is this Oriental seclusion which, whether from character, or climate, or contagion, has to the Christian world been far more forcibly represented in the Oriental than in the Latin Church. The solitary and contemplative devotion of the Eastern monks, whether in Egypt or Greece, though broken by the manual labour necessary for their subsistence, has been very slightly modified either by literary or agricultural activity..... As a general rule, there has arisen in the East no society like the Benedictines, held in honour wherever literature or civilization has spread ; no charitable orders, like the Sisters of Mercy, which carry light and peace into the darkest haunts of suffering humanity. Active life is, on the strict Eastern theory, an abuse of the system."—p. 30.

In what follows he advances into the general subject more fully.

"Another important difference between the two Churches was one which, though in substance the same, may be expressed in various forms. The Eastern Church was, like the East, stationary and immutable ; the Western, like the West, progressive and flexible. This distinction is the more remarkable, because at certain periods of their course, there can be no doubt that the civilization of the

Eastern Church was far higher than the Western. No one can read the account of the capture of Constantinople by the crusaders of the thirteenth century, without perceiving that it is the occupation of a refined and civilized capital by a horde of comparative barbarians. The arrival of the Greek scholars in Europe in the fifteenth century, was the signal for the most progressive step that Western theology has ever made. And in earlier ages, whilst it might still be thought that Rome, not Constantinople, was the natural refuge of the arts of the ancient classical world, the literature of the Church was almost entirely confined to the Byzantine hemisphere.....

"The straws of custom show which way the spirit of an institution blows. The primitive posture of standing in prayer still retains its ground in the East. Organs and musical instruments have never penetrated into its worship. Jewish ordinances still keep their hold on Abyssinia. Even the schism which convulsed the Russian Church nearly at the same time that Latin Christendom was rent by the German Reformation, was not a forward, but a retrograde movement, a protest, not against abuses, but against innovation. The calendars of the Churches show the eagerness with which, whilst the one, at least till a recent period, placed herself at the head of European civilization, the other still studiously lags behind it. The 'new style,' which the world owes to the enlightened activity of Pope Gregory XIII., after having with difficulty overcome the Protestant scruples of Germany, Denmark, and Switzerland, and last of all, (with shame be it said), of England and Sweden, has never been able to penetrate into the wide dominions of the old Byzantine and the modern Russian empires, which still hold to the Greek calendar, eleven days behind the rest of the civilized world."—pp. 31-3.

Proceeding to the sacraments, he says:—

"The Latin doctrine, on this subject, is by Protestants so frequently regarded as the highest pitch of superstition—by Roman Catholics as the highest pitch of reverence of which the subject is capable—that it may be instructive to both to see the contrast between the freedom and reasonableness of the sacramental doctrine as held by the highest Roman doctors, compared with the stiff, the magical, the antiquarian character of the same doctrine as represented in the East."

Of baptism—

"There can be no question that the original form of baptism, the very meaning of the word, was complete immersion in the deep baptismal waters; and that, for at least four centuries, any other form was either unknown, or regarded as an exceptional, almost a monstrous case. To this form the Eastern Church still rigidly adheres, and the most illustrious and venerable portion of it, that

of the Byzantine Empire, absolutely repudiates and ignores any other mode of administration as essentially invalid. The Latin Church, on the other hand, doubtless in deference to the requirements of a northern climate, to the change of manners, to the convenience of custom, has wholly altered the mode, preferring, as it would fairly say, mercy to sacrifice; and (with the two exceptions of the cathedral of Milan, and the sect of the Baptists), a few drops of water are now the Western substitute for the three-fold plunge into the rushing rivers, or the wide baptisteries of the East."

Of confirmation.

"In the first age of the Church it was customary for the Apostles to lay their hands on the heads of the newly baptized converts, that they might receive the 'gifts of the Spirit.' The 'gifts' vanished, but the custom of laying on of hands remained. It remained, and was continued, and so in the Greek Church is still continued, at the baptism of children as of adults. Confirmation is, with them, simultaneous with the act of the baptismal immersion. But, the Latin Church, whilst it adopted or retained the practice of admitting infants to baptism, soon set itself to remedy the obvious defect arising from their unconscious age, by separating, and postponing, and giving a new life and meaning to the rite of confirmation. The two ceremonies, which, in the Eastern Church are indissolubly confounded, are now, throughout Western Christendom, by a salutary innovation, each made to minister to the edification of the individual, and completion of the whole baptismal ordinance."

Of Extreme Unction.

"In like manner the East retained, and still retains, the apostolical practice mentioned by S. James—for the sick to call in the elders of the Church, to anoint him with oil, and pray over him, that he may recover.....

"But the Latin Church, seeing that the special object for which the ceremony was first instituted, the recovery of the sick, had long ceased to be effected, determined to change its form, that it still might be preserved as an instructive symbol. And thus the 'anointing with oil' of the first century, and of the Oriental Church, has become, with the Latins, the last, the Extreme Unction of the dying man, a ceremony, doubtless, to our notions, useless, perhaps superstitious, but on the whole more reasonable than the mere perpetuation of a shadow, when the substance is departed."—pp. 33-5.

He now takes a wider, and still more interesting range.

"There is yet another more general subject, on which the widest difference, involving the same principle, exists between the two communions, namely, the whole relation of art to religious worship.

Let any one enter an Oriental church, and he will at once be struck by the contrast which the architecture, the paintings, the very aspect of the ceremonial, present to the churches of the West. Often, indeed, this may arise from the poverty or oppression under which most Christian communities labour whose lot has been cast in the Ottoman empire ; but, often the altars may blaze with gold, the dresses of the priest stiffen with the richest silks of Brousa, yet the contrast remains. The difference lies in the fact, that art, as such, has no place in the worship or in the edifice. There is no aiming at effect, no dim religious light, no beauty of form or colour, beyond what is produced by the mere display of gorgeous and barbaric pomp. Yet it would be a great mistake to infer from this absence of art, indeed, no one who has never seen it could infer, that this involves a more decided absence of form and of ceremonial. The mystical gestures, the awe which surrounds the sacerdotal functions, the long repetitions, the severance of the sound from the sense, of the mind from the act, both in priest and people, are not less, but more remarkable than in the Churches of the West. The traveller, who finds himself in the interior of the old cathedral of Malta, after having been accustomed for a few weeks or months to the ritual of the convents and churches of the Levant, experiences almost the same emotion as when he passes again from the services of the Roman Catholic, to those of the reformed Churches."—pp. 36-7.

This is extremely well put, and we can attest the justice of it by personal experience. The least travelled Protestant would not find half the difficulty in really following a High Mass abroad, that we did in only attempting to follow a Greek service. But strongly recommending the perusal of the whole Lecture, though not necessarily endorsing it all, we must bring these citations to a close.

"The variety, the stir, the life, the turmoil, the '*drive*,' as our American brethren would call it, is, in every western Church, contrasted with the immobility, the repose, the inaction of Greece, of Syria, and of Russia. It is instructive for the stanch adherents of the Reformation to feel that the Latin Church, which we have been accustomed to regard as our chief antagonist, has, after all, the same elements of Western life and civilization, as those of which we are justly proud ; that, whatever it be, as compared with England or Germany, it is, as compared with Egypt or Syria, enlightened, progressive, in one word, Protestant. It is instructive for the opponents of the Reformation to see that in the Eastern section of the Christian Church, vast as it is, the whole Western Church, Latin and German, Papal and Lutheran, is often regarded as essentially one ; that the first concessions to reason and freedom, which involve by necessity all the subsequent stages, were made long

before Luther, in the bosom of the Roman Church itself; that the Papal See first led the way in schism from the parent stock in liberty of private judgment; that some of the most important points in which the Latin is now distinguished from the Greek Church, have been actually copied and imported from the new Churches of the Protestant West. To trace this family resemblance between the different branches of the Occidental Church, is the polemical object of an able treatise by a zealous member of the Church of Russia; to trace it in a more friendly and hopeful spirit, is a not unworthy aim of students of the Church of England.....

"And we, too, with all our energy and life, may learn something from the otherwise unparalled sight of whole nations and races of men, penetrated by the religious sentiment which visibly sways their minds, even when it fails to reach their conduct, which, if it has produced but few whom we should call saints or philosophers, has produced, through centuries of oppression, whole armies of confessors and martyrs. We may learn something from the sight of a calm strength reposing 'in the quietness and confidence' of a treasure of hereditary belief, which its possessor is content to value for himself, without forcing it on the reception of others. We may learn something from the sight of churches, where religion is not abandoned to the care of women and children, but is claimed as the right and the privilege of men; where the Church reposes, not so much on the force and influence of its clergy, as on the independent knowledge and manly zeal of its laity."—pp. 55-9.

We are surprised, alike by the length of our citations, and by the little way we have made, notwithstanding, in the volume. We would fain have made larger extracts from the different Lectures, illustrating the Council of Nicæa, its principal characters—the part taken by them—their coming, their going, their feasting with the Emperor. There is, perhaps, nothing new in the narrative, but it has never been put together so well or so attractively. Nor is the biography of Constantine other than a masterpiece in point of style. Commending all these to our readers, we think that the following description of the rendezvous cannot but tempt them to pass beyond the threshold.

"Beneath us lay the long inland lake, the Ascanian Lake, which, communicating at its Western extremity by a small inlet with the Sea of Marmora, fills up almost the whole valley; itself a characteristic of the conformation of this part of Asia Minor. Such another is the lake of Apollonius, seen from the summit of the Mysian Olympus. Such another is the smaller lake, seen in traversing the plain on the way from Broussa.

"At the head of the lake appeared the oblong space enclosed by

the ancient walls, of which the rectangular form indicates, with unmistakable precision, the original founders of the city. It was the outline given to all the Oriental towns built by the successors of Alexander and their imitators. Antioch, Damascus, Philadelphia, Sebaste, Palmyra, were all constructed on the same model, of a complete square, intersected by four straight streets, adorned with a colonnade on each side. This we know to have been the appearance of Nicæa, as founded by Lysimachus, and rebuilt by Antigonus. And this is still the form of the present walls, which, although they enclose a larger space than the first Greek city, yet are evidently as early as the time of the Roman empire; little later, if at all, than the reign of Constantine. Within their circuit all is now wilderness; over broken columns, and through tangled thickets, the traveller, with difficulty makes his way to the wretched Turkish village of Is-nick, which occupies the centre of the vacant space. In the midst of this village, surrounded by a few ruined mosques, on whose summits stand the never-failing storks of the deserted cities of the East, remains a solitary Christian church, dedicated to 'the repose of the Virgin.' Within the church is a rude picture commemorating the one event which, amidst all the vicissitudes of Nicæa, has secured for it an immortal name.

"To delineate this event, to transport ourselves back into the same season of the year, the chestnut woods then, as now, green with the first burst of summer, the same sloping hills, the same tranquil lake, the same snow-capped Olympus, from far, brooding over the whole scene, but, in every other respect, how entirely different! will be my object in this Lecture."—pp. 94-5.

Our last, and perhaps most gorgeous extract, must be the portrait of Peter the Great; we have no space left for Vladimir, Ivan the Terrible, or the Russian Church in its early, middle, or reforming age. With him, we bid adieu to Professor Stanley, and in hope to meet again. Only, let him not be ashamed of confessing the faith of Christ crucified before men, or of owning true fellowship with His saints. This even Peter the Mighty did not think beneath him.

"Look at him, as he presents himself in the gallery of the portraits of the Czars. From Ivan the Terrible, each follow each in grotesque barbaric costume, half Venetian, half Tartar, till suddenly, without the slightest preparation, Peter breaks in amongst them, in the full uniform of the European soldier. The ancient Czars vanish, to appear no more, and Peter remains with us, occupying henceforward the whole horizon. Countenance, and stature, and manner, and pursuits, are absolutely kept alive in our sight. We see the upturned look, the long black hair falling back from his fine forehead, the fierce eyes glancing from beneath the overhanging

brows, the mouth clothed with indomitable power. We gaze at his gigantic height, his wild rapid movements, the convulsive twitches of his face and hands, the tremendous walking-staff, almost a crow-bar of iron, which he swings to and fro as he walks, the huge Danish wolf-dog and its two little companions, which run behind him. We are with him in his Dutch house amidst the rough pieces of wood which he has collected as curiosities, the tools, the lathe, the articles of wood and ivory that he has turned. No dead man so lives again in outward form before us, as Peter in St. Petersburg. But not in outward form only. That city represents to us his whole Herculean course, more actually Hercules-like than any of modern times, and proudly set forth in his famous statue erected by Catherine II.....

.....“What must the man have been, who, born and bred in this atmosphere, conceived, and by one tremendous wrench, almost by his own manual labour and his sole gigantic strength, executed the prodigious idea of dragging a nation, against its will, into the light of Europe, and erecting a new capital and a new empire amongst the cities and the kingdoms of the world? St. Petersburg is, indeed, his most enduring monument. A spot up to that time without a single association, selected instead of the holy city, to which even now every Russian turns as to his mother; a site which, but a few years before, had belonged to his most inveterate enemies; won from morass and forest, with difficulty defended, and perhaps even yet doomed to fall before the inundations of its own river; and now, though still Asiatic beyond any capital of the West, yet, in grandeur and magnificence, in the total subjugation of nature to art, entirely European. And the change from Moscow to St. Petersburg is but a symbol of the revolution effected in the whole empire by the power of Peter. For better, for worse, he created army, navy, law, dress, amusements, alphabet, some in part, some altogether, anew. Much that was superficial, much that was false, much that broke out under his successors into frightful corruption and depravity, at least of the higher classes, came in with the Western civilization. But whatever hopes for the world or the Church are bound up with the civilization of the West, did penetrate into Russia, through Peter, and through no one else.”—pp. 453-6.

ART. IV.—1. *Catalogue of the Antiquities of Stone, Earth, and Vegetable Materials, in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy.* By W. R. Wilde, M. R. I. A. With Illustrations. 8vo. Dublin: Gill. 1857.

2. *Catalogue of the Antiquities of Animal Materials and Bronze, in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy.* By W. R. Wilde, M. R. I. A. With 373 Illustrations. 8vo. Dublin: Hodges, Smith, and Co. 1861.

A CATALOGUE is commonly the driest and least interesting of all literary compositions. Few catalogues, indeed, can claim a place in the ranks of literature properly so-called; their merit seldom rising beyond the mechanical accuracy of the copyist, or at best the servile fidelity of the compiler: and their traditionary fate, when once they have served the passing purpose for which they were designed, has been to be thrown aside and forgotten for ever.

The few marked exceptions to this ordinary fortune of their class have been indebted for their exemption mainly to the taste and ability of their authors. For, even where the intrinsic merit of the collections described might in itself have sufficed to create an interest in their details, this interest must necessarily have proved transient, unless in so far as the description was made to convey a permanent and systematic lesson, whether it was in the department of history, of antiquities, or of art. And of all these subjects, the one which is most dependent for its permanent interest on the skill of the compiler, is undoubtedly that of antiquities.

The time is not very remote indeed, when, in the estimation of the world, the study of antiquities was but another name for solemn trifling, if not for pedantic credulity. Sir Walter Scott's *Monkbarns* was an average, and perhaps a favourable, specimen of the class; and that ponderous scholarship, the humorous and characteristic exhibition of which forms the great charm of this inimitable picture, may be regarded as fairly representing the notions which our fathers entertained of the learned lore to the accumulation of which the lives and energies of a class which, if not very practical, was at least undeniably enthusiastic, were devoted.

There is one view of the study of antiquities, however, the importance of which has come to be better understood, and the true nature and value of which are now more fairly appreciated:—we mean their bearing on the social, literary, and religious condition of the people to whom they belong. Men have ceased to form collections of antiquities for the mere antiquities' sake; and museums are no longer regarded as retreats in which to while away an unoccupied hour, or even to indulge a learned curiosity. The selection and classification of strictly national remains are now regarded as second in importance only to the preservation of the objects themselves; and the very meanest, and intrinsically the least precious relic of a past time—a rude fragment of stone, or a coarse scrap of pottery—may have its value in the eyes of the antiquarian, far above objects of the most costly material and the most skilful and elaborate artistic execution.

The Museum of the Royal Irish Academy has been fortunate in at least this respect. The Catalogue of its contents, so far as it has progressed, is complete in its enumeration, is methodical in its arrangement, is scientific in its explanations, and is copious in the illustrations and analogies from other collections, whether of our national antiquities or of the remains of kindred races, as literally to leave nothing to be desired at least in these particulars.

The collection itself has been formed under many disadvantages. Although the Royal Irish Academy, from the period of its formation, occasionally received donations of ancient objects of interest discovered from time to time in Ireland, it was not until after many years that a regular depository for their safe custody was established. Very many of the objects originally presented to the Academy are said by Mr. Gilbert* to have been embezzled. Others were deposited in the museum of Trinity College, and it was not until the year 1839 that the project of a regularly organized collection, illustrative of the history of the people of Ireland, and especially of the Celtic race, was seriously entertained, or at least was practically initiated. At so late a period, it need hardly be said, that the harvest of antiquities had been actually gathered in by pri-

* History of Dublin, iii. 240.

vate enterprise, or prodigally wasted by the ignorance or cupidity of the chance discoverer; and little was left for the scientific collector beyond the scanty gleanings of a thrice-exhausted field.

For the general purposes of science polite literature and antiquities, the formation of the Irish Academy dates so far back as 1785. The list of original members, together with many curious particulars of the origin of the association, will be found in Mr. Gilbert's work, which is a repository of all that is most interesting in the history of our capital and its public institutions. The collection of manuscripts may be said to have commenced from the very foundation of the Academy. The well-known "Book of Bally-mote" was presented in the very first year by the Chevalier O'Gorman. In 1787 the "Book of Leacan" was obtained through the Abbe Kearney, of the Irish College, Paris; and in 1789, Colonel Vallancey purchased for a few pounds the celebrated "Leabhar Breac," or "Speckled Book." The Library of Kirwan (president of the Academy from 1799 till 1816)—the only considerable acquisition of the Academy for a long series of years, was almost exclusively philosophical and modern; but in the year 1831, through the exertions of Dr. Petrie, the autograph original of the "Annals of Ireland," by the "Four Masters," was happily secured; and a few years later a large collection of Irish MSS., (including the original "Leabhar na-H-uidhri," a compilation of the 12th century,) which had been formed by Messrs. Hodges and Smith, was purchased for a sum of about thirteen hundred pounds, partly raised by private subscription, partly by a special government grant for the purpose.

The first impulse to the formation of a collection of specimens of ancient Irish art, however, was given, about the year 1839, by the opportunity which presented itself of securing as a first instalment, two massive gold torques, which had been found at Tara. These precious relics were purchased by a number of private subscribers and presented to the Museum. The late lamented Professor M'Cullagh, about the same time, presented the celebrated Cross of Cong—a sacred relic, we must say, for which, as for all others of its class, we should fervently desire a more appropriate depository, than can be found in a scientific Museum. The first very considerable accession, however, at least as regards extent, was the collection of the late Dean Dawson, of

St. Patrick's, which, in 1842, was purchased by subscription, chiefly among the members of the Academy. In the year 1844 the council, encouraged by the spirit thus manifested, purchased the collection of the well-known Major Sirr; and the numerous entries in Dr. Wilde's catalogue, under more recent dates, will show that this spirit has not fallen away. Few years have passed without several interesting acquisitions.

And this, it need hardly be said, has been accomplished in the face of much apathy and indifference, and even a large share of positive discouragement. It was commenced under all the disadvantage of the most complete scepticism as to the possibility of success, upon the part even of the members of the Academy themselves. It was not alone that by the general public it was considered hopeless at the present day to recover any noteworthy relics of ancient Irish art or civilization. The learned themselves doubted, and even denied, that any such specimens had ever existed in Ireland. When Dr. Petrie first addressed the Irish Academy with the view of stimulating the members to undertake some systematic effort for the recovery and preservation of the remains of the ancient art of the country, he was met with an expression of undisguised incredulity. "Surely, sir," he was asked even by such a man as Dr. Brinkley—"surely you do not mean to tell us that there exists the slightest evidence to prove that the Irish had any acquaintance with the arts of civilized life before the arrival in Ireland of the English!" And Dr. Petrie adds that the scepticism implied in the remark of Brinkley was very obviously shared by almost all the members who were present at the meeting.*

But a more hopeful, as well as a more enlightened spirit soon succeeded. From public sources but little pecuniary aid has been obtained; but through the instrumentality of more than one public body considerable service has been rendered in the gradual formation of the collection of the museum as it now stands. To the Commissioners of Public Works, the Shannon Commissioners, the Directors of the Ordnance Survey, and even to the directors of some of the Irish railways, the collection is indebted for several, if not very costly, at least very interesting and important

* Gilbert's History of Dublin, iii. p. 241.

relics of ancient Ireland. By a very judicious arrangement recently made, a fund is placed at the disposal of the council, wherewith to engage the services of the constabulary throughout Ireland in securing for the Academy any objects of interest which may be discovered, or at least notifying their discovery to the secretary; and although the fund is trifling, yet it cannot be doubted that by judicious management, such as the untiring zeal and great intelligence of the present secretary will secure, it may be made the instrument of much permanent good. The enlightened interest on the part of the public in the project which these facts evince, as well as the many evidences of individual liberality supplied by the donations recorded in Dr. Wilde's catalogue, give a reasonable ground to hope that the success which has attended the labours of the last thirty years will continue to bear its fruits in the labours of the coming generation; and that, late as the public collectors of Irish antiquities have been in entering the field, their energy and intelligence, and zeal, will more than counterbalance the disadvantage with which they were obliged originally to contend.

But if anything were needed as an additional stimulus to the interest already manifested in the subject of our national antiquities, it would certainly be found in such works as the catalogue now before us. It is not merely that for the branch of the subject to which it has extended, it forms a most complete and most convenient repertory of the antiquities of the Royal Irish Academy. It is not merely that it brings together whatever is best and most valuable, whether in speculation or in fact, of all that has been written regarding them by the scholars of our own or of foreign countries. In these respects it is true Dr. Wilde's work is all that could be desired. But this, although a very important one, is the least merit of Dr. Wilde's catalogue. He has had the rare good fortune, even in the merely descriptive part of his work, to be circumstantial without proving tedious, and to preserve accuracy of detail without falling into dryness. And hence no visitor of the museum can desire a more faithful or more scientific guide to all that is most noteworthy in its contents. But Dr. Wilde's work, while it fulfils all these conditions of a good catalogue, belongs to a very different order of literature. In the few words which we bestowed upon it at its first publication, we described it as a "complete Encyclopædia of Irish

antiquities, rather than a description of the contents of a single collection." As regards the literary structure of the work, it would be much more just to describe it by its higher character. It is strictly a work on the antiquities of Ireland, embodying a descriptive catalogue of the antiquities of the Irish Academy. The catalogue, although it is perfect in all its details, is not only the subordinate portion of the volume, but its peculiar features are so merged in the general interest of the entire, that it loses altogether the dry and technical character which usually belongs to such compilations. To those who are acquainted with Dr. Wilde's earlier publications, it is unnecessary to speak of the learning, the ingenuity, the taste, and scholarship, by which they are all characterized; but we may say with truth that in no other of his works are these qualities more agreeably exhibited. By the skilful distribution of his materials, the judicious selection of topics, and the copiousness and felicity of his illustrations, not from Irish literature alone, but from that of all the races with which Ireland can claim affinity of origin or traditional intercourse, he has so interwoven theories with facts, the descriptive details with the didactic expositions, that the catalogue of the Academy becomes in his hands a chain upon which to bind together almost all that has been collected or theorised by the most learned scholars of our own or of foreign countries.

We may take an example from his treatment of one of the objects in the Catalogue of the Antiquities of Stone, Earthen, and Vegetable Materials—the well-known Ogham stones, or pillar stones marked with Ogham characters, two of which he selects for description and illustration. The first of these was found, with three other similarly inscribed stones, built into the walls of a dwelling-house in the County of Kerry, to which it is believed they had been removed from the souterrain of a neighbouring rath. There were originally two very rudely executed crosses on opposite sides of it, but a portion, bearing the upper member of one cross and some Ogham strokes, has been broken off. The lines are cut in for about one-eighth of an inch in depth, and run from an inch to three-and-a-half inches in length.

The same fate had befallen a large proportion of the inscribed stones hitherto discovered. Of those preserved in the Academy, one formed the lintel of a doorway of a

small circular building in the rath of Gortnagullanagh, in the County of Kerry. Another formed a portion of a fireplace in an old house at Martramane, in the same county. In illustrating this curious relic, Dr. Wilde takes the opportunity of explaining all that is certain as to the nature and origin of the Ogham writing. But, before we proceed to this part of the subject, it may be useful to transcribe Dr. Graves's account of the Ogham character, which is quoted by Dr. Wilde:—

“The Ogham alphabet consists of lines, or groups of lines, variously arranged with reference to a single stem-line, or to an edge of the substance on which they are traced. The spectator, looking at an upright Ogham monument, will in general observe groups of incised strokes of *four* different kinds:—(1) groups of lines to the left; (2) others to the right of the edge; (3) other longer strokes crossing it obliquely; and (4) small notches upon the edge itself. The characters comprised in class (1) stand respectively for the letters B, L, F, S, N, according as they number 1, 2, 3, 4, or 5 strokes; those in (2) for H, D, T, C, Q, or CV; those in (3) for M, G, NG, ST, or ZA; and those in (4) for the vowels, A, O, U, E, I. Besides these twenty characters, there are five others occurring less frequently, and used to denote diphthongs and the letters R, X, and Y. In some instances the Ogham strokes are cut upon a face of the stone, instead of being arranged along an edge. In such cases an incised stem-line, or an imaginary line passing through the shortest, or vowel strokes, takes the place of the edge.

“Ogham inscriptions, in general, begin from the bottom, and are read upwards, from left to right. Almost all those which have been deciphered present merely a proper name with its patronymic, both in the genitive case. The monuments appear, for the most part, to have been sepulchral in the first instance. But there is reason to suppose that they were used to indicate the proprietorship of land, either standing as boundary stones, or buried in crypts, as evidences to be referred to in cases of disputes arising.

“By far the greater number of the Ogham inscriptions discovered in Ireland have been found in the counties of Kerry and Cork. A few have been noticed in Wales* and Scotland, and one in Shetland.

* Some of the stones discovered in Wales deserve special notice. One in particular is of such interest that we think our readers will be gratified by the following brief account extracted from the *Archæologia Cambrensis*, from which Journal it has been transferred (with an illustrative wood engraving,) to the *Proceedings of the Kilkenny Archæological Society*.

“Within the precincts of the abbey of St. Dogmael's, near Cardi-

Though several of the proper names occurring in the Irish Ogham monuments are to be met with in our annals and pedigrees, we doubt whether any of them have been yet so positively identified as to fix the time of the individuals whose memory it was intended thus to preserve."—p. 137-8.

gan, is preserved a long narrow slab of porphyritic greenstone, such as is found on the ridge of the Preseleu Hills, semi-columnar in form, and rhomboidal in section. It is about 7 feet in length, tapering upwards from rather more than 12 to 9 inches in breadth, with an average thickness of about 7 inches. The surfaces are all smooth, without any lichen adhering to them; and, did not other stones of this kind from the same hills offer the same appearance, it might be supposed to have been once artificially polished. Such, however, is not the case; this peculiar kind of igneous rock does not decompose readily; its greenish base, and the dull white, squarish crystals with which it is filled, resist the effects of weather and of vegetation with remarkable pertinacity. The stone in question is probably in as sound condition, with certain exceptions, as when it was first brought down from its native hills.

"Stones of this kind are prized all over Pembrokeshire, from the circumstance of their peculiar form and hardness making them useful as gate-posts; every farmer is glad to get them from Preseleu; and the very stone of which we are now treating shows, by two holes drilled into its surface, that it has been made to do this piece of agricultural duty in worse times, archæologically speaking, than the present.

"Not only as a gate-post, however, but also as a bridge, has it been made serviceable to the daily wants of generations now dead and gone; for it was so used over a brook not far from its present locality, and had acquired a sort of preternatural reputation, from the belief of the neighbourhood that a *white lady* glided over it constantly at the witching hour of midnight. It was fortunate, perhaps, that this should have been the case; for the superstitious feeling of the neighbours not only tended to preserve it from injury,—no man nor woman touched it willingly after dark,—but this very tradition, added to its peculiar form, probably led to its ultimate rescue.

"A gentleman who is the present owner of the property on which St. Dogmael's Abbey stands, the Rev. H. J. Vincent, vicar of that parish, found the stone covered with a thick coat of whitewash, in a wall adjoining his house, where it was perhaps placed after its removal from the brook. When the wall was taken down, with the view of effecting some improvements, the stone fell, and was unfortunately broken in two. It was then carefully conveyed to the spot where it now rests. Before it fell, its inscribed face and edge were

An animated controversy prevailed among the last generation of Irish scholars as to the date of the introduction of the Ogham writing. Charles O'Connor, of Belanagar, although by no means unsceptical, at least in maturer

uninjured. Luckily they had been turned downwards by whoever placed it, in ignorance of its value, across the brook.

"The inscription had been previously known; for that exact observer, Edward Lhwyd, had drawn the lettered surface most carefully, and his original sketch still exists. He had also remarked some of the notches on its edge, and had recorded a few in his drawing, but had not said anything about them in any of his notes. His sketch was not known to exist until 1859, when it was found, by the writer of this paper, at Oxford. But several years previously the writer had ascertained that one edge of the stone was covered with Oghamic characters, such as he had discovered at the same period on stones in other parts of the same district, and he pointed them out to Mr. Vincent, who at once perceived their archaeological value. For several subsequent years he took careful drawings and rubbings of this stone, communicating them at the same time to Professor Graves, of Trinity College, Dublin, and to Mr. Westwood. The former, who has made the study of Oghams almost his own peculiar science, by his skill in working out the occult alphabet (well known to the readers of the *Archæologia Cambrensis*, from a review of his learned memoir on that subject), at once read off these Oghamic strokes, according to the system previously arranged from Irish monuments of the same description, and found that it corresponded very nearly with the inscription on the face of the stone.

"We say *very nearly*, for one important mark, equivalent to *a*, was apparently wanting; if that were found, the professor's alphabet and theory would be completely correct. He therefore advised the writer to re-examine the stone more minutely; this was done, and the professor's conjecture was found to be correct: but more of this hereafter. Professor Graves then declared this stone to be the equivalent of the famous Rosetta stone of the Egyptian hieroglyphic discoveries, because it contained the same inscription in two distinct characters, one of the Romano-British type, the other of that occult Oghamic class which has been so much controverted, so much theorized upon, and so little understood. All that remained was to ascertain who might have been the personage commemorated, and what the date of his existence, as well as the palæographic character of the inscription.

"The Rev. Robert Williams, M. A., of Rhydygroesau, on being appealed to, immediately observed (as Lhwyd had also done) that *CYNOTAMVS* was the proper Latinized equivalent of *CVNEDDAF*, the

years, as to the pretensions of Irish antiquarians, regards the Ogham writing as of the Pagan time, and is of opinion that it continued in use till about the time of the arrival of St. Patrick and the Roman missionaries.* Soon after this period the Roman alphabet became known ; but

British king, who is said to have flourished in the fourth century ; but nothing could be then, nor has been since, elicited concerning SAGRANVS, here mentioned. If we are to assume that the Cunotamus here mentioned is really the Cunedda of early Welsh History, and if we are to consider the dates assigned above as tolerably correct, we can then evidently fix a period *before* which this stone could not have been sculptured, viz., the end of the fourth century. But the evidence we possess is not sufficiently weighty, the authenticity of its basis is not sufficiently proved, to allow of our assenting to it implicitly. We must call in the aid of the palæographer to obtain other means of approximation. Mr. Westwood, on being consulted as to the apparent date of this inscription, judging from its palæographic characteristics, has given the following opinion :—

“The Latin portion of the SAGRANUS inscription offers but few peculiarities. It is entirely composed of Roman letters of a rather narrow form, varying in height, some in the upper line being nearly six inches high ; those forming the word *FILI* in their much narrower form, in the bars of the *F* appearing on the left side of the upright stroke, in the upper bar being rather oblique, with the end elevated, and in the upright stroke of the *L* elevated a little above the adjoining letters, approach the *rustic* form. The first letter, *s* is ill formed, with the lower half larger than the upper, agreeing in this respect with the initial *s* in the Paulinus inscription, published in this Journal, ii., Third Series, p. 249. The third letter, *a*, formed of a semicircle, with a short oblique tail, scarcely extending below the line ; and the *x* in the second line, with the first and last strokes splaying outwards, are the only ones which offer any peculiarity, and in these respects they agree with many of the oldest Roman monuments.

“Hence, were we not guided by the formula, the comparative rudeness of the letters, and the fact of the inscription being carved lengthwise along the stone, we might refer this inscription to the Roman period, so complete is the absence of those minuscule forms of letters which occur in most of the Welsh inscriptions, and of which an instance may be seen in the Euolenus stone, *ante*, p. 56, and which indicate a later period, when, as in most of the Glamorganshire stones, scarcely any of the letters retained the capital Roman form. Under these circumstances I think we are warranted in assigning a date to the present inscription not long after the

* Dissertation prefixed to O’Flaherty’s *Ogygia*, pp. xxxviii., xxxix.

the Ogham continued to be used for monuments and public inscriptions down to a much later date. On the contrary, Ledwich holds that the Ogham was a secret alphabet invented in the middle ages, and was "nothing but a stereographic or steganographic contrivance common to the

departure of the Romans, whilst the writing still remained unmodified by a communion either with the Irish or Anglo-Saxon scribes.

"J. O. WESTWOOD.

"*Oxford, February, 1860.*"

"Mr. Westwood, on examining the inscription itself, has thus given it as his opinion that the palæographical character of the letters is such as corresponds to the period when the British prince mentioned above is supposed to have flourished. We think, therefore, that the full value of these facts will not fail of being appreciated. We have here a stone which we may, upon palæographical grounds, consider of the fourth or fifth century; and it bears names which may be assigned to British princes, who are said to have flourished at that very period. The Romano-British inscription on its face is translated on its edge into the occult Oghamic alphabet, with a few literal variations, such as would be natural for an Irish translator to make. The Oghams, therefore, are either contemporaneous with the inscription, or not long posterior to it; and thus may both be pretty fairly considered as fixed in date between the extreme limits of a century, viz., A.D. 400—A.D. 500.

"We now proceed to explain the inscriptions themselves. That in Romano-British capitals, all easily decipherable, runs thus:—

SAGRANI FILI CVNOTAMI

That in Oghamic characters, read *from the bottom upwards, and from left to right* (for such is Professor Graves's theory), runs thus:—

SAGRAMNI MAQI CVNATAMI

"It was to be expected that an Irish translator would, according to the analogy of inscriptions in his own country, use the word MAQ or MAC (the equivalent of the Cymric MAE) for the Latin FILIVS,—and so we find it.

"A various reading is occasioned by the introduction of M in the first word, and by the substitution of A for O in the last. These are not philological difficulties; the analogies of the Erse and the Cymric tongues easily account for them. The only real difficulty lay in the absence of the Oghamic mark for A between those standing for M and Q. This occurred just at the point where a crack had unfortunately taken place. To most observers it would have seemed as if this mark did not exist; but, by following up the hint given

semi-barbarians of Europe in the middle ages, and very probably derived from the Romans.”*

On this much disputed question it is not possible, with the present incomplete knowledge of the Ogham monuments still actually in existence, to arrive at a certain conclusion. Dr. Wilde, still quoting Dr. Graves, thus sums up:—

“ ‘ Whether the ancient Irish, before the Christian era, possessed a primitive alphabet, differing essentially from that in use in other parts of Europe, is a question which has been debated by scholars with great earnestness. Those who maintain the affirmative, appeal to the concurrent authority of the most ancient Irish manuscript histories, according to which an alphabet, called Ogham, was invented by the Scythian progenitors of the Gaelic race, and was introduced into Ireland by the Tuatha De Danaan, about thirteen centuries before the birth of Christ. They also refer to the oldest Irish Romances, which contain frequent allusions to the use of Ogham, either for the purpose of conveying intelligence, or in sepulchral inscriptions on pillar-stones erected in honour of distinguished persons. Finally, they point to existing monuments of this very kind, presenting inscriptions in the Ogham character; and

by Professor Graves, and by use of a magnifying glass, the existence of a small circular depression on the edge—*cut in twain by the crack*—was satisfactorily established. All the other characters were so distinct as to admit of no doubt. The true reading of Professor Graves’s alphabet was verified; and not only so, but the date of a specific example was closely approximated to.

“ We need not stop to point out the archaeological interest which this stone possesses; it seems to be one of the earliest in Wales of the Romano-British type; and its probable date will henceforth help us in conjecturing the age of other inscriptions, in which the same palæographic characteristics are met with.

“ It remains only to add that, with the concurrence of our Association, the Rev. J. H. Vincent, who is one of our Local Secretaries for Pembrokeshire, is about to take steps for removing the stone, either to the interior of the parish church, or to some other place where it will be more certainly preserved than it now can be,—reclining, as it does, amid mantling ivy—‘half embraced and half retiring’—against a mossy, fern-grown bank in his own beautiful garden.”—pp. 230-4.

Another similar bilingual stone found at Llanfechan, Cardiganshire, is described (from the *Archæologia Cambrensis*) in the *Kilkenny Archæological Society’s Proceedings* just issued, pp. 303-4.

* *Antiquities of Ireland*, p. 331.

argue from their rudeness, and other circumstances, that they must be ascribed to a remote and Pagan period.

“Those, on the other hand, who dissent from this hypothesis, allege that the legendary accounts of the invention of the Ogham bear all the marks of fiction; and they contend that the nature of this alphabet, in which the vowels and consonants are separated, furnishes internal evidence of its having been contrived by persons possessing some grammatical knowledge, and acquainted with alphabets of the ordinary kind. As regards the testimony of romantic tales, they impugn its authority by questioning the antiquity of these compositions, which, at most, prove the belief prevailing at the time when they were written as to the use of letters in a much earlier age. Lastly, they assert that a considerable number of the existing Ogham monuments are proved by the emblems and inscriptions which they bear to belong to Christian times. A decisive instance has been noticed in the case of a monument standing in the churchyard of Minard, near Dingle, in the county of Kerry. This stone, inscribed with crosses, and bearing the name *MARIANI*, must have been erected long after the introduction of the Christian religion and the Latin language into Ireland. This controversy cannot be brought to a satisfactory termination until the manuscript authorities bearing upon the subject have been discussed, and the inscriptions on the monuments carefully deciphered.”—pp. 136-7.

With regard to the Christian origin of some of the Ogham stones no possible doubt can be entertained. Both the stones selected by Dr. Wilde for illustration, actually present the Christian symbol. The first to which we have already alluded, and of which the accompanying woodcuts* present opposite views, is marked with a cross upon one side, and the names inscribed in Ogham letters, are names otherwise known in annals of a Christian period.

The inscriptions are thus deciphered:—

“Fig. 107, *NOCATI MAQI MAQI RRT* [TI], i. e. [The stone] of Nocat, the son of Mac Reithe. Fig. 108, *MAQI MUCOI UDDAMI*, i. e. [The stone] of Uddam, son of Mogh. The names Mac Retti and Mac Mucoi appear on several Ogham monuments in the county of Kerry; the former is supposed to be the same as Mac Reithi, which occurs in an ancient southern pedigree in the Book of Lecan. It is to be observed that Ogham inscriptions, like the most ancient monumental inscriptions in Wales and Cornwall, very generally present proper names in the genitive case. The crosses on this monument

* Printed by permission from the original blocks.

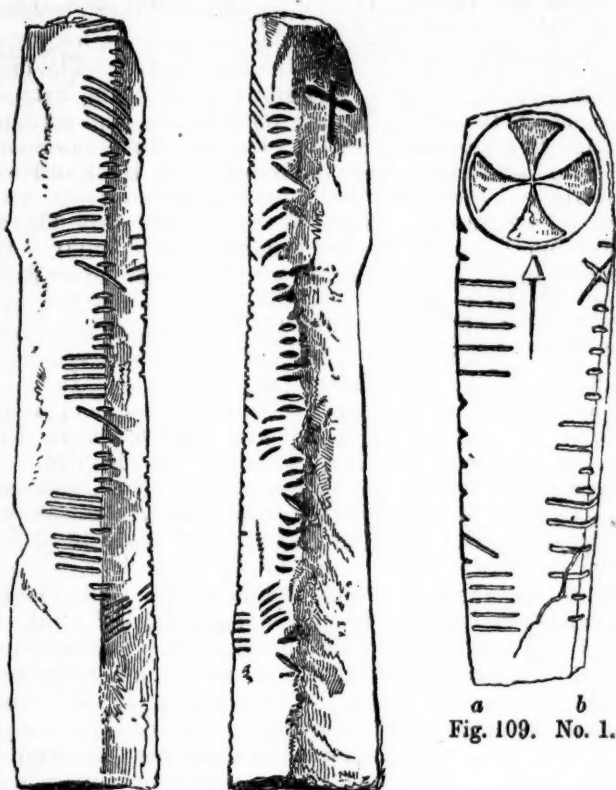


Fig. 107. No. 11. Fig. 108. No. 11.

a b
Fig. 109. No. 1.

appear to have been executed by a hammer or punch, and not by a cutting tool,—a style of workmanship characteristic of the earliest inscribed stones in this country.”—p. 135.

Another stone also figured by Dr. Wilde bears a cross of a more peculiar form, and one the age of which may be approximately derived from contemporaneous documents. It was “presented to the academy by the late Richard Hitchcock, Esq., a gentleman who devoted himself with much zeal and success to the search after monuments of this kind. It formerly stood in the churchyard of Aglish, in the parish of Minard, county of Kerry; but was re-

moved by Mr. Hitchcock, who apprehended that if suffered to remain there, it might be destroyed, being frequently moved from place to place in the churchyard. The cross within a circle, of which this stone presents an instance, is found on the other Ogham monuments, and certainly belongs to a very early period. Crosses of the same form are found amongst the illuminations of the Book of Kells. Dr. Graves reads the inscriptions as follows:—(a) MAQI MAQI (b) APILOGDO. Here, as in almost every Ogham inscription, we meet the word MAQI—MAICC—FILIL. The proper names have not been with certainty identified.” Many of the Ogham stones bear similar devices, and, indeed, it would appear that but one single monument with an Ogham inscription has yet been discovered which exhibits even the appearance of a pagan relic. It stands in an artificial cave near the castle of Dunloe, in the County of Kerry, where it was discovered in 1838 by the workmen of Mr. Mahony, of Dunloe. In constructing a sunk fence they broke into a subterranean chamber or gallery, the sides of which are of rude stones, without any kind of cement, and the roof of long stones laid horizontally. An Ogham inscription is found upon an upright stone which stands in the centre of the cave and is evidently designed to support the roof, as also on four of the longitudinal roof-stones, upon which the situation of the characters is such as to show plainly that they had been inscribed before the stones were placed in their present position. Nevertheless, it would seem, to say the very least, quite uncertain whether even this monument be really pagan. Dr. O'Donovan, whose judgment, if he found himself warranted in pronouncing definitively, we should unhesitatingly accept as final, visited the Dunloe cave and examined the inscriptions, in 1841. He bears the clearest testimony to the genuineness of the Ogham writing; but as to the pagan character of the monument itself, he declares his inability to decide. The question can only be set at rest (if even thus) by a detailed examination of all existing and available specimens of these inscribed pillar-stones throughout the country.

It would be easy, by a simple resumé of Dr. Wide's catalogue, to compile an instructive essay on the general subject of Irish Antiquities. But our object, in the present notice, is rather to call the attention of our readers to the work itself, and, by exciting an interest regarding it, to

promote the circulation of a volume which cannot fail to create a taste for this truly national study. This object will be best attained by a few miscellaneous extracts from the work, accompanied by some specimens of the illustrations with which it is lavishly interspersed.

The consideration of the Ogham writing naturally leads to that of the cognate profession of scribe, which, in Ireland, was held in high honour from the earliest times. Dr. Wilde has given an illustration, copied by Mr. Albert Way, from an illuminated copy of Giraldus Cambrensis, in the possession of Sir Thomas Phillipps, which we are tempted to transfer to our page, as a very characteristic specimen of the illustrations of this interesting volume. The woodcut represents a scribe seated on a



Fig. 179.

bird-cage chair, "such as existed in many parts of the country until very lately; before him is a desk, which supports the work he is engaged on, and underneath is the inscription, 'The Scribe writing the marvellous Kildare Gospels.' The person is probably an ecclesiastic, as the top of the head is shaved. He wears a short jacket of greenish brown, fringed round the lower edge; the trousers are light brown; and from beneath the desk hangs a short drapery of

a green hue, probably a fold of his cloak. The right hand holds a pen, and in the left is what appears to represent a knife, with which he keeps the page in its place. In each of the figures the braccæ fit tight to the ankles; and the shoes or buskins, which are long and pointed, rise high over the instep, like those seen in the fresco discovered at Knockmoy. 'The Irish, like the Gauls,' says Lynch, 'wore shoes with long, slender, conical tops, and only one sole, for the greater celerity in running.'—Cambrensis Eversus, chap. xiii.

"Sir James Ware says—'A frieze cloak, with a fringed or shagged border, was the outward garment of the Irish, and this they wore almost down to the ankles.' And his commentator, Harris, adds—'The Irish mantle, with the fringed or shagged border sewed down the edges of it, was not always made of frieze or such coarse materials, which

was the dress of the lower sort of people; but, according to the rank or quality of the wearer, was sometimes made of the finest cloth, bordered with a silken or fine woollen fringe, and of scarlet and other various colours. Many rows of this shagg or fringe were sewed on the upper part of the mantle, partly for ornament, and partly to defend the neck the better from the cold, and along the edges runs a narrow fringe of the same sort of texture."

On the entire subject of ancient Irish costume, indeed, Dr. Wilde is especially interesting, and the illustrations are at once most characteristic and selected with such discrimination, as to leave no portion of the subject unrepresented. A very curious specimen of the later Irish costume is a figure of the well-known Diarmaid Macmurrough, copied from the same MS. of Giraldus, upon which we have already drawn for the costume of the scribe. He appears in the familiar tunic and short trews of the period, and is armed with the long handled hatchet or battle-axe,



Fig. 195.

for the blade of which there are many parallels among the specimens in the museum. "It does not resemble the gallowglass axe of later times; but is that known by the name of the Sparthe—a '*sparthe de Hibernia*,' such as 'Gentle Mortimer' had in his armoury at Wigmore Castle, in 1322." Dr. Wilde conjectures that as Macmurrough was at this time an ally of the English, the portrait may possibly have been taken from the life. "The hair is sandy; the tunic or short coat (*inar*) is of a brown colour, fastened round the waist with a belt, and bound tightly to the wrists with bands, that were probably ornamented. The tight-fitting trews are green. Of this memorable Irish character, Giraldus elsewhere says: 'Dermon Mac Morogh was a tall man of stature, and of a large and great bodie, a valiant and a bold warrior in his nation; and by reason of his continuall halowing and crieng, his voice was hoarse: he rather choce and decided to be feared than to be loved; a great oppressor of his

nobilitie, but a great advancer of the poore and weake. To his own people he was rough and greevous, and hatefull to strangers; he would be against all men, and all men against him."

But the reader will be more interested by the earlier and more unmistakeably national costumes. Dr. Wilde has judiciously selected his specimens from the celebrated "Book of Kells," as probably supplying the oldest representations of strictly Irish costume now extant. In other early manuscripts, and, indeed, in most of the illustrations of this one, the subjects were almost exclusive ecclesiastical or monastic. But the figures which he has selected from the Book of Kells, are all lay figures, and are taken from among the purely ornamental illustrations of the MS; from subjects introduced evidently for the sole purpose of decoration or of filling the space at the end of a paragraph or line, or from the ornamental initials which occur throughout the book. In the latter case, the very necessities of space thus arising, have introduced a certain grotesqueness of attitude, but the costume appears to be in all respects the same. We submit a few specimens.

The subjoined figures are from two illuminated initials.



Fig. 190.



Fig. 191.

They are thus described by Dr. Wilde:—

"Fig. 190, from folio 200, is evidently that of a soldier, armed with a spear and round target, and placed either in the act of receiving an enemy, or compressed by the artist to suit the space on the page unoccupied with writing. The head-dress is yellow, with a mitred edge along the brow, as occurs on many other human heads in that work. The coat is green; the breeches, which

come down below the knee, are light blue, picked out with red; and the beard and moustache brown. The legs and feet are naked. The shield is yellow; and the spear-head blue, exactly resembling some of those of iron in the Academy's Collection, in which the cross rivets project considerably beyond the socket. A line of red dots surrounds the outline of the figure—as is usual in the Book of Kells, and as may be seen in many of the initial letters, especially those used in this Catalogue, which are all copied from that work. At folio 201 there is a sitting figure, in the act of drinking from a circular goblet (Fig. 191), wearing a sort of turban, principally yellow, with a flesh-coloured border; the cloak is dark red, bound with yellow; the tunic blue, with a yellow border and green sleeve; the feet are naked, and partially concealed by the letters, which shows that the illumination was made after the text had been completed."—pp. 298 9.

Some of Dr. Wilde's specimens from the same source are equestrian. At first sight, from the singularly grotesque attitudes it might appear that they are purely fancy sketches; but, from the uniformity of the details which is traceable throughout, it is clear that in all substantial particulars the costume at least is meant to be represented in all seriousness.

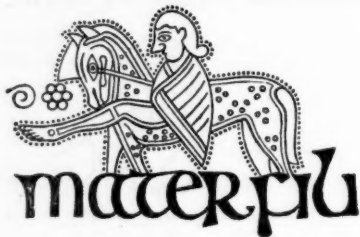


Fig. 192.



Fig. 193.

"Figure 192, from folio 89, shows the ancient short cloak remarkably well, and, from a careful examination of both figures, it would appear that the horses were also clothed or caparisoned. The cap is yellow, fitting tightly to the head, and hanging down behind—or this head-dress may represent the natural hair. The cloak is green, with a broad band of bright red, and a yellow border; the breeches green; the leg covered, but the foot naked. The cover of the horse is yellow, but the head, tail, and such portions of the right legs as appear, are green. The word over which it is placed is engraved, to show the position of the illumination. Fig. 193 occurs on folio 255; the parchment has been injured underneath the cloak, but a sufficiency of the colour remains to show that it was green; the cap is yellow."—pp. 299, 300.

From these and the similar specimens, which the MSS. contain, we gather, that in the Irish costume of this early date "the lower limbs were clad in tight-fitting garments, generally blue, that reached a little below the knee, like the modern breeches; the legs and feet were naked, —the braccæ or chequered pantaloons not being then the fashion,—and the body was covered with a light tunic, with sleeves reaching as far as the wrist. The cloak, however, was the chief and most highly decorated garment. It is also manifest that the costume of the Irish was, at that period, both picturesque in shape and highly coloured."

Dr. Wilde, however, has drawn upon every other available source; on the annals and other ancient records, both in manuscript or print; comparative philology, or an examination of the roots, precise meaning, derivations, and affinities with other languages, of the Irish terms employed to express different articles of dress; the illuminations in ancient books; the figure carvings on our stone crosses and shrines; a few drawings, maps, frescoes, and engravings;—and some sepulchral monuments."

Even the Scriptural subjects carved upon the ancient crosses, are skillfully turned to account for the purpose of illustrating the Irish costume of the several periods at which they were produced. It is not merely that by an anachronism such as those which, in the Dutch and Flemish artists, have afforded so much amusement, the Scriptural personages may sometimes be presumed to be represented according to the national associations of the sculptor; but it occasionally happens that on the crosses are figures, subjects, and scenes which clearly represent personal or historical incidents, perhaps connected with the occasion upon which they were erected. This is very remarkably the case with one of the magnificent crosses of Monasterboice, in the county of Louth. On the west side of this most interesting monument is a series of subjects plainly forming a regular sequence. "The history which these sculptures are intended to commemorate evidently commences in the lowest entablature, where an ecclesiastic in a long cloak, fastened with a brooch, and holding a staff in his hand, stands between two figures, either soldiers or robbers, each armed with a long Danish sword, and dressed in a tight jerkin and trunk hose, plaited round the thigh, and ending above the knee. Both have long moustaches, and their head-dresses consist of close caps

falling behind, not unlike the present Neapolitan cap. Some of these resemble, in a remarkable manner, the illuminations figured in the Book of Kells, previously described. In the compartment over this, the same personages are represented as students, each with a book, but the soldiers have assumed the ecclesiastical garb, although they retain the moustache. In the top compartment, the figures are again repeated, all in long flowing dresses; the central one—then, perhaps, aged, or at the point of death—is represented giving his staff to one, and his book to the other of his former assailants.”

Another very curious illustration of costume is derived by Dr. Wilde from a large book-cover formed of the blade-bone of a whale, and elaborately carved with quaint devices. On the surface is displayed a shield with the device of the Geraldines, underneath which is represented the curious group engraved here.



Fig. 200.

The above group “represents five figures engaged in some sort of game; each is clothed with a short jerkin or tunic, made full, and plaited below the waist, with slashed sleeves, which are also striped and parti-coloured. They also wear striped and plaited vests, and two of them have knee-breeches. All may have been intended to be so clad; but there are three not so highly finished as the two others. They have all long, flowing hair; two are bare-headed; two wear round hats with up-turned brims, and the fifth is crowned with a peculiar head-dress, possibly belonging to the game, and decorated with three feathers. The external figures are represented in the act of throwing rings or quoits, and the central one is armed with a short, straight sword.”

A most curiously exact representation of the Irish costume of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries has been put together, and is exhibited in one of the illustrations, from the various sources described in the following extract, which, although long, is too interesting to be abridged.

"In 1824, a male body, completely clad in woollen garments of antique fashion, was found in a box, six feet beneath the surface, in the parish of Killery, county of Sligo. In 1843 the dress of a female, also in the costume of some centuries back, was dug out of a bog in the county of Tipperary, and in 1847 a woollen cap was discovered in the county of Kerry. From these articles, all of which are in an astonishingly perfect state of preservation, and placed in the first compartment of the southern gallery of the Museum, we can form a very good idea of our ancient dress and manufactures of about the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. No weapon was discovered near the body in the county of Sligo, but a long staff lay under it; and attached to the hand by a leather thong was said to have been a small bag of untanned leather, containing a ball of worsted thread, and also a small silver coin, which was unfortunately lost. The head-dress, which soon fell to pieces, is said to have been a conical cap of sheep-skin, probably the ancient *barread*. So perfect was the body when first discovered, that a magistrate was called upon to hold an inquest on it. In the accompanying figure, drawn from a photograph of a person clad in this antique suit (except the shoes, which are too small for an adult of even medium size) we are enabled to present the reader with a fair representation of the costume of the native Irish of about the fifteenth century. The cloak or mantle, composed of brown soft cloth, closely woven with a twill (but not so fine as that in the coat), is straight on the upper edge, which is nine feet long, but cut into nearly a segment of a circle on the lower. In the centre, where it is almost four feet across, it consists of two breadths, and a small lower fragment; the upper breadth is fifteen, and the lower twenty inches wide. It is a particularly graceful garment, and is in a wonderfully good state of preservation.

"In texture, the coat consists of a coarse brown woollen cloth or flannel, with a diagonal twill, or diaper. In make it is a sort of frock or tunic, and has been much worn in the sleeves. The back is formed out of one piece, extending into the skirt, which latter is two feet long, and made very full all round, by a number of gussets, like the slashed doublets of Spanish fashion. It measures eight feet in circumference at the bottom. Gussets, broad at the top, are also inserted between the back and breast, below the arm-pits, and meet the gores of the skirt gussets at the waist. It is single breasted, and has fourteen circular buttons ingeniously formed out of the same material as the coat itself, and worked with woollen thread. The breadth of the back is eighteen inches,

which was probably the width of the cloth. The collar is narrow, as in some of the most fashionable frock-coats of the present day. The sleeves consist of two portions joined at an angle across the elbow, below which it is open like that of the modern Greek or Albanian jacket, and has twelve small buttons extending along the outer flap. Where the sleeve joins the back, a full gusset is inserted, and the cuff consists of a slight turn-in, an inch and a half wide. The inside and lower portion of each sleeve has been much worn, and is patched with a coarse felt-like material of black and orange plaid, similar to that in the trowsers found on the same body. All the seams of this garment are sewn with a woollen thread of three plies.

"The trowsers or trews are of a coarser material than the coat, and consist of two distinct parts, of different colours and textures. The upper is a bag of thick, coarse, yellowish-brown cloth, nineteen inches deep, doubled below, and passing for some way down on the thighs. It is sewn up at the sides, and made full behind. The legs are composed of a brown and orange yellow (or saffron colour) plaid, in equal squares of about an inch wide, and woven straight across; but each leg-piece has been cut bias, so as to bring the diagonal of the plaid along the length of the limb, and it is inserted into a slit in the front of the bag, extending inwards and upwards from the outer angle. The legs are as narrow as those of a pair of modern pantaloons, and must have fitted the limbs tightly; they are sewn up behind, with the seam outside, while in the bag portion the seams are inside. Below, the legs are scoloped or cut out both over the instep and the heel, the extremities coming down to points at the sides. The angle in front is strengthened by an ingenious piece of needle-work like that used in working button-holes. It is said that these ends were attached behind to the uppers of the shoes, Nos. 16 and 17, described at page 291. All the sewing in this garment was also effected with woollen thread, but of only two plies. These close-fitting trowsers are evidently the ancient Celtic *braccæ* or chequered many-coloured lower garment, the *triubhais* or *truis*, now drawn from nature, and explaining by the way they were attached to the sacculated portion above, and the shoes below, many hitherto unaccountable expressions in Giraldus, especially when he says, 'The Irish wear breeches ending in shoes, or shoes ending in breeches.' Archdeacon Lynch, in his *Cambrensis Eversus*, writing in 1662, says on this subject, 'The breeches used by the Irish was a long garment, not cut at the knees, but comprising in itself the sandals, the stocking, and the drawers, and drawn by one pull over the feet and thighs. [They] cover the groin, but not sufficiently, if the long skirts of the tunic were not wrapped over them.'—pp. 326 9.

From these interesting fragments some idea may be formed of Dr. Wilde's general treatment of the subject of

costume, as a branch of national antiquities. The ingenuity with which he has gathered together from the most dissimilar, and even incongruous sources, scraps and fragments of information bearing more or less remotely on the subject, or suggestive of some theory or conjecture which might be employed in illustrating it, is a rare example of the almost instinctive felicity with which the mind of a cultivated scholar is enabled to seize on all the minutiae, however scattered and obscure, of the subject with which he has to deal; to borrow from each, light for the illustration of its fellows, as well as of the common whole; and to combine all into one connected picture, exhibiting, almost in their completeness, all, even the smallest details of the subject.

Much interest and curiosity were excited some years since by the reproduction, as objects of fashionable *bijouterie*, of some of the antique patterns of the Irish brooch, and of the Irish mantle and hair pin. In specimens of these objects the Museum of the Academy is very rich; and although the present portion of Dr. Wilde's Catalogue does not comprise the precious metals, nevertheless, the examples selected are exceedingly curious, and present a very large variety.

Of the pins, we confine ourselves to one or two specimens. The following is selected for the grotesqueness of its design.



This curious relic is of bone, and was found in a field near Newbridge, in the county of Kildare. It is extremely well carved, and the figure may call to mind the grotesque imaginations in which the architects of some of the mediæval buildings were wont to indulge. Several pins of similar material and of equally excellent workmanship, though of less fanciful design, have been found in the county of Westmeath, and are still remarkably fresh and well preserved.

We purpose, however, to place before the reader specimens which may more strictly be described as of a purely national design and character; and with this view we turn rather to the objects in bronze, a very favourite material in the ornamental arts, whether sacred or profane, in Ireland.

Fig. 214.

No. 13.

Of the bronze *ring-pins*, Dr. Wilde has figured no fewer than fourteen.

The following are characteristic specimens.



Fig. 453.
No. 126.



Fig. 454.
No. 422.

Each of these is the representative of a class. The first, which has several fellows in the Museum, "illustrates the decorated shank, central elevation, and cleft head, with recurved spires, like that seen in the pommels of some Danish swords; it is $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, and the portion here drawn is the natural size."



Fig. 455. No. 195.

The second may remind the ecclesiologist of the peculiar form of the corona of the ancient Irish monumental cross. The third "represents, of the true size, the largest of a series of *hammer-headed pins*, that appear to be of a special and peculiarly Irish pattern. Each has a central aperture, with a pectinated set of jewel-holes, generally five, above the flat semicircular enamelled face. The elevated cast decoration within the margin is usually of the bird pattern, and only rises to the level of the enamel."

The following specimens, however, are more interesting, as exhibiting in a very marked manner, the well-known scroll pattern which is common in the illustrative art of Ireland from the seventh century downwards.



Fig. 464.
No. 302.

In these examples, the ring, which is a common feature of all, "assumes the form of a coin or flattened disk, with a notch at top to allow it free play in the loop. In some specimens the disk of the coin-pin is quite smooth and plain; but in others, as in that here represented, it is highly ornate, and decorated with a funiform pattern."

This curious and characteristic pattern, however, as indeed in general the richness and variety of the designs, is displayed to far greater advantage in the larger ornament which was in use for fastening the cloak, or the folds of the over-garment, and which is usually



Fig. 465.
No. 326.

known as the *Ring-brooch*. The elaborate and exquisitely finished trinket known as the *Tara Brooch* is a familiar example of this class. The following, though not uncommon in collections, are less popularly known.



Fig. 469, No. 344.



Fig. 470, No. 346.

We are tempted to add another example of this curious and peculiar scroll-work, as well for the superior beauty of its execution, as because it may in some sense be regarded as a memorial of one to whom antiquarian science, both in Ireland and in England, is deeply indebted—the late lamented J. M. Kemble. The brooch figured here was, in his opinion, the finest specimen of bronze workmanship in the collection of the Academy. One of his last works, before his fatal illness, was a careful drawing of this rare and curious object.



Fig. 476, No. 476.

It was found in the *crannog* (or insular mound surrounded by bog,) of Ardakillen, near Strokestown, in Roscommon. "The decoration on the enlarged ends partakes of the Celtic trumpet-pattern, a miniature facsimile of those curious bosses of thin sheet brass already referred to, and like them hammered or punched up from behind; while the central connecting curved strap, decorated with a raised intertwinement, like that seen on some of our sculptured crosses, and in the illumination of ancient manuscripts, would appear to have been cast. The exceedingly thin ornamented plate in front is fastened by eight rivets to a stout flat plate, behind, which also overlaps the edges of the strap. The flat pin is hinged behind."

We are unwilling to forestall by further specimens the interest with which our readers will enjoy a personal examination of the contents of this most admirable work: but we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of introducing one further illustration, which presents in a single group a large variety of the wind-instruments preserved in the Academy, many of which have given occasion to much discussion.

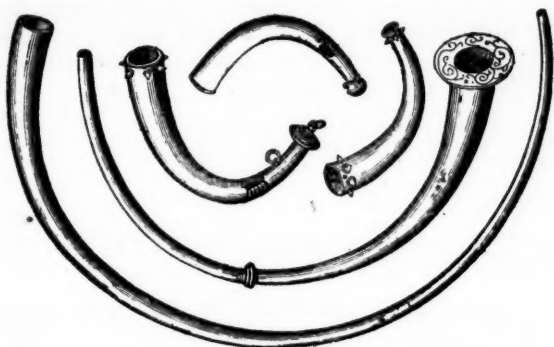


Fig. 524. No. 2. Fig. 525. No. 11. Fig. 526. No. 12.
 Fig. 527. No. 8. Fig. 528. No. 9.

For the description of these various instruments, for the ingenious processes by which some of them were constructed, and especially for the manner in which certain among them were used, we must refer to Dr. Wilde's own most interesting pages. From some of them, strange as it may appear, it is impossible, by any hitherto devised effort, to extract a musical sound. And it has come to be regarded as certain that their use was rather as speaking-trumpets, to be employed as a means of transmitting signals of command in the uproar of battle, or through the distant windings of the chace.

In closing our Notice of this portion of Dr. Wilde's Catalogue, we cannot forbear expressing our earnest hope that he may before long be induced to extend his labours to the objects in the precious metals, and especially to the sacred antiquities, in which the Museum is peculiarly rich. Dr. Wilde, in alluding to the subject of costume, expresses an earnest wish that Dr. Petrie, whom he truly describes as the one man qualified to produce a monograph on the sculptured crosses of Ireland worthy of so various and so noble a theme, could be induced to undertake the subject of ancient Irish costume, in so far as it is illustrated by these sculptures. While we cordially join in this wish, we cannot help adding, that we shall be greatly disappointed if, with the materials which this present catalogue either contains or indicates, Dr. Wilde himself will not undertake the *whole subject* of Irish costume, as illus-

trated from all the various sources of information of which he is so clearly master. Such a work would take its place with the highest class of antiquarian literature in our own or any other European language.

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- ART. V.—1. *Recollections of a Detective Police Officer.* By "Waters." London : J. & C. Burn & Co. Ave Maria Lane. 1856.
2. *Same.* Second Series. London : W. Kent & Co. Paternoster Row. 1859.
3. *Diary of an Ex-Detective.* Edited by Charles Martel. London : Ward & Lock, 158, Fleet Street. 1859.
4. *The Detective's Note-Book.* Edited by Charles Martel. London : Ward & Lock, 158, Fleet Street. 1860.
5. *The Irish Police Officer.* Comprising the Identification and other Tales, founded upon remarkable trials in Ireland. By Robert Curtis, County Inspector of the Irish Constabulary. London : Ward & Lock, 158, Fleet Street. 1861.

THE omniscient Ruler looking down from above searches every corner of the rolling earth, and with mingled pity and contempt views the efforts made by the guilty man to cloak his crime.

The black curtain of the night—the solitude of the lonely waste—the thickest walls—the securest doors—avail nothing for concealment from that penetrating glance which searches not only the acts but the innermost thoughts of men. The malefactor may exhaust his ingenuity to weave around him, as he fondly hopes, an impervious web of mystery ; he may accumulate precaution upon precaution, and heap falsehood upon falsehood—in an instant, at the appointed hour, the web is rent asunder, and the truth as beheld from the first by the all-seeing Eye, is now uncovered to the general gaze by the Omnipotent arm.

So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
 'Till blood for blood atones ;
 Aye, though he's buried in a cave,
 And trodden down with stones,
 And years have rotted off his flesh,
 The world shall see his bones !

The range of *human* vision, is however, limited, and the war of human wits is waged on more equal grounds. A solitary wretch contends against the united vigilance and penetration of a host of foes, and single-handed, frequently conquers in the fight. Uneducated and untrained in all save guilt, and in that, alas! too finished an adept—ignorant, brutal, and depressed, he baffles every effort that refined intelligence, superior skill, and the strength of a righteous cause, can bring to bear against him, and finally succeeds in preserving from the grasp of the law that existence which the sting of remorse has, in many instances, rendered an intolerable burthen.

No lesson, surely, can be more powerful to teach man the fallibility of his own judgment, than the success so frequently attending these efforts on the part of guilt to baffle and mislead. What more stern warning against rash conclusions! How frequently have we seen a chain of circumstances pointing, apparently, with irresistible force to some particular conclusion, suddenly disjoined and scattered by the eliciting of a new fact by which the pursuit is instantly led away into a wholly different direction!

Most of us in our own persons, at some period of our lives, must have winced under the sharp infliction of an unjust accusation, and seen a number of circumstances of a perfectly innocent character, marshalled against us as conclusive of our guilt; and when all were stated and arrayed, felt our very belief in our innocence staggered, by the powerful effect produced on even our own informed minds. We have then felt how clear our guilt must have appeared to others who, unable to read the secrets of hearts, judged from the facts before them; and the bitterness of our feeling of injustice has been moderated, and our wounded self-esteem solaced if not cured, by the reflection.

As we have advanced in life our experience of the world and the results of observation and reflection, have taught us still greater tolerance of such apparent injustice. We are, under such circumstances, partaking merely of the common lot, and suffering the effects of the general infirmity of Human Nature, which condemns us on such proofs, as we in our turn would think a full justification to ourselves for concluding another guilty. Thus indeed does the judge often, equally with the accused, become the victim

of circumstances, and probably in many instances suffer more in mind when convinced of his mistake than the supposed criminal has done from the injustice done him; and amongst men of right feeling, few would be found who would not prefer to have suffered from the unjust accusation than to have been the prosecutor of the injustice, no matter how fully every principle of human law and natural equity might have warranted the presumption of guilt.

Providence, in its wisdom, has seen fit to limit man's mental vision, and has made many things mysterious to him. It has allowed the hand of the assassin to cut short many a virtuous and valuable life, and permitted the crime to pass, in this world at least, undetected and unpunished, and has even permitted the criminal to pass through life without one "compunctious visiting," one qualm of conscience. Mocking, as it were, the wisdom of man, it has suffered life to be taken away in the broad glare of noon, in the middle of a crowded city, in the heart of a skilfully-trained police, without the faintest clue to trace the murderer, and on the other hand it has given to the criminal the silence of midnight, the solitude of the forest or plain, the absence or deep repose of man, and every aid, as it were, to concealment and escape, and suddenly without a stir on the part of human justice, has laid a denouncing finger on the guilty head, and pointed it out to the world, where most unsuspected and unsought.

One slays his victim almost in the face of the ministers of justice, and escapes without haste or rapid flight. Another adopts numerous precautions, and exhausts ingenuity in devising plans of concealment, and is detected with his victim's blood warm upon his hands.

How powerless are the most elaborate devices for concealment when the hand of heaven is raised to expose the guilt! everything appears perfect, nothing seems to have been neglected, but just at the proper moment, some apparently trifling omission or commission, some seemingly unimportant safeguard omitted, is disclosed, leading like the clue of silk to the inmost recesses of the labyrinth.

Let us not be taken, however, as suggesting the total inutility of human investigation in circumstances of mysterious guilt. On the contrary, we believe that in most instances a key to the whole complication is available, when sought for in a spirit of logical and philosophical enquiry.

This is not the spirit in which such enquiries are pursued in this country. The detection of crime is committed to persons of inferior education and imperfect training, who pursue their investigations after a certain fashion which they seldom in the least improve. There is no responsible and superior head charged with the task and whose reputation for sagacity and skill is at stake on each occasion, and consequently many crimes escape detection, and the system continues imperfect and inefficient.

Some time ago Mr. Charles Dickens gave us in the pages of "*Household Words*," a series of narratives communicated to him, as he tells us, by certain astute London detectives. We are bound, of course, to accept these narratives as principally, if not wholly founded upon fact, though at the time at which we read them, it struck us that there was more delicate and refined detective reasoning power exhibited by the officers than we should have been disposed to think they possessed. In truth we think that the every day expression of the policeman in the witness-box, "from information which I have received," is the key to the whole system, which depends almost entirely for its support upon the aid of informers. The haunts and associates of each notorious criminal are well known to the police, and let but circumstances once fasten suspicion on an individual, and persevering enquiries, aided by pecuniary inducements, will soon satisfy the officer if his suspicions are well founded. It is true even in the case of crimes committed by persons whose lives are not devoted to crime, that the modern detective is generally at fault. This seems to be the case in the Road Murder, which was evidently not the work of a regular criminal. Here was a mystery the only chance of solving which, lay in the application to the peculiar circumstances of the case, of certain well-known rules familiar to persons experienced in the detection of crime. We shall presently see how in other cases the truth has been elicited through the application of such rules by the superior intelligence of an acute observer seizing upon apparently an unimportant fact.

Just now books of narratives of detectives and ex-detectives are all the fashion. Diaries, note-books, and confessions issue from the press in shoals, and one would naturally expect to find amongst them a complete disclosure of an ingenious and successful system. With, however, one or two exceptions, there is evidently no

reality in any of these productions, which are as poor, and occasionally as vulgar in style, as they are commonplace and uninteresting in narrative.

Were the brilliant but unfortunate Edgar Allan Poe now living and disposed to take advantage of the hunger for such productions, what a series of thrilling and exciting inventions would he not produce !

In addition to his high poetic genius he possessed a most extraordinary power of eliminating conclusions from almost imperceptible premisses ; of reconciling incongruities and applying facts.

His story of the Gold Beetle is a striking illustration.

Legrand is a decayed gentleman of good family who tries to hide his mortification at the loss of fortune in a hut built upon a little island about nine miles distant from Charleston, South Carolina. His sole companions in solitude are an attached negro and a Newfoundland dog. He solaces his time chiefly by devotion to enquiries in Natural History, and in the course of his rambles meets with and attempts to secure in his fingers a rare scarabæus or beetle, which, with its wings of burnished gold, gives the title to the story. The little animal resents this liberty with a vigorous bite, and Legrand is forced to order the negro to secure the prize, which the latter effects by grasping it with a piece of paper which he finds lying on the ground, near at hand. Legrand, returning home, meets with an officer, stationed at a neighbouring fort, who, like himself, is devoted to natural history, and lends him, at his urgent request, the beetle. The same evening the narrator of the story, which is told in the first person, visits Legrand at his hut, and is informed by the latter, with some exultation, of the discovery of the beetle, which Legrand endeavours to describe, and of which he eventually makes a sketch upon a piece of paper, or as it subsequently turns out to be, parchment, which he takes from his pocket, and which is the piece in which the negro secured the insect on its first discovery. Just as the narrator, whom we may call the author, is about to inspect the sketch, he is interrupted by the dog entering the hut and fawning upon him, and when, after a little while he resumes his examination of the parchment, he thinks he can trace upon it not a sketch of the scarabæus, but the figure of a skull. Some little discussion hereupon ensues, upon what Legrand at first imagines is his friend's mistake, but he is eventually himself appar-

ently struck on examining the paper, and hastily puts it away in his desk. The friends part, and a month after, the old negro calls upon the author and expresses his fears that Legrand his master is not in his right mind, and eventually hands the author a letter in which his presence at the hut the same evening on important business is requested. On going down to the wharf, the author observes lying in the bottom of the boat which is to convey himself and the negro to the island, three spades and a scythe, all apparently new. To the enquiries of the author as to what use Legrand can possibly have for these implements the negro is unable to reply. They reach the hut, and the author is struck by the excited and nervous appearance of Legrand, for whose mental sanity he becomes concerned when the beetle is produced, and stated to be the index to limitless gold and fortune. Legrand then proceeds to acquaint the author, who views with sadness these apparent symptoms of incipient madness in his friend, that it is necessary to take an immediate excursion into the mainland, and accordingly the two friends, accompanied by the negro, and followed by the dog, set off upon their voyage of discovery. Legrand appears, at all events, capable of leading the way, and the party at last reaches a secluded spot of wild and rugged aspect, and on which stand several trees of great height. Legrand forces the negro, carrying the beetle attached to a piece of string, to ascend one of these trees—a tulip tree of towering height, and to go out to the extremity of one of its arms. At the extremity of this limb of the tree, the negro finds, nailed to the branch, a human skull, through the left eye of which Legrand orders him to drop the gold beetle. The negro obeys, or seems to obey, and Legrand proceeds to clear with the scythe the spot upon which the beetle has fallen, and then having extended a line from this point some fifty feet from the tree, with the reluctant aid of his friend and Jupiter begins to dig deeply into the earth. After considerable labour, Legrand appears at last to be convinced of the fruitlessness of his toil, and resigns the task of further labour with an air of sad disappointment. The party turns towards home, when, suddenly, Legrand turns upon the negro, and in a seeming frenzy, takes him by the throat, and calls upon the affrighted creature to tell him which is his *left* eye, the negro promptly indicates his *right*, and his master forthwith appears to be endowed with new life, and ex-

presses his joy by frantic gestures. He leads the party back to the tree, and, allowing for the distance between the spot at which the beetle originally fell, and that which it would have touched had it been dropped through the left eye of the skull, describes a new line, and selects a spot distant several yards from the first, and, aided by the negro and the author, a new attempt is made, rewarded at last by the discovery of a vast treasure.

The explanation of the apparently strange proceedings of Legrand is thus subsequently given.

"'You remember,' said he, 'the night when I handed you the rough sketch I had made of the scarabæus. You recollect also, that I became quite vexed at you for insisting that my drawing resembled a death's-head. When you first made this assertion, I thought you were jesting; but afterwards I called to mind the peculiar spots on the back of the insect, and admitted to myself that your remark had some little foundation in fact. Still, the sneer at my graphic powers irritated me, for I am considered a good artist, and therefore, when you handed me the scrap of parchment, I was about to crumple it up, and throw it angrily into the fire.'

"'The scrap of paper, you mean,' said I.

"'No; it had much of the appearance of paper, and at first I supposed it to be such, but when I came to draw upon it, I discovered it at once to be a piece of very thin parchment. It was quite dirty, you remember. Well, as I was in the very act of crumpling it up, my glance fell upon the sketch, at which you had been looking, and you may imagine my astonishment when I perceived, in fact, the figure of a death's-head just where it seemed to me I had made the drawing of the beetle. For a moment I was too much amazed to think with accuracy. I knew that my design was very different in detail from this, although there was a certain similarity in general outline. Presently I took a candle, and seating myself at the other end of the room, proceeded to scrutinize the parchment more closely. Upon turning it over, I saw my own sketch upon the reverse, just as I had made it. My first idea, now, was mere surprise at the really remarkable similarity of outline, at the singular coincidence involved in the fact that, unknown to me, there should have been a skull upon the other side of the parchment, immediately beneath my figure of the scarabæus, and that this skull not only in outline, but in size, should so closely resemble my drawing. I say the singularity of this coincidence, absolutely stupified me, for a time. This is the usual effect of such coincidences. The mind struggles to establish a connection—a sequence of cause and effect—and, being unable to do so, suffers a species of temporary paralysis. But, when I recovered from this stupor, there dawned upon me gradually, a conviction which startled me even

far more than the coincidence. I began distinctly, positively, to remember that there had been no drawing upon the parchment when I made my sketch of the scarabæus. I became perfectly certain of this ; for I recollected turning up first one side and then the other, in search of the cleanest spot. Had the scull been then there, of course I could not have failed to notice it. Here was indeed a mystery which I felt it impossible to explain ; but, even at that early moment, there seemed to glimmer faintly, within the most remote and secret chambers of my intellect, a glow-worm like conception of that truth which last night's adventure brought to so magnificent a demonstration. I arose at once, and putting the parchment securely away, dismissed all further reflection until I should be alone.

“When you had gone, and when Jupiter was fast asleep, I betook myself to a more methodical investigation of the affair. In the first place, I considered the manner in which the parchment had come into my possession. The spot where we discovered the scarabæus, was on the coast of the main land, about a mile eastward of the island, and but a short distance above high-water mark. Upon my taking hold of it, it gave me a sharp bite, which caused me to let it drop. Jupiter, with his accustomed caution, before seizing the insect, which had flown towards him, looked about him for a leaf, or something of that nature, by which to take hold of it. It was at this moment that his eyes, and mine also, fell upon the scrap of parchment, which I then supposed to be paper. It was lying half buried in the sand, a corner sticking up. Near the spot where we found it, I observed the remnants of the hull of what appeared to have been a ship's long-boat. The wreck seemed to have been there for a very great while ; for the resemblance to boat timbers could scarcely be traced.

“Well, Jupiter picked up the parchment, wrapped the beetle in it, and gave it to me. Soon afterwards we turned to go home, and on the way met Lieutenant G——, I showed him the insect, and he begged me to let him take it to the port. Upon my consenting, he thrust it forthwith into his waistcoat pocket, without the parchment in which it had been wrapped, and which I had continued to hold in my hand during his inspection. Perhaps he dreaded my changing my mind, and thought it best to make sure of the prize at once : you know how enthusiastic he is on all subjects connected with Natural History. At the same time, without being conscious of it, I must have deposited the parchment in my own pocket.

“You remember that when I went to the table for the purpose of making a sketch of the beetle, I found no paper where it was usually kept. I looked in the drawer, and found none there. I searched my pockets, hoping to find an old letter, when my hand fell upon the parchment. I thus detail the precise mode in which

it came into my possession; for the circumstances impressed me with peculiar force.

“No doubt you will think me fanciful, but I have already established a kind of *connection*. I had put together two lengths of a great chain. There was a boat lying upon a sea-coast, and not far from the boat was a parchment—not a paper—with a skull depicted upon it. You will of course ask ‘where is the connection?’ I reply that the skull or death’s-head is the well known emblem of the pirate. The flag of the death’s-head is hoisted in all engagements.

“I have said that the scrap was parchment, and not paper. Parchment is durable—almost imperishable. Matters of little moment are rarely consigned to parchment; since, for the mere ordinary purposes of drawing or writing, it is not nearly so well adapted as paper. This reflection suggested some meaning—some relevancy—in the death’s-head. I did not fail to observe, also, the form of the parchment. Although one of its corners had been, by some accident, destroyed, it could be seen that the original form was oblong. It was just such a slip, indeed, as might have been chosen for a memorandum—for a record of something to be long remembered and carefully preserved.

“‘But,’ I interposed, ‘you say that the skull was not upon the parchment when you made the drawing of the beetle. How then do you trace any connection between the boat and the skull, since this latter, according to your own admission, must have been designed (God only knows how or by whom), at some period subsequent to your sketching the scarabæus?’

“‘Ah, hereupon turns the whole mystery; although the secret, at this point, I had comparatively little difficulty in solving. My steps were sure, and could afford but a single result. I reasoned, for example, thus: when I drew the scarabæus, there was no skull apparent upon the parchment. When I had completed the drawing, I gave it to you, and observed you narrowly until you returned it. You, therefore, did not design the skull, and no one else was present to do it. Then it was not done by human agency. And, nevertheless, it was done.

“‘At this stage of my reflections, I endeavoured to remember, and did remember, with entire distinctness, every incident which occurred about the period in question. The weather was chilly (oh, rare and happy accident!) and a fire was blazing upon the hearth. I was heated with exercise, and sat near the table,—you, however, had drawn a chair close to the chimney. Just as I placed the parchment in your hand, and as you were in the act of inspecting it, Wolf, the Newfoundland dog, entered, and leaped upon your shoulders. With your left hand you caressed him and kept him off, while your right, holding the parchment, was permitted to fall listlessly between your knees, and in close proximity to the fire. At one moment I thought the blaze had caught it, and was about

to caution you, but before I could speak, you had withdrawn it, and were engaged in its examination. When I considered all these particulars, I doubted not for a moment that heat had been the agent in bringing to light upon the parchment, the skull which I saw depicted upon it. You are well aware that chemical preparations exist, and have existed time out mind, by means of which it is possible to write upon either paper or vellum, so that the characters shall become visible only when subjected to the action of fire. Zaffre, digested in aqua regia, and diluted with four times its weight of water, is sometimes employed: a green tint results. The regulus of cobalt, dissolved in spirit of nitre, gives a red. These colours disappear at longer or shorter intervals, after the material written upon cools, but again become apparent upon the reapplication of heat.

"I now scrutinized the death's-head with care. Its outer edges—the edges of the drawing nearest the edge of the vellum—were far more distinct than the others. It was clear that the action of the caloric had been imperfect or unequal. I immediately kindled a fire, and subjected every portion of the parchment to a glowing heat. At first, the only effect was the strengthening of the faint lines in the skull; but, upon persevering in the experiment, there became visible, at the corner of the slip, diagonally opposite to the spot in which the death's-head was delineated, the figure of what I at first supposed to be a goat. A closer scrutiny, however, satisfied me that it was intended for a kid."

"Ha! ha!" said I, "to be sure, I have no right to laugh at you—a million and a half of money is too serious a matter for mirth—but you are about to establish a third link in your chain—you will not find any special connection between your pirates and a goat—pirates, you know, have nothing to do with goats; they appertain to the farming interest."

"But I have just said that the figure was not that of a goat."

"Well, a kid, then—pretty much the same thing."

"Pretty much, but not altogether," said Legrand.

"You may have heard of one Captain Kidd. I at once looked upon the figure of the animal as a kind of punning or hieroglyphical signature. I say signature, because its position on the vellum suggested this idea. The death's-head at the corner, diagonally opposite, had, in the same manner, the air of a stamp, or seal. But I was sorely put out by the absence of all else—of the body to my imagined instrument—of the text for my context."

"I presume you expected to find a letter between the stamp and the signature."

"Something of that kind. The fact is, I felt irresistibly impressed with a presentiment of some vast good fortune impending. I can scarcely say why. Perhaps, after all, it was rather a desire than an actual belief. But do you know that Jupiter's silly words, about the beetle being of solid gold, had a remarkable

effect upon my fancy? And then the series of accidents and coincidences—these were so very extraordinary. Do you observe how mere an accident it was these events should have occurred upon the sole day of all the year in which it has been, or may be, sufficiently cool for fire, and that without the fire, or without the intervention of the dog at the precise moment in which he appeared, I should never have become aware of the death's-head, and so never the possessor of the treasure?’

“‘But proceed—I am all impatience.’

“‘Well, you have heard, of course, the many stories current—the thousand vague rumours afloat, about money buried, somewhere upon the Atlantic coast, by Kidd and his associates. These rumours must have had some foundation in fact. And that the rumours have existed so long and so continuous, could have resulted, it appeared to me, only from the circumstances of the buried treasure still remaining entombed. Had Kidd concealed his plunder for a time, and afterwards reclaimed it, the rumours would scarcely have reached us in their present unvarying form. You will observe that the stories told are all about money-seekers, not about money-finders. Had the pirate recovered his money, there the affair would have dropped. It seemed to me that some accident—say the loss of a memorandum indicating its locality—had deprived him of the means of recovering it, and that this accident had become known to his followers, who otherwise might never have heard that treasure had been concealed at all, and who, busying themselves in vain, because unguided, attempts to regain it, had given first birth, and then universal currency to the reports which are now so common. Have you ever heard of any important treasure being unearthed along the coast?’

“‘Never.’

“‘But that Kidd’s accumulations were immense, is well known. I took it for granted, therefore, that the earth still held them; and you will scarcely be surprised when I tell you that I felt a hope, nearly amounting to certainty, that the parchment so strangely found involved a lost record of the place of deposit.’

“‘But how did you proceed?’

“‘I held the vellum again to the fire, after increasing the heat; but nothing appeared. I now thought it possible that the coating of dirt might have something to do with the failure; so I carefully rinsed the parchment by pouring warm water over it, and, upon having done this, I placed it in a tin pan, with the skull downwards, and put the pan upon a furnace of lighted charcoal. In a few minutes, the pan having become thoroughly heated, I removed the slip, and to my inexpressible joy, found it spotted in several places, with what appeared to be figures ranged in lines. Again I placed it in the pan, and suffered it to remain another minute. Upon taking it off, the whole was just as you see it now.’

“‘Here, Legrand, having reheated the parchment, submitted it

to my inspection. The following characters were rudely traced, in a red tint between the death's-head and the goat :

53††(305))6*;4826)4†.);806*;48†8¶60))85;1†::†*
 8†83(88)5*†;46(88*96*?;8)*†(485);5*+2:*†(4956*2(
 5*—4)8¶8*;4069285);6†8)4††;1(†9;48081;8:8†1;48†8
 5;4)485†528806*81(†9;48;(88;4(†734;48)4†;161;:188;†?;

“ ‘But,’ said I, returning him the slip, ‘I am as much in the dark as ever. Were all the jewels of Golconda awaiting me upon my solution of this enigma, I am quite sure that I should be unable to earn them.’

“ ‘And yet,’ said Legrand, ‘the solution is by no means so difficult as you might be led to imagine from the first hazy inspection of the characters. These characters, as any one might readily guess, form a cipher; that is to say, they convey a meaning; but then, from what is known of Kidd, I could not suppose him capable of constructing any of the more abstruse cryptographs. I made up my mind at once that this was of a simple species—such, however, as would appear, to the crude intellect of the sailor, absolutely insoluble without the key.’

“ ‘And you really solved it?’

“ ‘Readily; I have solved others of an abstruseness ten thousand times greater. Circumstances, and a certain bias of mind, have led me to take interest in such riddles, and it may well be doubted whether human ingenuity can construct an enigma of the kind which human ingenuity may not, by proper application, resolve. In fact, having once established connected and legible characters, I scarcely gave a thought to the mere difficulty of developing their import.

“ ‘In the present case—indeed in all cases of secret writing—the first question regards the *language* of the cipher; for the principles of solution, so far especially as the more simple ciphers are concerned, depend upon and are varied by, the genius of the particular idiom. In general, there is no alternative but experiment, (directed by probabilities), of every tongue known to him who attempts the solution, until the true one be attained. But, with the cipher now before us, all difficulty was removed by the signature. The pun upon the word ‘Kidd’ is appreciable in no other language than the English. But for this consideration I should have begun my attempts with the Spanish and French, as the tongues in which a secret of this kind would most naturally have been written by a pirate of the Spanish main. As it was, I assumed the cryptograph to be English.

“ ‘You observe, there are no divisions between the words. Had there been divisions, the task would have been comparatively easy. In such case I should have commenced with a collation and analysis of the shorter words, and had a word of a single letter occurred, as

is most likely, a or I, for example, I should have considered the solution as assured. But, there being no division, my first step was to ascertain the predominant letters, as well as the least frequent. Counting all, I constructed a table, thus :

Of the characters	8	there are	33
"	"	;	26
"	"	4	19
"	"	†)	16
"	"	*	13
"	"	5	12
"	"	6	11
"	"	†1	8
"	"	0	6
"	"	92	5
"	"	:3	4
"	"	?	3
"	"	¶	2
"	"	—	1

"Now, in English, the letter which most frequently occurs is e. Afterwards, the succession runs thus: *a o i d h n r s t u y c f g l m w b k p q x z*. *E* predominates so remarkably, that an individual sentence of any length, is rarely seen, in which it is not the prevailing character.

"Here, then, we have, in the very beginning, the groundwork for something more than a mere guess. The general use which may be made of the table is obvious; but in this particular cipher we shall only very partially require its aid. As our predominant character is 8, we will commence by assuming it as the e of the natural alphabet. To verify the supposition, let us observe if the 8 be seen often in couples—for e is doubled with great frequency in English—in such words, for example, as 'meet,' 'fleet,' speed,' sneer,' 'been,' 'agree,' &c. In the present instance, we see it doubled no less than five times, although the cryptograph is brief.

"Let us assume 8, then, as *e*. Now, of all words in the language, 'the' is most usual; let us see, therefore, whether there are not repetitions of any three characters, in the same order of collocation, the last of them being 8. If we discover repetitions of such letters, so arranged, they will most probably represent the word 'the.' Upon inspection we find no less than seven such arrangements, the characters being ;48. We may, therefore, assume that ; represents t, 4 represents h, and 8 represents e—the last being now well confirmed. Thus, a great step has been taken.

"But, having established a single word, we are enabled to establish a vastly important point; that is to say, several commencements and terminations of other words. Let us refer, for example, to the last instance but one, in which the combinations 48 occurs—not far from the end of the cipher. We know that the ;

immediately ensuing is the commencement of a word, and of the six characters succeeding this 'the,' we are cognizant of no less than five. Let us set these characters down, thus, by the letters we know them to represent, leaving a space for the unknown.

t eeth.

"Here we are enabled at once to discard the 'th,' as forming no portion of the word commencing with the first t; since, by experiment of the entire alphabet for a letter adapted to the vacancy, we perceive that no word can be formed of which this th can be a part. We are thus narrowed into

t ee,

and, going through the alphabet, if necessary, as before, we arrive at the word 'tree,' as the sole possible reading. We thus gain another letter, r, represented by (, with the words, 'the tree,' in juxtaposition.

"Looking beyond these words, for a short distance, we again see the combination ;48, and employ it by way of termination to what immediately precedes. We have thus this arrangement:

the tree ;4(†?34 the

or, substituting the natural letters, where known, it reads thus:

the tree thr †?3 h the.

"Now, if in place of the unknown characters, we leave blank spaces, or substitute dots, we read thus:

the tree thr . . . h the,

when the word 'through' makes itself evident at once. But this discovery gives us three new letters, o, u, and g, represented by †? and 3.

"Looking now, narrowly, through the cipher for combinations of known characters, we find, not very far from the beginning, this arrangement:

83(88, or egree,

which, plainly is the conclusion of the word 'degree,' and give us another letter, d represented by †.

"Four letters beyond the word 'degree,' we perceive the combination

;46(;88.

"Translating the known characters, and representing the unknown by a dot, as before, we read thus:

th . r tee,

an arrangement immediately suggestive of the word 'thirteen,' and again furnishing us with two new characters i and n, represented by 6 and *.

"Referring now to the beginning of the cryptograph, we find the combination,

53†††.

"Translating, as before, we obtain,

. good,

which assures us that the first letter is A, and that the first two words are 'A good.'

"It is now time that we arrange our key, so far as discovered, in a tabular form, to avoid confusion. It will stand thus :

5	represents	a
†	"	d
8	"	e
3	"	g
4	"	h
6	"	i
*	"	n
‡	"	o
("	r
;	"	t

"We have, therefore, no less than ten of the most important letters represented, and it will be unnecessary to proceed with the details of the solution. I have said enough to convince you that ciphers of this nature are readily soluble, and give you some insight into the *rationale* of their development. But be assured that the specimen before us appertains to the very simplest species of cryptograph. It now only remains to give you the full translation of the characters upon the parchment, as unriddled. Here it is :

"*A good glass in the bishop's hostel in the devil's seat forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes northeast and by north main branch seventh limb east side shoot from the left eye of the death's-head a bee line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out.*"

"But," said I, 'the enigma seems still in as bad a condition as ever. How is it possible to extort a meaning from all this jargon about 'devil's seats,' 'death's-heads,' 'bishop's hotel's' ?'

"I confess," replied Legrand, 'that the matter still wears a serious aspect, when regarded with a casual glance. My first endeavour was to divide the sentence into the natural divisions intended by the cryptographer.'

"You mean, to punctuate ?'

"Something of the kind.'

"But how was it possible to effect this ?'

"I reflected that it had been a point with the writer to run his words together without divisions, so as to increase the difficulty of solution. Now, a not over acute man, in pursuing such an object, would be nearly certain to overdo the matter. When in the course of his composition, he arrived at a break in his subject, which would naturally require a pause, or a point, he would be exceedingly apt to run his characters, at this place, more than usually close together. If you will observe the MS., in the present instance, you will easily detect five such cases of unusual crowding. Acting upon this hint, I made the division thus :

"*A good glass in the bishop's hostel in the devil's seat—forty-one*

degrees and thirteen minutes—northeast and by north—main branch seventh limb east side—shoot from the left eye of the death's head—a bee-line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out.

"'Even this division,' said I, 'leaves me still in the dark.'

"'It left me also in the dark,' replied Legrand, 'for a few days; during which I made diligent inquiry in the neighbourhood of Sullivan's Island, for any building which went by the name of the 'Bishop's Hotel;' for, of course, I dropped the obsolete word 'hostel.' Gaining no information on the subject, I was on the point of extending my sphere of search, and proceeding in a more systematic manner, when one morning it entered into my head quite suddenly, that this 'Bishop Hostel' might have some reference to an old family of the name of Bessop, which, time out of mind, had held possession of an ancient manor-house, about four miles to the northward of the island. I accordingly went over to the plantation, and re-instituted my inquiries among the older negroes of the place. At length, one of the most aged of the women, said that she had heard of such a place as Bessop's Castle, and thought that she could guide me to it, but that it was not a castle nor a town, but a high rock.

"'I offered to pay her well for her trouble; and after some demur, she consented to accompany me to the spot. We found it without much difficulty, when, dismissing her, I proceeded to examine the place. The 'castle' consisted of an irregular assemblage of cliffs and rocks—one of the latter being quite remarkable for its height as well as for its insulated and artificial appearance. I clambered to its apex, and then felt much at a loss as to what should be next done.

"'While I was busied in reflection, my eyes fell upon a narrow ledge in the eastern face of the rock, perhaps a yard below the summit upon which I stood. This ledge projected about eighteen inches, and was not more than a foot wide, while a niche in the cliff, just above it, gave it a rude resemblance to one of the hollow-backed chairs used by our ancestors. I made no doubt but here was the devil's seat alluded to in the MS., and now I seemed to grasp the full secret of the riddle.

"'The 'good glass,' I knew, could have reference to nothing but a telescope; for the word glass is rarely employed in any other sense by a seaman. Now, here I at once saw, was a telescope to be used, and a definite point of view, admitting no variation from which to use it. Nor did I hesitate to believe that the phrases, 'forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes,' 'and northeast and by north,' were intended as directions for the levelling of the glass. Greatly excited by these discoveries, I hurried home, procured a telescope, and returned to the rock.

"'I let myself down to the ledge, and found that it was impossible to retain a seat upon it except in one particular position. This fact confirmed my preconceived idea. I proceeded to use the

glass. Of course, 'the forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes' could allude to nothing but elevation above the visible horizon, since the horizontal direction was clearly indicated by the words, 'northeast and by north.' This latter direction I at once established by means of a pocket compass; then, pointing the glass as nearly at an angle of forty-one degrees of elevation as I could by guess, I moved it cautiously, up or down, until my attention was arrested by a circular rift or opening in the foliage of a tree that overtopped its fellows in the distance. In the centre of this rift I perceived a white spot, but could not at first distinguish what it was. Adjusting the focus of the telescope, I again looked, and now made it out to be a human skull.

"Upon this discovery I was so sanguine as to consider the enigma solved; for the phrase, 'main branch, seventh limb, east side,' could refer only to the position of the skull upon the tree, while 'shoot from the left eye of the death's-head,' admitted also of but one interpretation, in regard to a search for buried treasure. I perceived that the design was to drop a bullet from the left eye of the skull, and that a 'bee-line,' or, in other words, a straight line drawn from the nearest point of the trunk through 'the shot,' (or the spot where the bullet fell), and thence extended to a distance of fifty feet, would indicate a definite spot—and beneath this point I thought it at least possible that a deposit of value lay concealed.

"All this," I said, 'is exceedingly clear, and although ingenious, still simple and explicit. When you left the Bishop's Hotel, what then?'

"Why, having carefully taken the bearings of the tree, I turned homeward. The instant that I left the 'devil's seat,' however, the circular rift vanished; nor could I get a glimpse of it afterwards, turn as I would. What seems to me the chief ingenuity in this whole business, is the fact (for repeated experiments have convinced me it is a fact) that the circular opening in question is visible from no other attainable point of view than that afforded by the narrow ledge upon the face of the rock.'

"In this expedition to the 'Bishop's Hotel' I had been attended by Jupiter, who had, no doubt, observed, for some weeks past, the abstraction of my demeanour, and took especial care not to leave me alone. But on the next day, getting up very early, I contrived to give him the slip, and went into the hills in search of the tree. After much toil, I found it. When I came home at night my valet proposed to give me a flogging. With the rest of the adventure, I believe you are as well acquainted as myself.'

"I suppose," said I, 'you missed the spot, in the first attempt at digging, through Jupiter's stupidity in letting the beetle fall through the right instead of through the left eye of the skull.'

"Precisely. This mistake made a difference of about two inches and a half in the 'shot,'—that is to say, in the position of

the peg nearest the tree; and had the treasure been beneath the 'shot,' the error would have been of little moment; but, 'the shot,' together with the nearest point of the tree, were merely two points for the establishment of a line of direction; of course the error, trivial in the beginning, increased as we proceeded with the line, and by the time we had gone fifty feet, threw us quite off the scent. But for my deep-seated impressions that treasure was here somewhere actually buried, we might have had all our labour in vain.'

"'But your grandiloquence, and your conduct in swinging the beetle—how excessively odd! I was sure you were mad. And why did you insist upon letting fall the beetle instead of a bullet, from the skull?'

"'Why, to be frank, I felt somewhat annoyed by your evident suspicions touching my sanity, and so resolved to punish you quietly, in my own way, by a little bit of sober mystification. For this reason I let it fall from the tree. An observation of yours about its great weight suggested the latter idea.'

"'Yes, I perceive; and now there is only one point which puzzles me. What are we to make of the skeletons found in the hole?'

"'That is a question I am no more able to answer than yourself. There seems, however, only one plausible way of accounting for them—and yet it is dreadful to believe in such atrocity as my suggestion would imply. It is clear that Kidd—if Kidd indeed secreted this treasure, which I doubt not—it is clear that he must have had assistance in the labour. But, this labour concluded, he might have thought it expedient to remove all participants in his secret. Perhaps a couple of blows with a mattock were sufficient, while his coadjutors were busy in the pit; perhaps a dozen—who shall tell?'

In "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Mystery of Marie Roget," and "The Purloined Letter," the same striking characteristics are exhibited. The peculiar character of that extraordinary analytical skill which Poe appears to have so largely possessed, is thus described by himself in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue."

"The mental features discoursed of as the analytical, are in themselves but little susceptible of analysis. We appreciate them only in their effects. We know of them, among other things, that they are always to their possessors, when inordinately possessed, a source of the liveliest enjoyment. As the strong man exults in his physical ability, delighting in such exercises as call his muscles into action, so glories the analyst in that moral activity which *disentangles*. He derives pleasure from even the most trivial occupations, bringing his talent into play. He is fond of enigmas,

of conundrums, of hieroglyphics; exhibiting in his solutions of each a degree of acumen which appears to the ordinary apprehensions preternatural. His results, brought about by the very soul and essence of method, have, in truth, the whole air of intuition.

"The faculty of re-solution is possibly much invigorated by mathematical study, and especially by that highest branch of it which, unjustly, and merely on account of its retrograde operations, has been called, as if *par excellence*, analysis. Yet to calculate is not in itself to analyse. A chess-player, for example, does the one, without effort at the other. It follows that the game of chess, in its effects upon mental character, is greatly misunderstood. I am not now writing a treatise, but simply prefacing a somewhat peculiar narrative by observations very much at random; I will therefore take occasion to assert that the higher powers of the reflective intellect are more decidedly and more usefully tasked by the unostentatious game of draughts than by all the elaborate frivolity of chess. In this latter, where the pieces have different and *bizarre* motions, with various and variable values, what is only complex is mistaken (a not unusual error) for what is profound. The *attention* is here called powerfully into play. If it flag for an instant, an oversight is committed, resulting in injury or defeat. The possible moves being not only manifold, but involute, the chances of such oversights are multiplied; and in nine cases out of ten, it is the more concentrative rather than the more acute player who conquers. In draughts, on the contrary, where the moves are *unique*, and have but little variation, the probabilities of inadvertence are diminished, and the mere attention being left comparatively unemployed, what advantages are obtained by either party are obtained by superior acumen. To be less abstract, let us suppose a game of draughts where the pieces are reduced to four kings, and where, of course, no oversight is to be expected. It is obvious that here the victory can be decided (the players being at all equal) only by some *recherché* movement, the result of some strong exertion of the intellect. Deprived of ordinary resources, the analyst throws himself into the spirit of his opponent, identifies himself therewith, and not unfrequently sees thus, at a glance, the sole methods (sometimes, indeed, absurdly simple ones,) by which he may seduce into error or hurry into miscalculation.

"Whist has long been noted for its influence upon what is termed the calculating power; and men of the highest order of intellect have been known to take an apparently unaccountable delight in it, while eschewing chess as frivolous. Beyond doubt there is nothing of a similar nature so greatly tasking the faculty of analysis. The best chess-player in Christendom *may* be little more than the best player of chess; but proficiency in whist implies capacity for success, in all those more important undertakings where mind struggles with mind. When I say proficiency, I mean that per-

fection in the game which includes a comprehension of all the sources whence legitimate advantage may be derived. These are not only manifold, but multifarious, and lie frequently among recesses of thought, altogether inaccessible to the ordinary understanding. To observe attentively is to remember distinctly; and, so far, the concentrative chess-player will do very well at whist, while the rules of Hoyle (themselves based upon the mere mechanism of the game) are sufficiently and generally comprehensible. Thus, to have a retentive memory, and to proceed by 'the book,' are points commonly regarded as the sum total of good playing. But it is in matters beyond the limits of mere rule that the skill of the analyst is evinced; he makes in silence a host of observations and inferences. So, perhaps, do his companions; and the difference in the extent of the information obtained, lies not so much in the validity of the inference as in the quality of the observation. The necessary knowledge is that of *what* to observe. Our player confines himself not at all; nor because the game is the object does he reject deductions from things external to the game. He examines the countenance of his partner, comparing it carefully with that of each of his opponents. He considers the mode of assorting the cards in each hand, often counting trump by trump, and honour by honour, through the glances bestowed by their beholders upon each. He notes every variation of face as the play progresses, gathering a fund of thought from the differences in the expression of certainty, of surprise, of triumph, or of chagrin. From the manner of gathering up a trick he judges whether the person taking it can make another in the suit. He recognizes what is played through feint, by the air with which it is thrown upon the table. A casual or inadvertent word; the accidental dropping or turning of a card, with the accompanying anxiety or carelessness in regard to its concealment; the counting of the tricks, with the order of their arrangement; embarrassment, hesitation, eagerness, or trepidation—all afford to his apparently intuitive perception, indications of the true state of affairs. The first two or three rounds having been played, he is in full possession of the contents of each hand, and thenceforward puts down his cards with as absolute a precision of purpose as if the rest of the party had turned outward the faces of their own.

"The analytical power should not be confounded with simple ingenuity; for while the analyst is necessarily ingenious, the ingenious man is often remarkably incapable of analysis. The constructive or combining, by which ingenuity is usually manifested, and to which phrenologists (I believe erroneously,) have assigned a separate organ, supposing it a primitive faculty, has been so frequently seen in those whose intellect bordered otherwise upon idiocy, as to have attracted general observation among writers on morals. Between ingenuity and the analytic ability there exists a difference far greater indeed than that between the fancy and the

imagination, but of a character very strictly analogous. It will be found, in fact, that the ingenious are always fanciful, and the truly imaginative never otherwise than analytic."

The "Purloined Letter" illustrates, in a striking manner, the necessity of opposing to the devices of skill and intellect, some portions of like skill and intellect. An ordinary individual, pitted against the unscrupulous minister, would have judged of his adversary's mode of action by his own standard, and would of course have failed in obtaining the least clue to the discovery of the letter. The Chief of the Police acted with considerable skill and foresight according to his intelligence, but he was no match for the superior intellect of the Minister, and he failed.

"The Mystery of Marie Roget" would almost appear to have been written by one who had heard of the Road murder, and who wished to teach those charged with the detection of crime, that the most intricate and inexplicable riddle may be solved by the application of the proper rules.

While we are fully impressed with the sense of the duty which is cast upon those charged with the administration of justice to strain every nerve, and adopt every legitimate means for the detection of the criminal, we cannot but feel the conviction, produced by the history of all great crimes, that in this peculiarly, human investigation is powerless until the decree of the Almighty, for the exposure and apprehension of the offender, has passed the great seal of heaven. We then wonder in how apparently a simple manner, or for how seemingly a trivial matter, a man who had long revelled in crime and laughed at every effort to fix his guilt upon him, is suddenly thrown down, his disguises stripped off, and his past career part by part unravelled until the whole horrid history stands confessed before all. A man is arrested for a petty larceny, and searched, and upon him is found some trifling article, some scrap of writing, something of peculiar construction and appearance,—remarks hardly to be called enquiry are made by his captors and replied to and enlarged upon by spectators; these remarks are carried to and fro, gradually gaining consistency and form, and are eventually developed into a charge, perhaps of murder, subsequently undisputably proved.

It is doubtless the frequent occurrence of striking cir-

cumstances such as these that has given almost universal currency to the saying, "Murder will out"—a saying which, like many others of popular origin, is more to be wished true, than really true.

We all remember the thrill of horror which ran through the whole community when some twenty-five years ago the newspapers announced the discovery, in the Edgeware Road, London, of the trunk of a human body, dismembered of the arms, legs, and head, and tied up in a sack. A labouring man, passing on his way to work, found the sack with its horrible contents, and induced by curiosity to open it, gave the alarm, and the remains were conveyed to the workhouse, where an inquest was held.

At first the impression prevailed that this ghastly trunk had been the subject of medical study, but the evidence of surgeons who were called in to examine it placed beyond doubt the fact that the mutilation had not been effected by a skilled hand.

The most energetic and anxious measures failed to discover the slightest clue to the mystery, and for a time it seemed that it was destined to pass into the great ocean of eternity undiscovered and unexplained.

On the 6th of January, following the finding of the sack and its contents, a bargeman experienced a difficulty in closing the gates of one of the locks of the Regent's Canal, near Stepney, owing to an obstruction caused by some intercepting substance, and having procured an instrument called a hitcher, which is a pole with a hook fastened to its end, he drew out at length, to his great horror, a human head.

It was much disfigured, the jaw bone having been broken, one of the eyes knocked out, and one of the ears slit, as if an ear-ring had been violently torn away. It was at once conjectured that this head belonged to the trunk which had been found on the 28th of the preceding month, in the Edgeware Road.

On the 2nd of February, nearly a month after, a young man at work in an osier ground at Camberwell, saw lying upon the ground, an old sack, through a hole in which protruded a human knee, and which being opened was found to contain the legs and feet of a human being. No doubt now existed that these members belonged to the body and head which had been previously found, and so

indeed it at once appeared when they were matched together.

No trace, however, could be obtained of the perpetrator of the horrid mutilation, and the head having been preserved in spirits, and the other parts secured against rapid decomposition, the whole continued to be exhibited to public gaze, in the hope that some portion might be identified.

Crowd after crowd viewed the ghastly sight, some moved by curiosity, and some, who had friends missing, urged by a real desire to satisfy their doubts, but none recognised in the remains those of relative or acquaintance.

A Mrs. Blanchard, the proprietor of a small broker's shop in Goodge Street, had an intimate friend, a widow, named Hannah Browne, whose brother, William Gay, with his wife, lived with Mrs. Blanchard, as an assistant in her business. Mrs. Browne had been known to have been much in the company recently of one James Greenacre, a man of no character or position, but who was possessed of considerable self-confidence and some ability, and who passed amongst his acquaintances as a person of some substance.

Mrs. Browne and Greenacre were known amongst their mutual friends, to be about to marry one another, and the wedding day was actually fixed for Christmas Day, 1836, and on the eve of that day they had been seen to enter a hackney coach and known to drive to Greenacre's house. From thenceforth nothing was ever seen or heard of the unfortunate woman.

Whilst no suspicion seems to have been awakened in the minds of Mrs. Browne's more intimate friends, one of those mysterious impulses which Providence uses for its own ends, stirred up the wife of William Gay to beg of her husband to go and view the mutilated remnants, and he having been at last prevailed upon to do so, recognised immediately the head as that of his unfortunate sister. This discovery at once pointed suspicion at Greenacre, he was arrested, and bit by bit the whole iniquitous proceeding was unravelled. Greenacre was tried and found guilty, and before his execution confessed that he had murdered Mrs. Browne on the Christmas-eve upon which she had accompanied him to his house. That they had reproached each other for mutual deception as to their property and means, and that he, enraged beyond control, had struck her upon

the head with a heavy piece of wood which happened to be at hand, and had cut her throat while she was in a state of partial insensibility; and that he had then dismembered the body and distributed the parts in the different places in which they were eventually found.

In this monstrous and striking instance no portion of the discovery was owing to the skill or activity of the police. From the first they appeared powerless. The successive discoveries of the parts of the body, gave them no new intelligence, suggested no course of enquiry or action, and had it not been for the promptings of Mrs. Gay, the manifest interposition of Providence, the whole awful and horrible catastrophe would have been at the present day a profound mystery.

So it happened with the Waterloo Bridge discovery, which, up to the present time, is shrouded in apparently impenetrable darkness.

Here again mutilated portions of a human body have been found, evidently not separated by the practised or even the 'prentice hand of a medical enquirer. We have now, as alleged, an improved police, electric wires, rapid communication, bright street lamps, and other aids to discovery which were wanting some few years ago; and yet not the faintest gleam even of suspicion has been fixed on any one in connexion with this event. There are materials for the exercise of skilful enquiry, in the carpet-bag, the rope, the clothes found with the body, the description of the person carrying the bag, as given by the toll man, and other minor circumstances, but in vain. As in the instance of the Road Murder, pursuit is baffled, and for the present, at all events, eluded. This last, indeed, offers peculiar inducements for the exercise of the inductive and constructive faculty, if it exists at all amongst our police, but they have made nothing of the materials, and seem actually to have wholly neglected to avail themselves at all, of a great part, and public confidence in their sagacity and long-headedness is justly shaken.

Providence, in its wisdom, has not yet thought fit to raise its hand in these cases, as it has so strikingly done in Greenacre's, and still more strikingly in that of Corder.

This case, indeed, exhibits the direct interposition of Heaven for the detection of crime in a manner almost unparalleled.

William Corder was the son of a respectable farmer at

Polstead, in Suffolk, and having formed an illicit connexion with a young girl named Maria Marten, after evading for some time a previous promise to marry the unfortunate girl, at last he consented to fix the day for the marriage. On the pretence of securing greater secrecy, a matter upon which he laid considerable stress, Corder induced Maria Marten to meet him in a barn, known by the name of the Red Barn, attached to his father's farm buildings. From thenceforth Maria was never seen alive, and Corder, when questioned by her parents, assured them that she was safe, but at a distance for the sake of secrecy. The meeting in the Red Barn took place in May, and up to the September following, Corder succeeded in satisfying the enquiries of the Martens after their daughter. In September, on the plea of failing health, Corder quitted Polstead, and transmitted letters to his mother and the Martens, dated from the Isle of Wight, but bearing the London post-mark.

The circumstance of no letter being received from the daughter herself at last alarmed the minds of her parents ; then vague suspicions strengthened and at last assumed the shape of great uneasiness.

Nearly twelve months after the disappearance of Maria, her mother, in the month of March, 1828, dreamed three times successively that her daughter had been murdered and buried in the Red Barn, and she persuaded her husband to obtain permission to examine the Red Barn, and he having himself dug up the ground at the particular spot indicated by her as having been seen in her dreams, discovered the body of his daughter far advanced in decomposition. Not so far, however, as to prevent the examination made by a surgeon, from satisfying him, and through him others, that the body was that of a murdered person, while the remains of the clothing and some peculiarities in the teeth, enabled the father to identify the body of Maria Marten.

The fact of the mother's dream is beyond doubt or cavil, and that it was the sole means of detecting the commission of the crime is equally certain. Corder was traced to London, arrested, tried, and convicted, and before his execution confessed, though not with entire candour, his guilt.

In this, as in the case of Greenacre, the finger of heaven is distinctly seen directing the course of events. Green-

acre had ample time to escape to a foreign country, where pursuit would never reach him. Corder had nearly twelve months allowed him for escape, yet both are found at hand when called upon to answer for their crimes. In Greenacre's, an undefined sense of uneasiness prompted Mrs. Gay to urge her husband to go view the remains of Hannah Brown; in Corder's, a more direct and definite communication led to the discovery of the body of the murdered woman, and eventually of her murderer.

In many of these revolting cases of murder, in which dismemberment and attempted destruction of the victim's remains have been resorted to, the very attempt at entire concealment has been the means of leading to detection. The sceptic who affects to disbelieve the existence of an All-powerful, All-seeing, and All-disposing Power, will find it difficult to account for the apparently strange and trivial manner in which the first inklings of discovery have, as it were, oozed out, and how one little circumstance leads on to another, opening up gradually a clearer view of things, ripening surmise into suspicion, and making suspicion certainty.

The time which so often elapses between the commission of a murder and its discovery, appears, by Providential interposition to be seldom availed of by the criminal for the purpose of escape; it is indeed remarkable how commonly this is so.

In the year 1760, Theodore Gardelle, a portrait painter, lodged in the house of a Mrs. King, in Leicester Fields, London.

Early upon the morning of the 19th of February 1761, Gardelle requested the female servant of the house to go upon some errand for him. Mrs. King, her mistress, objected, as she said there would be no person to open the street door in her absence. The servant, apparently desirous of obliging Gardelle, replied, "that Mr. Gardelle would come down to the parlour to answer the door," which shortly after he did at her request, and she left the house upon his message, taking the key of the door with her.

She returned shortly after, and was addressed by Gardelle, who told her that he had in her absence received her mistress' orders to dismiss her, and he paid her her wages. The servant girl accounted, in her own mind, for this sudden dismissal, by concluding that some impropri-

ties had taken place between Gardelle and Mrs. King, who was not a woman of much character, and that, ashamed to meet her servant, she had adopted this means of getting rid of her.

This occurred upon a Thursday, and from that time until the Thursday following, nothing further of any note transpired. During this interval of a week, Gardelle remained in the house, which was also during a portion of the time occupied by a man named Pelsey, the servant of a Mr. Wright, who had lodgings in the house. A woman named Pritchard was engaged as charwoman, and with Gardelle and Pelsey continued in the house, expecting the return of Mrs. King, who, Gardelle alleged, had gone for a short time into the country. Pelsey enquired occasionally of Gardelle during the week we have referred to, when Mrs. King might be expected to return, and Gardelle on one occasion, irritated at being so frequently questioned replied, "that he knew nothing of Mrs. King, who had given him a deal of trouble, but that he should hear of her on the Wednesday or Thursday following." These words were prophetic.

Mrs. Pritchard, the charwoman, the water having failed in the cistern, had recourse to the water-tub in the back kitchen for a supply, and observing that the water flowed but very slowly from the tub, she got upon a ledge, and putting her hand into the tub, felt something soft, which she pressed down with a poker and thus procured water.

She mentioned the circumstance to Pelsey, but so little suspicious was either of them that anything was wrong, that nothing was done for a day or two, and when at length they examined the contents of the tub, they found them to consist of the blankets, sheets, and quilt belonging to Mrs. King's bed. These, after inspecting them, they replaced in the tub, and the next morning seeing Gardelle coming out of the wash-house, in which the tub was placed, they took steps towards inquiring after Mrs. King, and having communicated with the police, Gardelle was arrested, the house was searched, and the horrible certainty was established that Mrs. King had been murdered, and cut into innumerable pieces, which had been distributed in different parts of the house.

The fact was subsequently disclosed, partly by inspection of the house, partly by the account furnished by Gardelle, after his conviction of the crime, that during the

week from Mrs. King's disappearance, to the discovery of the murder, Gardelle was daily occupied in disposing of the body, which, having dismembered, he scattered through the premises, burning the bones in his own room, and throwing into the cock-loft the flesh which he had stripped from them.

All through this week, too, many persons visited the house, some of them acquaintances of Gardelle, and who remained for some time at each visit; on one occasion several of them supped with Gardelle, who must have made extraordinary efforts, during the hasty intervals allowed him, to complete his frightful task. Had he, as he readily might have done, induced Pelsey to leave the house, offering as a reason the excuse that Mrs. King had requested him (Gardelle) to join her in the country, and to close the house in their absence, he would have had the most ample opportunity of effecting his escape from the country. In fact, so little was the interest which any one appeared to take in Mrs. King, so isolated from affection or regard does she appear to have been, that months might have elapsed before any attempt to enter the house would, probably, have been made, and even at the last, the most likely person to enforce an entrance would have been the landlord, seeking his rent.

The murder of Mr. Paas, by James Cook, of Leicester, in the year 1832, excited an amount of horror and astonishment, as great as the crime itself was atrocious and shocking.

Mr. Paas was a respectable London trader, who manufactured the brass tools used by bookbinders in the ornamenting and lettering of books. He was in the habit of making his trade journeys in person, and in the course of business visited in the month of May 1832 the town of Leicester. James Cook was a bookbinder in that town, but newly started in trade, having succeeded to the business of his deceased master, and he became a customer of Mr. Paas, and his debtor to the extent of some £25. At the time we have indicated, the usual term of credit had expired, and Mr. Paas called upon Cook for the purpose of obtaining a settlement of the account. This he did not receive fully on the occasion of his call in the after part of the day, and he was requested by Cook to return in the evening. Paas, in the interval, enquired from a customer after the solvency of Cook, and mentioned that he had

waited upon him in the afternoon, and had been requested to call again. It was subsequently established that Mr. Paas did visit Cook in the evening, after which he was seen no more alive.

Cook's workshop was situated over a cow-house, belonging to one Sawbridge, a milk-man, and on the evening of the 30th of May, 1832, the day of Paas's visit, a very large fire was observed to be blazing in it, a circumstance, however, which did not excite any particular attention, as considerable heat was known to be occasionally employed in the bookbinding business.

At eight o'clock in the evening Cook visited a neighbouring public house where he partook of liquor and played a game of skittles, and when paying for the liquor displayed a considerable sum of money, a circumstance which excited some observation. Cook returned to his workshop, and requested his landlady, Mrs. Sawbridge, not to feel alarmed if she should see that he had a fire during the night, as he had a considerable quantity of work on hand, which it was necessary he should finish. At half-past ten he returned to work, and was not again seen until half-past four o'clock in the morning; it was certain, however, that he did not during the interval quit his workshop, as he could not leave without the knowledge of his landlord, through whose premises he must pass. A strong light was observed in the workshop during the night. About ten o'clock on the following night, Thursday, and during Cook's absence, so strong a light was observed to shine from the workshop, that the neighbours became alarmed lest the premises should have taken fire, and it was determined to force an entrance.

This was effected, and on entering the workshop a blazing fire was discovered, upon the top of which lay a piece of flesh of considerable size. This was at once removed, and the fire raked out and extinguished. Several persons had by this time assembled, and a good deal of discussion ensued as to the character of the half consumed flesh, the general opinion being expressed that it was horse-flesh. Cook was sent for, and was found at his father's house, partially undressed, apparently about to retire to bed. He at once dressed, and accompanied those who had come to seek him, to the workshop, and having been informed of the discovery which had been made, and questioned about it, he, having caught some hint in the course of the

conversation, of the suggestion as to horse-flesh, availed himself of it with much readiness, and stated he had purchased a quantity of horse-flesh for feeding a dog, for the purchase of which he had been in treaty, but that the owner having eventually refused to sell the animal he had been obliged to burn the horse-flesh, which had begun to putrefy.

This explanation failed to satisfy some of those who had aided in forcing an entrance into the workshop, and the discovery of the fact that Cook had pasted strong paper over the inside of the windows of the workshop, roused suspicion, and eventually Cook was carried before the mayor, or rather, taken to the mayor's office, for that functionary was absent, and afterwards released by the constable who arrested him, on his father's bail. It would be revolting, as it is unnecessary to follow this extraordinary case through its details. A closer examination of Cook's workshop established beyond doubt that the flesh which had been found half consumed upon the fire, and which medical men pronounced to be human flesh, was part of a body of which a leg was found suspended in the chimney of the workshop. Fragments of clothing were also found, an eye-glass, a snuff-box, and a pencil case, with the letter P engraved upon it, and no doubt was entertained that some person had been barbarously murdered by Cook, when it was found in the morning that he had absconded. Closer enquiries led to the conviction that the portions of the body found were the remains of Mr. Paas, who was traced from his hotel to Cook's workshop, and thenceforth never seen more in life.

Cook was pursued, and apprehended as he was about to join a Liverpool vessel, bound for America, brought back to Leicester, examined before the magistrates, and committed for trial. He did not deny at his examination that he had killed Mr. Paas, but alleged that he had done so in self-defence, a quarrel having arisen between himself and his victim, when the latter called to receive the promised settlement of account. After his trial and conviction, however, he made a more candid statement, and confessed that he had planned the crime for some days beforehand, intending to rob the murdered man, and to emigrate to America with his spoil. That when Mr. Paas called upon him in the evening, he paid him the amount of a small bill which he owed, and whilst Mr. Paas was in

the act of signing a receipt, he came suddenly behind him, and struck him a violent blow on the head with the press-pin, a heavy iron instrument. A second and a third blow succeeded, and Paas was no more, and Cook locking the door, retired to collect his firmness, in which he so well succeeded as to be able to return to the workshop and dispose, in the horrible manner he did, of the body.

The apparently simple cause which led to Cook's detection, displays the mysterious mode in which God deals with crime. There was no reason to suspect that any murder had been committed. No body had been found, no person had been missed,—Cook's character was fair, and no person thought of suspecting him of any crime. And the breaking into his workshop was wholly prompted by the fears for the safety of his property which the appearance of fire in that building had excited.

An extraordinary similarity of detail exists between the murder of Mr. Paas by Cook, and that of Dr. Parkman by Professor Webster, seventeen years later.

In position in life, in education, and worldly means, there was a wide dissimilarity between the two; but guilt brings men to a level, and there is in the history of their respective crimes an extraordinary resemblance.

John W. Webster was, in the year 1849, professor of, and lecturer upon, chemistry, in the Medical College, Boston, in the United States. He appears to have been of an improvident and extravagant disposition, and to have been constantly in want of money, and thus became indebted to Dr. Parkman, who resided in Boston.

Parkman was possessed of some property, and in the year 1842 had accommodated Webster with a loan upon the security of a mortgage granted by the latter, of his household furniture, mineral museum, and other effects.

In 1849 Parkman learned that Webster had sold the cabinet of minerals included in the mortgage, and expressed great indignation at the dishonesty of Webster, in thus selling what in point of fact was the property of another.

Parkman was a man of rigid principles and unbending integrity. Like many who, being possessed themselves of ample means, look upon inability to pay as something criminal, he regarded his debtor Webster as an offender against all social laws, and expressed his determination of pursuing him relentlessly. On the fatal 23rd of Novem-

ber this determination was made known to Webster, by a third party; on the same day Webster called at Dr. Parkman's house, and appointed a meeting with the latter at Webster's rooms, at the Medical College.

Dr. Parkman was seen to enter that building between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock, on the day in question, but was never seen to leave it.

It was proved that Dr. Parkman had on that day purchased a quantity of salad-lettuce for his dinner, and had called at a grocer's and purchased sugar and butter, and had left there a paper bag containing the salad, stating that he would call for it.

His agent having occasion to see him, called at the Doctor's house at 3 o'clock on the same day, expecting with certainty to meet him at that hour, as the Doctor always dined at half-past 2 o'clock, and was a man of very regular habits. Failing to meet him, Mr. Kingsley, the agent alluded to, called early the next morning, and learned that Dr. Parkman had not been home during the night.

Alarmed at this, Mr. Kingsley commenced and prosecuted an unsuccessful search for the missing man, and in the afternoon of Saturday, the 24th November, rewards for his discovery were offered in the public papers.

From that time to the Friday following, the 30th, no trace whatever was obtained of the fate which had befallen him.

A search, not very carefully conducted, had been made at the Medical College, but as might have been expected, the body of Dr. Parkman was not found lying on the staircase, or in any of the rooms.

The office of janitor, or door-keeper and general caretaker of the Medical College, was filled by a man named Littlefield. He appears to have been a man of some acuteness and intelligence, and to his suspicions of Professor Webster the discovery of the murder and of the murderer was due.

From the 23rd of November, the day on which Dr. Parkman was last seen alive, and entering the Medical College, Professor Webster had kept his rooms in that building constantly locked, and Littlefield was unable to enter them for the purpose of sweeping them and arranging the fires as usual.

Though Webster had declined the services of Little-

field in making up a fire in his rooms, on the pretence that some of the chemical preparations which he was then employing would not stand heat, the latter in his walks through the house had felt a great heat on the outside of the wall of Webster's room, manifestly caused by an unusually large fire within.

These circumstances, and other minor ones, excited suspicion in the mind of the janitor. He had accompanied the officers and others through the College on the occasion of their hasty examination, and he knew that one part of the building, and that, too, a part exclusively appropriated to Professor Webster's use, had not been inspected at all.

He determined to examine the vault of this closet, and as he was of course unable to obtain admittance to the closet itself for a sufficient time to prosecute an effectual search unobserved by Webster, or indeed to furnish any pretext for entering it at all, he was obliged to go to the underground floor of the college, and endeavour to force an entrance into the vault through the wall, which divided it from the rest of the premises, near the foundations.

This he accomplished on the afternoon of Friday, the 30th instant, and on looking through the hole which he had made in the wall into the vault, he saw lying therein a part of a human body,—the pelvis and two portions of a leg.

Assistance was procured, and these remains were taken out, and they were found to be partly wrapped in two towels, bearing Webster's initials. This was considered sufficient to justify his arrest, and two officers were despatched for that purpose to his residence at Cambridge, near Boston.

His laboratory, and the furnace in it, were then searched, and amongst the ashes in the latter were found some artificial teeth, some melted gold, and one or two pearl shirt buttons.

The search was resumed the following (Saturday) morning, and continued till 4 o'clock, p.m. on that day, when a tea box, apparently filled with tan, and having some minerals wrapped in paper on the top, attracted the notice of one of the policemen assisting in the search. He took off these minerals, and after taking out a portion of the tan, reached a hunting knife; and going still deeper, came

upon the chest or thorax of a human being, and inserted in the thoracic cavity the greater part of a human thigh.

Those parts fitted to those found in the vault.

In Webster's laboratory were found three large sized fish-hooks, tied together so as to form a species of grapple.

Upon Tuesday, the 19th of March, 1850, Professor Webster was brought to trial for the murder, at the Supreme Judicial Court for Suffolk.

The presiding judges were Chief Justice Shaw, and associate judges Wilde, Metcalfe, and Davey. The counsel for the Commonwealth (we had almost said for the Crown,) were the Attorney General, Mr. Clifford, and George Bemis, Esq.

The prisoner was defended by the Honourable Pliny Merrick and E. D. Sohler, Esq.

The evidence for the prosecution consisted of proof of the pecuniary transactions between the murdered man and the prisoner, in which the latter was the debtor—the appointment made between them for half past one on Friday the 23rd November, at the Medical College—that Dr. Parkman had entered that building about the appointed time on that day—that he had not returned home to dinner at the usual hour on that day—that he had never been seen subsequently alive—that certain remains had been found, wrapped in towels belonging to the prisoner, in the vault of a closet to which the prisoner alone had access—that these remains, together with others found in a tea-chest in the laboratory of the prisoner, resembled the corresponding parts of the living Dr. Parkman—that in the furnace of the prisoner's laboratory were found some mineral teeth, which a dentist swore were those which he had manufactured some time previously for Dr. Parkman. That Professor Webster the prisoner, had remained much later than his usual hour on the 23rd of November, in his room, and that contrary to his usual custom, he had locked the doors of those rooms when leaving the college in the evening. That the doors continued so locked up to the time of the discovery, by Littlefield, of the remains in the vault. That during the same interval large fires appeared to have been kept up by the prisoner in his rooms.

A good deal of minor evidence was brought forward for the prosecution, but we have stated the strong points.

The defence consisted of proof of the prisoner's good character and general amiability and humanity, of the alleged absence of proof of the identity of the remains, with those of Dr. Parkman, and of Dr. Parkman's having been seen in the streets of Boston so late as five o'clock on the 23rd of November—the day on which the prosecutor alleged he had entered the Medical College and Webster's rooms at half past one, and had never been seen to quit that building.

The jury found the prisoner guilty, and he was subsequently executed.

Like Cook, Webster appears to have adopted many precautions to escape detection, and it is only surprising that in the course of the week which elapsed from the commission of the crime till its discovery, he did not contrive to remove from the building every evidence of his guilt. The grapple formed of fish-hooks was doubtless intended to be used in fishing up the remains at a convenient opportunity from the vault, and had they been removed, and had Littlefield thus been unsuccessful in his search in the vault, Webster would have had but little reason to fear the consequences of the discovery of the contents of the tea-chest, supposing him, of course, to have removed the contents of the furnace.

These, indeed, formed the damning proof against him; a few teeth which he could have carried away in his hand, and disposed of anywhere, on the first convenient opportunity, were the most formidable witnesses against him, and rendered wholly vain his laborious dismemberment and attempted annihilation of the rest of the body. Not all the sermons that have been preached, not all the treatises that have been written, since sermons first were preached and books were written, have half the power to impress the thinking mind with the idea of a watchful Providence than this single circumstance possesses.

There is a disposition amongst men to view the commission of a crime with more or less horror and indignation according as the perpetrator may appear to have been actuated by motives more or less base.

The man who commits a deliberate and premeditated murder, no matter how horrible, through jealousy, disappointed love, or wounded honour, will never be classed by the generality of his fellow-men with him who kills merely for the sake of money. Some degree of sympathy is

excited for the sufferer under the infliction of injustice, and there is a natural tendency to soften and excuse in another a crime which has been actuated by feelings in which all have a sympathy more or less warm. But to slay a fellow-creature solely for the sake of seizing on his wealth, appears an offence of a far deeper dye; for no man likes to part without an equivalent with his gold, and to wrest from the victim not only his gold but his life appears a vast accumulation of injustice and oppression.

It is not a flattering result to find on examination that nine-tenths of the murders that have been wrought since the time of Cain till this hour, have had sordid pelf for their motive. The cases we have referred to are among the number, and we shall find no exception to the rule amongst the higher and better educated class of criminals. How truly has the poet sung—

“Auri sacra fames! quid non mortalia cogis
“Pectora?”

A striking instance of the apparently trivial manner in which the commission of a great crime has been discovered, occurred in the case of John Holloway, a case distinguished for its horror and atrocity.

On Friday, the 12th of August, 1831, two labouring men were passing through a place called Rottingdean, near Brighton, when at a particular spot they fancied that the earth bore the appearance of having been recently turned up.

Actuated simply by an idle curiosity, and uninfluenced by the slightest suspicion of anything unusual or wrong, they pushed away a portion of the mould with a walking-stick, and disclosed a small piece of red printed cotton, which protruded. The circumstance attracted no further attention from them, and they went upon their way, and returned to their respective homes. One of them, named Gillam, casually mentioned the occurrence the same evening to his wife in the course of conversation, and the latter suggested that perhaps a child, the issue of some illicit connexion, might be buried in the place. Gillam adopted this idea, and the following morning, accompanied by his wife and some other persons, repaired to the spot, and having removed a portion of the earth, he seized and drew forth about a yard in length of the printed cotton. His wife at once remarked that it was evidently the dress of a grown person, and vague alarm being excited in the minds

of the spectators, it was determined to send for the officer of the village of Preston, adjoining. The officer arrived, the search was prosecuted, and the result was the disinterment of severed limbs, and the trunk of a female body. The horrid intelligence spread rapidly, and crowds flocked to the spot; and, amongst the number, one Mrs. Bishop, who, on viewing the remains, declared that they were those of her sister; and confirmation was quickly found in her recognition of the dress which was wrapped about the corpse, as being of the same pattern as a piece given her by her sister, to be employed in the making of a patch-work quilt.

The clue thus afforded was quickly followed up, and John Holloway, a labourer employed at the chain-pier, and the husband of the deceased woman, was apprehended. It then appeared that the maiden name of the unfortunate woman had been Celia Bashford, that she had been formerly a servant in a public house at Brighton, and that having fallen a victim to the seduction of Holloway, she had become his wife. The parish officers, to whom, in the destitution and abandonment to which Holloway had consigned her, she had applied for relief, had, by proceeding against him, forced him into a reluctant marriage, which proved, as might have been expected, most unhappy.

Holloway soon formed a connection with another woman, Anne Kennard, and left his wife chargeable upon the parish, the officers of which obtained an order from the magistrates that he should allow her a weekly sum of two shillings. Kennard was usually employed by Holloway to carry this pittance to his wife, a brutal insult, the frequent repetition of which caused bitter feeling between the two women.

Matters were in this position when Holloway formed the diabolical design which he subsequently executed with such relentless ferocity. Simulating a return of early affection, he called upon his wife, and expressed an anxious desire that all differences between them should be reconciled, and that she should assume her legitimate position as his wife, and share his dwelling once more. He informed her that he had provided lodgings, the locality of which he did not however indicate, and that on a certain day he would call for, and carry her to the place. Accordingly, upon the 14th of July, he came to her lodgings, re-

ceived her clothes, which she had ready packed, returned for herself, and took her away with him. Thenceforth, living or dead, she was seen no more, till one month after, the mutilated fragments of her body were exhumed at Rottingdean. It afterwards appeared, from the wretch's own confession, that he had deliberately planned the murder of his wife; that he had hired a small house in North Steyne Row, Brighton, to which he brought her on the 14th of July, and that having got her inside he secured the door, knocked her down, partially strangled her, and finally despatched her by cutting her throat.

In his first confession Holloway did not implicate Kennard, but he subsequently accused her as an accomplice, and as his active assistant in the murder, and the subsequent mutilation and concealment.

Holloway was of course convicted of the crime, and suffered death; Kennard was not tried for some time after, when she was acquitted.

Revolting in their details these cases are not without instruction, and certainly do much to confirm popular belief in the saying that 'murder will out.' Ingenuity to plan, boldness to execute, and craft to conceal, had been all employed to a marvellous extent, but employed in vain; and the apparently simple manner in which they have been confounded manifests the Providence of God in a striking and instructive manner.

In none, however, of those modern productions in which detectives, police-inspectors, and thief-takers, are supposed to give to the public their strange experiences, can we trace anything striking or even interesting. The incidents are common-place, the composition indifferent, and the taste questionable, and the books are not calculated to instruct, nor even likely to amuse.

They are plainly fictions, and not the real life-experiences of men, who moved and acted in the scenes described; and as fictions it occurs to us, that their authors might quite as well have made them either amusing or interesting.

There is a total want of reality about the occurrences narrated which deprives them of the faintest interest. "The Forger's Cipher" in "the Detective's Note-book" is evidently borrowed, in its main feature of the cipher, from Edgar Allan Poe's "Golden Beetle," from which we have above extracted. "Hanged by the Neck," in

the same volume, has been plainly suggested by Poe's "Murders in the Rue Morgue," and there is not one of the entire collection that bears the stamp of a genuine experience of Real Life.

The latest production of this character is entitled "The Irish Police Officer." The author, Mr. Robert Curtis, is a real person, a county Inspector of the Irish Constabulary, for the County of Kilkenny. The book is dedicated to Sir Henry Brownrigg, Inspector-General of Constabulary in Ireland. The preface tells us that the tales contained in the book have been compiled from memoranda made by the author in the course of his professional career. We are bound to give implicit credit to a statement deliberately made by a gentleman in Mr. Curtis' position, and therefore take these narratives as real experiences; but we trust we offer no offence to the author when we suggest the possibility of a little colouring having been super-added to the original pictures. Certainly if the occurrences here narrated actually happened as they are set down by Mr. Curtis, they form another strong illustration of the truth of the saying, that 'truth is stranger than fiction.' The first tale in the volume is called "The Identification," and turns upon a singular instance of mistaken identity. Tom Courtney, the victim, temporarily, of the mistake, is accused of a burglary and murderous assault,—sworn to by several witnesses as the perpetrator, his own uncle falling into the general error, is tried—convicted—and sentenced to death. The mysterious working of Providence is wonderfully displayed in the circumstances which led to the detection of the real criminal. The members of the constabulary force usually muster in pretty strong numbers at the assize town of the county, when the assizes are being held. Some come to render their services in the preservation of order at the court-house, some are witnesses, some have charge of particular criminal cases, and all of course come in from various parts of the county. In this way two parties from different districts met the day before the arrival of the judges, in the assize town in which Tom Courtney was to be tried. Some conversation ensued between them as to the house selected by each party for their lodging during their stay in the town, and while one party recommended their own selection, the other were equally warm in favour of theirs. The difference was eventually decided by the

tossing of a coin, but more than this, as the sequel proved, depended upon the decision which was thus arrived at. The night but one before the morning fixed for Courtney's execution, Ferris, one of the constabulary, retiring to rest at his lodgings thus selected, was startled by hearing voices in the adjoining room, and looking through a chink in the partition, saw seated at a table the Tom Courtney whom a few hours before he had seen consigned to a cell of the county jail. Taking proper measure of precaution, he rouses his men, rushes suddenly into the room, overpowers and secures its occupants, and speedily lodges them safely in the police barrack. Mr. Curtis describes his own amazement at receiving the intelligence that Courtney had escaped and had been re-taken, and his still greater amazement when, on rousing the governor of the jail to communicate the startling news, he finds that Tom Courtney is still in close custody in the condemned cell of the prison. The mystery is speedily cleared up, and it transpires that the real criminal, for whose crime Courtney was so nearly sacrificed, and whose resemblance to Courtney is so close as to deceive even relatives, was drawn thither by some strange infatuation, we should rather say by the hand of God, to the town during the trial, and met some of his companions in guilt on the evening in question, for mutual congratulation, and to make arrangements for flight. The result is, of course, the release, after some days delay, of Tom Courtney, his place being taken by his "double." The circumstances thus related by Mr. Curtis are certainly most interesting and striking; the fate of Courtney appears to have been decided by the tossing of a coin; for had the result of that operation been different, Ferris and his companions would not have repaired to the house in which the former overheard the pseudo Tom Courtney and effected his capture.

The "Reprieve" is a strange story, and in spite of our respect for Mr. Curtis' character and position, startles our belief not a little.

It is the story of the murder, by one Delany, of the child of a man named O'Connor, who had formerly been his successful rival for the hand of a village beauty. The guilt of Delany is established and he is sentenced to die. O'Connor's sorrow for the loss of his child is intense. And when at length the crime is traced to Delany, his fury and thirst

for vengeance are uncontrollable, and he envies the law its prey, burning to shed himself the blood of the murderer of his child. He swears a fearful oath to be present at the execution of the wretched culprit, and to gloat over his last moments and the agony of his violent death. While under sentence it is whispered that Delany has offered to make important disclosures in connection with former desperate transactions, and that the government magistrate has been frequently closeted with him, and that he will purchase his life at the price of information against his associates. These rumours prove to have some foundation, but Delany wavers and hesitates. He desires to be assured of pardon, and refuses to be sufficiently explicit without receiving an assurance that his life will be spared. This is the state of affairs up to the day before that appointed for the execution of the murderer. The magistrate has gone to Dublin, carrying with him as much information as Delany had been induced to afford, with a view to obtaining a reprieve in return.

Up to this time we are told that no executioner had been engaged. The sheriff, aware of what was passing, felt persuaded that a reprieve would be obtained, and no person had called at the prison, as was usual, asking for employment in the horrid office.

The sheriff is alarmed, as the time is now so near, and pardon may not, after all, be obtained. In this perplexity he despatches a special messenger with all speed, some seventy or eighty miles, in quest of a person willing to undertake the duty, and he instructs the gaoler to engage a man upon any terms.

Late at night a figure, muffled to the eyes, calls at the prison, offers himself to act as executioner in the morning, is gladly engaged by the gaoler, and shown through that portion of the prison through which he is to pass in the morning; and as he is manifestly inexperienced in the fearful business, he is fully instructed by the turnkey in the details of the scaffold, bolts, and other grim machinery of death. The turnkey shows the stranger a little room, in which there is a bed, indicating that he can sleep there, and stating that breakfast will be sent to him early in the morning. This offer is spurned in most grandiloquent terms, and the mysterious stranger declines any connection with the business unless permitted to depart

engaging to return to the prison at an early hour in the morning to perform his office.

The gaoler is forced to be content, though troubled with great misgivings, the stranger departs, and silence falls upon the prison.

In the morning the sheriff receives a letter from the magistrate in Dublin, stating that up to the last moment he has been unable to obtain a reprieve, and begging the sheriff to delay the execution till the latest instant.

The mysterious executioner is punctual—the hour fixed for the execution arrives and passes—and the multitude assembled to view the awful spectacle begin to grow impatient. The execution can no longer be deferred—the reluctant sheriff is about to give the fatal signal, when, in the outskirts of the crowd a slight commotion is apparent—a cry arises—a horseman dashes through, waving a flag over his head, and bearing a packet in his hand,—a pardon! a pardon! is shouted by the crowd,—the prisoner, with strained eye-balls, and bursting veins, turns towards the sheriff a mute appeal, when suddenly, with a yell of rage, the muffled executioner turns the fatal wheel, and sends the wretched Delany into eternity.

It then transpires that the executioner is O'Connor, who adopts this shocking mode of wreaking his vengeance on the murderer of his child; his intellect gives way under the fearful excitement, and he ends his life within the walls of the prison a raving lunatic.

Mr. Curtis' book is, on the whole, superior to the rest of the batch before us, the names of some of which will be found in the heading of this paper; but none of the number contain any of those thrilling narratives, those hair-breadth escapes, those wily schemes, those clever ruses, those bold attacks, which we should expect to find in fictions of this class; for fictions we must continue to call them, with the qualification regarding Mr. Curtis' volume which we have already made.

The detective system in this country is essentially low and mean, and probably the system is the same in other countries. The boasted skill of the celebrated French police, as it existed under different prefects and chiefs, was nothing after all but an elaborate system of espionage. It was founded on this system under Louis XI., when Tristan, whose name is immortalized by Scott in *Quentin Durward*, was at its head, and the post-office was invented

in France more as a means of spying over the country rapidly and surely, than for the legitimate object of the transmission of correspondence. The celebrated Sartines carried the spy system to a vast extent, and professed to know, and indeed appears actually to have known, what was passing of importance, not alone in Paris, but in every capital of Europe: but the bitterest commentary on the system was after all his own reply to some person who reproached him for employing repentant thieves and reformed convicts, as police spies, 'Tell me,' said he, 'of one honest man who will be a police spy?'

As we have already said, we have no desire to depreciate unduly the services of a well organized and trained police, when we remark how entirely the detection of great crimes appears to be exclusively the work of Providence. Every event, of course, which passes around us is ordered and ordained by Providence; and if men were to abandon all exertion and all interest in events, leaving everything to heaven, the result would be confusion and disorder. We have, therefore, no wish to suggest that the investigations undertaken for the discovery of the perpetrators of crime are useless; but it cannot escape observation how little the most elaborate and ingenious enquiry effects. It is indeed, almost invariably, some insignificant fact, some trivial coincidence, that points out the way and leads eventually to the desired conclusion. And when that aid, so granted by the hand of heaven, is, for wise though inscrutable purposes, withheld, the criminal escapes detection, and "sleeps in spite of thunder."

It is difficult to know which most to reverence and admire—the manner in which God uses the most tortuous and deceitful acts of men as the means of eliciting truth, or the awfully solemn silence with which He occasionally regards their crimes, leaving the lifting of the veil to that final Hour of Judgment, when every secret will be revealed, and concealment and mystery will be no more.

In the year 1806 the British Linen Company occupied for the banking part of their business a large house in the old town of Edinburgh. This house had formerly belonged to the Marquis of Tweeddale, and was situated within a spacious court, which was connected with the street by a narrow covered passage about forty feet long, and known as Tweeddale's Close.

About five o'clock in the evening of the 13th of November, 1806, a little girl sent by her mother to procure water from a neighbouring well, stumbled, in the obscure light, over the body of a man lying at the point of death, near the foot of the public stair which opened into the Close. Assistance was procured, and the man raised up, and he proved to be one William Begbie, a porter employed at the bank, and in his heart was found, buried deep up to the haft, a long knife, making a wound which caused his death before he was enabled to speak a word, to account for the catastrophe, to those who came to his assistance.

The blow had indeed been struck home with fatal force and deliberation, and round the handle had been wrapped some soft paper, to prevent, as was conjectured, any sprinkling of blood from reaching the person of the murderer. Begbie had been robbed, it was discovered, of about £4,000 in notes and gold.

All the efforts made, and they were numerous and persevering, to discover the assassin, wholly failed, and though several were from time to time arrested on suspicion, sufficient evidence could not be collected to justify the trial of any individual.

Nearly a year after, some workmen returning from labour, passing through Bellevue Grounds, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, found in a hole a parcel containing about £3,000 in large notes, which were identified as a portion of those stolen from Begbie.

The finders returned the notes to the Banking Company, who rewarded them with £200, but the circumstance threw no light upon the dark tragedy, nor has the lapse of time done anything since to clear up the mystery.

So 'murder will not always out,' and the murderer of William Begbie carried his secret to the grave. In the ordinary course of nature he must, probably, by this time have passed to his account. Fifty-five years, if he still survive, must have bent his form and wrinkled his brow, and stolen from him most of that vigour and strength which filled his arm when, with such unerring force, he drove the instrument of death down into his victim's heart. Should he have survived the year 1856, with what feelings must he have heard of the murder of Mr. Little, in our own city.

Like Begbie, Little was deprived of life in the midst of

a populous city, at the close of day, and whilst men were still in motion to and fro upon their affairs.

Like Begbie he was, when murdered, engaged upon the business, and had the custody of the money of a Public Company. Like Begbie he was deprived of life for the sake of that money, and the same friendly obscurity that enveloped for ever the person of the assassin of Begbie, has shrouded in a like impenetrable gloom the murderer of Little.

One day, too, these two will stand together stripped of concealment, and a measure of justice will be meted to them. In that day, '*dies magna, et amara valde*,' the whole world will know the truth; and the murders of Eliza Grimwood, of Lord Norbury, of Mrs. Kelly, and of many others, will no more be hidden things, and the Waterloo Bridge and Road mysteries will be mysteries no more.

Then will the murderer stand before a Judge who can neither be deceived nor intimidated, and once again look upon his victim's face,—that victim whom, ruthlessly and barbarously, without a warning word, he "sent to his account with all his imperfections on his head."

Till that day comes men must be content to bow to a superior intelligence, and to acknowledge the limited scope of human foresight and knowledge. Would that this acknowledgment were more frequently and sincerely made to temper the zeal and moderate the haste of public prosecutors: to cool the judgments and clear the vision of those in whose hands are placed the awful trust and responsibility of disposing of human life, and holding up between the accuser and accused the tremendous balance of the scales of Justice.

- Art. VI.—1. *Döllinger ; Ueber den Kirchenstaat. Allgemeine Zeitung.* 7 April, 8 April, 16 April, 17 April, 1861. Augsburg.
2. *Le Deuxième Lettre à M. le Comte de Cavour, par le Comte de Montalembert, l'un des Quarante de l'Académie Française.* Lecoffre. Paris, 29, Rue du Vieux-Colombier, 1861.
3. *Der Kirchenstaat seit der Französischen Revolution ; Historisch-Statistische Studien und Skizzen.* Von Dr. J. Hergenröther. Freiburg im Breisgau. Herdersche Verlagshandlung. 1860.
4. *Devotion to the Church.* By Frederick William Faber, D.D. Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Second Edition. London, Dublin, and Derby : Richardson and Son, 1861.

ROME is the knot in European politics, and there is none to unravel the entanglement. Rome is the moral Quadrilateral against the daring success of the revolution ; therefore against this ancient citadel all the forces of anarchy, fraud, flattery, and corruption are combined. The fortress, if it cannot be stormed, must be undermined. The garrison of the faithful throughout the world must be bribed to betray their trust, and to surrender the keys of Rome into the hands of their enemies. How grand a thing it is, say these opponents of the temporal power of the Popes, addressing themselves to the vain or the visionary among the leaders of the Catholic body, how grand to be superior to the common prejudice of the vulgar, to be gifted with a keener insight into the mysterious future than the rest of mankind, to become the inaugurators of a new epoch which shall eclipse all the former glories of the Papacy. Trust to us, they continue, we shall give liberty to the Church and complete independence to its venerable ruler ; we shall reconcile modern modes of thought to ancient dogma, and restore universal liberalism to the enlightened yoke of the Catholic Church. We only demand in exchange for all these great promises, and as a proof of confidence, the keys of the citadel. The wooden horse introduced into the walls of doomed Troy did not contain a greater danger than that concealed under these hollow platitudes. Perfidious Greeks never offered more treacherous gifts. And yet, in the present cessation from active hostilities, liberals of every hue and colour, from the puny and half-fledged trai-

tor in our own camp, to the Nestor of liberalism grown hoary in deceit, urge with one accord upon the Pope the honour of yielding up Rome, the glory of disgrace, and the liberty of a prison. But the faithful sons of Catholicism throughout the world cry with one voice, "No surrender!" not even of an inch of ground sacred to the Papacy, not one jot of the independence so necessary to the Pope. Courage, loyalty, endurance, hope, are virtues of an ancient stamp, and they will never be quite out of date among Catholic laymen, as long as Montalembert shall live, and will never be silenced as long as his voice shall be heard. On the principle of Papal independence all sound Catholics are agreed, but between the recognition of a principle and its enforcement, there is an almost immeasurable distance.

Who shall ensure the independence of the Pope, which all consider essential to the welfare of the Church? The Head of Christendom is abandoned by the Catholic world. He is surrounded by those who hate him. He is in the hands of his crafty enemy, the arch-hypocrite of the Tuilleries. As a matter of fact his independence is gone. Scarcely a rag of his temporal power is left. When it suits his plans, Louis Napoleon will withdraw his troops from Rome, as he did his fleet from Gaeta. Then, what next? Count Cavour's offer of liberty in the Vatican and a pension from the state? But the Pope is in this dilemma, he must be either a sovereign or a subject. Not for his personal dignity, although to a true Catholic, that alone would be a sufficient reason; not on political necessities, not even on the score of right, but solely for the good of the Church, must the Pope retain, is the Catholic argument, the temporal sovereignty bestowed on him for that purpose.

But, the good of the Church is the last thing the enemies of the Pope care for. They declare, when they do not speak to deceive us, that the liberty of the Church is incompatible with modern civilization. The enemies of the Papacy rule the world, and alter at will the map of Europe. Count Cavour has proclaimed that Rome must be the capital of Italy, and that the Supreme Pontiff must cease to be a sovereign. Who is there to gainsay him? What king, what nation of Christendom, in the nineteenth century, will do more than simply protest against this spiritual parricide? Is it not, after all, a question merely of spiritual interest? It does not affect the boundary of an

empire, or the prerogative of a king, or a dynastic claim, nor disturb trade, nor alter a tariff, nor raise the price of beer in the chief city of a country, nor wound the susceptible feeling of nationality. Each of these events has kindled a war, raised a rebellion, or caused a riot; but these things pressed nearly and dearly on the selfishness of the individual, or on the vanity of the masses. Will the conqueror of Solferino and Magenta, who alone made its destruction possible, interfere now to save the temporal sovereignty of the Pope? The Master of the destinies of the world, we may be sure, will consult only his own interests in the matter. Self is his only god. The possession of Rome makes him, in a manner, the lord of Italy. But his gripe upon France is, of late, less secure. His nervous suppression of the pamphlet of the Duc D'Aumale, which, nevertheless, before its seizure, and by the help of numerous transcripts, obtained an enormous circulation, and the vindictive punishment inflicted upon the publisher and the printer, and the restrictive measures taken to prevent a repetition of the offence, indicate, in no dubious manner, the Emperor's fear lest the House of Orleans, the presumptive heir to the elder Bourbons, should rally to its standard the Catholics of France, as well as the parliamentary liberals, and become a formidable rival to the imperial dynasty. Should he find it impossible to win again the confidence, or even to appease the French episcopate, to better his hold upon the infidel and revolutionary party in France he would sacrifice his position in Rome, and identify himself more openly and actively than ever with the leaders of European anarchy. No field would be too wide for his intrigues, no enemy too powerful for his Pretorian guards.

Venice, and Rome, and Hungary, and Poland, would be the theatre of his victorious and sanguinary exploits. Everywhere the Catholic Church would be his enemy, and everywhere the victim of his hate and revenge. Italy, it is to be feared, would be the too faithful ally of his deeds of blood. Italy, that seems to be approaching to her '89 and her '93—Italy, whose most popular hero, whose prospective Robespierre boasts that he will drain the life-blood of the vipers that infest the eternal city, whose watch-word is war to the knife against the priesthood—Italy, the companion in arms of France—the mistress of Rome—what berty will she have to bestow on the Papacy? Even as

matters now stand, what liberty does she give to her monks, her priests, her bishops, faithful to their trust, but the liberty of the dungeon, the liberty of exile! In the present state of society, could the Pope, as a subject of any king in Europe, hope to escape persecution or control? To become a subject would be to return to the catacombs. In the great drama which is being carried on before our eyes, the Pope is the sole actor on the Catholic side. Emperors, kings, and peoples are reduced to the sad state of passive spectators of the miserable spectacle. Modern civilization triumphs, and ancient right is trampled under-foot. But, above the shouts and yells of these advanced leaders of progress, of this vanguard of civilization, whose hands are still red with innocent blood shed in the fastnesses of the Abruzzi, two voices have just made themselves heard in Europe. Out of the passive or more insignificant crowd two champions of the temporal power of the Pope have stepped forth, Montalembert and Dr. Döllinger, the learned theologian of Munich. The clear indignant voice of the French champion of the Papacy is heard in a letter to Count Cavour, in which, in the fiery language of offended honesty, he repudiates the proffered friendship of a false liberalism, and takes his stand upon the absolute rights of the Papacy violated by the Revolution. Dr. Döllinger, in his two lectures addressed to a crowded and mixed assemblage, while condemning the crying injustice of the French Emperor and of Sardinia against the Pope, confines his observations more to the actual order of things, and deals with matters of fact. "Matters of fact," he says, "according to the English proverb, are stubborn things, and not easily to be altered. The conclusions which I have drawn," he continues, "are based upon well attested facts. My conclusions are open to criticism, but the facts are grounded upon official and trustworthy documents, or upon my personal knowledge of the condition of the Papal States." The lecturer evidently plumes himself upon the superiority of his method of treating the Papal question, and takes a pride in basing his argument, rather upon the political facts of the day, than upon the eternal principles of justice, or upon that larger view of events which discovers in the development of the temporal sovereignty of the Papacy a divine purpose and a consummated fact of greater importance, as a help towards the elucidation of

the future, than the political and passing changes of the hour.

It is in this narrow and limited range of his philosophy, and in the dry literalness of his conception, the chief weakness of the lecturer lies. He came forth as the champion of the necessity of the Papal independence, and in spite of himself, he ended in becoming its greatest enemy. If a speaker is to be judged, not by the impression which he intended to produce, but by the effect left on the mind of his audience, Dr. Döllinger deserves unmitigated condemnation. He had the Papacy for his subject, and Europe for his audience, and he insulted the friends of the Church and flattered its enemies. His words are paraded throughout Italy, are enrolled on the banners of the revolution, and are become the Shibboleth in the hostile camp. He is held up as the "Simon pure" of Catholic Germany, and at the same time as, at least, the palliator of the revolutionary events. Dr. Döllinger is the most unfortunate of men; he suffers, not only from the patronage of his enemies, but from the miserable and exaggerated partiality of his friends. From the "Saturday Review," to the "Rambler," his lectures have been welcomed in England with an uninterrupted chorus of praise,* whilst the noble and magnificent letter of Count de Montalembert, in defence of the Papal rights, has been passed over in entire silence, or merely alluded to as a "foaming and flaming epistle," which the writer's best friends would have wished never to have been written.†

Polemics is the bane of a candid and impartial inquiry. Dr. Döllinger's argument has in many places been wrenched from its socket and used as a weapon against the cause he desired to defend. He has not only been misinterpreted, he has been misunderstood and greatly, from his own fault. Not so much, perhaps, from an insufficient grasp of mind, as from a want of quick and ready sympathy in treating so momentous a question as

* The "Tablet" newspaper, however, is a noble exception. With a tenacity of purpose and fixedness of principle, as rare as they are delightful, it has never for an instant given in to the delusive liberalism of the day, or fallen into a state of maudlin sympathy towards the heroes of the revolution, alive or dead.

† "Daily News."

the sacrilegious spoliation of the Papacy. When the Father of Christendom is deserted by friends, beset by enemies, mocked, calumniated, abused; and, when all that is true, and noble, and generous, and loyal in the Catholic world is touched to the quick, or stung with indignation, Dr. Döllinger steps forward, and delivers a dry disquisition on the temporal power of the Popes, which in no measure or manner responds to the affliction of the Catholic mind of Europe. This deficient delicacy of perception and sympathy is the head and front of his offending. It verifies the truth of the saying, that a small unkindness from a friend is a great offence. The Catholic world has already resented this great offence in a storm of indignation, which has completely taken the Munich Professor by surprise; he is still scarcely aware of its cause. Are his facts not unimpeachable?—are they not founded upon documentary evidence—upon the reports of the English foreign office—upon personal knowledge? What can be greater than facts? We almost believe we are listening to a modern Dr. Dryasdust, rather than to a great Church historian and Catholic theologian. Döllinger is the Lingard of Germany,—Lingard in his most unfavourable aspect—hard, dry, and critical.

Apart, however, from time and circumstance, from the method of treatment and from the appearance of treachery, there is much in these lectures of Dr. Döllinger with which we are disposed to coincide. We agree with him that it is not to be denied, that for the last forty years a revolutionary spirit has been fermenting in the town populations of the Roman States, and that from the absence in Italy, and especially in the Papal provinces, of an influential peasant class, the preponderance of the cities is decisive in all political questions. It is likewise true, as he alleges, that the weakness of the Papal government has increased with every year, and that when Pius IX. consented to introduce modern institutions, and granted, at the commencement of his pontificate, a comprehensive amnesty, he was only bringing back enemies to make open war against his rule. He showed mercy to the unmerciful, like his Divine Master, forgiving them that crucified Him. We have already, in a former article, in the pages of this Review,* anticipated the conclusions of

* Bonapartism, Nov. 1860.

the learned lecturer, when he states that nothing could be worse than a restoration by force of arms of the Papal sovereignty over the revolted States of the Church. And that the triumphs of the armies of Austria would, in the present turbulent and profoundly agitated state of Italy, inevitably lead to a new, a more destructive and terrible revolution, in which the States of the Church would be entirely swept away, so that the last state of things would be worse than the first. We object, however, from every point of view, and on all considerations, to the question as to the necessity of the temporal power of the Popes mooted by Dr. Döllinger in his first lecture. We cannot, as Catholics, too forcibly repudiate the reasoning and the conclusion, which, if he does not actually draw, he more than indicates, that the temporal sovereignty has ever been a hindrance rather than a help to the Papacy, and that, to use his own words, "since 1831 it has hung like a leaden weight to the heel of the successor of St. Peter."

The whole drift of the first lecture is to show, that for the by far longer period of its existence, the temporal power has been a simple draw-back and encumbrance on the Popes. The reverend lecturer grants that Pope Pius IX. could not have done other than he has done in resisting the demands made upon him by the great powers; because in his character of electoral prince he governed the States of the Church as trust property, and was bound by oath to preserve them intact. But, apart from the present state of affairs, the question may be put, whether territorial possessions are absolutely necessary for the Papacy? "History answers," says the lecturer, "that the chair of St. Peter existed at first for seven hundred years without even possessing a single village or hamlet; and that even later, when whole provinces were conferred upon them, the Sovereign Pontiff from the ninth to the fifteenth century, with few exceptions, never enjoyed quiet possession of their more extended territory, and that even the mightiest of the Successors of St. Peter, Gregory VII. and Urban II., died on a foreign soil. According to the testimony of a Pope himself, when the Papacy was at the very height of its religious and political power, there were only two cities, Viterbo and Avignon, where the Popes could dwell in peace and security. Rome, for centuries, was too disturbed a place for a Papal residence. Only three hundred years ago did the Popes

attain to the secure possession of their territories, but what," asks the lecturer, "are three hundred, compared to eighteen hundred years?"

The historical argument which the lecturer adduces against the necessity of territorial possessions to the Papacy, has not sufficient sophistry to deceive even the unreasoning. It is one of those platitudes which an ordinary half-informed lecturer throws out to catch the multitude; in so learned a writer as Dr. Döllinger, such a course cannot be ascribed to ignorance, but rather to the careless and superficial method he has adopted in entering upon a subject, the gravity of which he scarcely seems to be aware of. It does not at all follow, as he infers, that the Papacy was at the very height of its religious and political glory because it had scarcely a single city where it could dwell in peace; the non-possession of territorial dominions was not the cause of its glory; the loss of territory indeed was the consequence of persecution, but the persecution of the Papacy, if we read the historical lesson aright, was itself the cause which roused, as it always does, in the entire Church, the zeal of the saint or the spirit of the martyr. In the reaction that follows fast on the persecuting spirit, whether religious or political, which drives the Popes out of their dominions—in the consequent sympathy and self-denial of Christians—in the stubborn prayers and austerities of the cloister—in the renewed vigour of the priesthood—in the glorious examples and exhortations of the prelates of the Church, do we discover the cause of the advanced glory, political or religious, of the Papacy, and not with Dr. Döllinger, in its relief from the burden of temporal dominion. We have not the slightest hesitation in believing, that we are now about to enter upon a period of persecution, which, in the course of time, will greatly increase the renown of the pontificate of Pius IX.; but we do not believe that the entrance of Victor Emmanuel into the States of the Church, or the presence of Louis Napoleon in the Eternal City, will bring relief to the mind of the Supreme Pontiff, or add by even the weight of a straw, to his devotion to Church affairs, or conduce, in the remotest, to the good of Christians or to the glory of God.

The lecturer then goes on to consider some of the essential conditions in the government of the States of the Church. "The Pope, for instance, is an electoral prince, a form of succession as beneficial for the Church as it is

politically defective. All electoral kingdoms have hitherto perished, because they were wanting in a dynasty rooted in the soil; because there existed no long mutual attachment between prince and people; every newly-elected Pope was at least a stranger to his subjects, often even a foreigner. The Popes were for the most part advanced in years when they entered upon their Pontificate; on account, therefore, of the rapid and frequent change of system, no Pontifical government was able to strike root into the nation. From such considerations it was," continued the lecturer, seeking to support his views on the shoulders of others, "that men, held by the Church in the highest repute, like Bellarmine, came to the conclusion, that it were better that the Popes should not occupy the twofold position of temporal prince and head of the Church."

After dwelling, as we have seen, on the increasing disaffection in the Italian mind against the Papal dominion as an obstacle to the formation of a united kingdom of Italy, and on the growing weakness of the temporal sovereignty, which, since 1849, has been reduced to the sad necessity of depending on the garrisons of two foreign powers, Austria and France, for support and preservation; Dr. Döllinger, at the close of his first lecture, comes to the conclusion that the union of the two powers, the spiritual and the temporal, in the States of the Church, is not an element of strength, but of weakness. "For nothing," he says, "excites greater animosity than the employment of political measures to forward religious purposes, or, on the other hand, than the use of spiritual means for political ends." This aversion to the union of the temporal and spiritual government is not, the lecturer considers, the consequence of a weakened sentiment of religion, but is owing to the general change of circumstances and mode of viewing public matters in Europe. "How should we, in Germany," asks the reverend lecturer, "put up with a bishop as a governor of a province or city?" It is, perhaps, necessary to remark, that what Dr. Döllinger objects to here, is not the twofold sovereignty in the person of the Pope, but the clerical government in the States of the Church. "The Papal government," continues the lecturer, "moves in a vicious circle; the more concessions it makes, the more weapons it places in the hands of its enemies; but the refusal of reforms heightens the hos-

tility of the people. How utterly deplorable of late," he exclaims, "is the position of the Pope. He cannot be a subject; he must never exclusively belong to one kingdom; he must be free and independent to exercise his office as the common Father of all; even the mere suspicion of dependence were injurious to the Holy See. When Austria and France in common garrisoned Rome, the Pope, at least, could appear free; but now, since the domination of Austria has been broken in Italy, and the French garrison is the sole support of the Pope, a state of things exists which can only be endured for a time. But, as matters stand, a French or an Austrian garrison is absolutely necessary, he imagines, for twenty or thirty years to come, to the ruin of the finances of the State, and to the excitement of a still deeper aversion against the Papal government.

"Hopeless prospect," concludes the lecturer, "a provisional state without the chance of solution. Thus, then, the possession of the States of the Church has a contrary operation to what was intended, and by which alone it was justified; for, instead of securing the independence of the Pope, it has made the crutch of a foreign army a necessity for ever, and has lowered the Head of the Church in public esteem." In the present temper of the Catholic mind, it is not to be wondered at, that grave offence was taken at the tone of this lecture, and at the deductions which, whether he intended it or no, were so liable to be drawn from the admissions of the lecturer to the detriment of the temporal power of the Popes. In the present critical state of affairs, when under cover of an attack against his temporal possessions, the spiritual supremacy of the Pope is sought to be undermined, nothing could be worse than this faint-hearted surrender of what all the bishops of Christendom, from the Bavarian capital to the most remote and insignificant city beyond the Atlantic, have concurred in supporting as the bulwark of the Church in its struggle against the world. In the short interval, which elapsed between the delivery of the first and second lectures, and even in the course of the lecture itself, the manifestation of opinion was so strong and unqualified as to compel the lecturer, if not to modify his positions, at least to vindicate himself from the appearance of sympathy with a course of events which would lead to the separation of the temporal and spiritual powers of the Pope. That such a

vindication was necessary, is in itself evidence against the judgment and discretion of the learned lecturer; and the opinion of the Munich audience has been ratified, not only by the indignation of the Catholic public of Europe, but even still more by the unbounded applause which Dr. Döllinger has the unspeakable misfortune to receive from the enemies of the Church in Italy, France, and England, as well as in the country which has the unhappiness to contribute in his person a well-intentioned enemy to the Papal cause.

To obviate the erroneous impressions, which his first lecture had produced, Dr. Döllinger in his second, directs attention to the difference which exists between the bare recital of facts and a positive statement of coincidence of opinion. "Facts," he contends, "which I relate, are not to be confounded with my own demands or desires. He who imposes upon himself the task of giving a picture of the present state of affairs, must not introduce into such a representation his own views and wishes; he must take things as they are. To state that a tendency towards secularization pervades the whole of Europe, is one thing, but quite another to say, I wish it, or that, I see a benefit in the destruction of the temporal power of the Popes." The lecturer then states, that the deductions in his first lecture were founded on the following five facts, which he thus again sums up. "1st. The Holy See existed for seven hundred years without temporal possessions, and then for seven hundred and fifty years more in the disturbed and insecure occupation of the States of the Church. The undisturbed possession of the temporal power lasted about three hundred and fifty years, and the present form of government, an inheritance of the revolutionary domination of Napoleon I. was only introduced forty-five years ago. It follows hence; 2nd., that the possession and government of an important State is not in itself, and at all times, necessary for the dignity and freedom of the Head of the Church." We must interrupt this train of argument; we cannot coincide with the lecturer's conclusion; it does not appear to us to follow, that because the Church for so many hundred years existed without temporal possessions, therefore to deprive the Pope now by violence or intrigue of the right of sovereignty, which the Papacy has enjoyed for centuries, and to compel him to become the subject of an irreligious and hostile state, would be con-

ducive to the dignity or add to the freedom of the Head of the Church.

The learned lecturer is certainly at fault in his logic. He has drawn too wide and unwarrantable a conclusion from his premiss. There is no kind of analogy between the state of the Church, fresh from the cross, just emerging from the Catacombs, converting, unprotected by temporal power and possessions, the Pagan world, and forming European society on a Christian model, and the state of the Church to-day—the ruler of two hundred millions of Christians—stripped by the violence of a revolutionary and anti-Christian faction, by the connivance of the crowned heads, and by the apathy of Europe of her just rights, of her freedom and independence, left alone to the mercy of her enemies, and forced, in spite of herself, under their subjection. There is a vast difference between the non-possession and the surrender of power. There is in this respect no analogy between the early ages of the Church and the circumstances of the present day. And unless the learned lecturer is prepared to argue that the days of martyrdom are returned, and that as the tottering Pagan world had to be converted by the blood of the saints, so that now that ancient seed of the Church is to be sown anew in the corrupt heart of Europe, he can institute no comparison between, ground no argument on, the condition of the Papacy in the first ages of its existence, and its present state and requirements. But since, on the contrary, the writer infers that the loss of the temporal power of the Popes will not lead to the persecution of the Papacy, but materially conduce to its peace, security, and well-being, his argument is not entitled to this interpretation, and he is bound to find a better reason for the surrender of the temporal sovereignty of the Papacy into the hands of the revolution than the fact that the Church was once unendowed with temporal possessions.

But after this interruption, which we were bound to make, lest we should appear even for a moment to countenance Dr. Döllinger's conclusions, let us return to the enumeration of the five facts on which the lecturer grounds the deductions that form the staple of his address. The third fact, he continues, is public opinion, which not only at present, but for a considerable period, has been opposed to the existence of the States of the Church, because the people of Italy found in the Papal Sovereignty the chief

hindrance to their passionate desire for the formation of a united and independent Italian kingdom ; 4th, for thirty or forty years not only has a numerous faction in the papal territory laboured to upset the government, but no portion of the population has in these latter years exhibited an active, determined, or devoted attachment to the Papal dominion ; and 5th, for a century the tendency of Europe inclines towards secularization, that is, the separation of the temporal and political from the spiritual ; nowhere in Europe does it any longer occur, or would it be tolerated, that civil offices should be administered by ecclesiastics, or that the government of a country or the administration of justice should be entrusted to clerical officials. The States of the Church have hitherto formed the single exception to this rule.

Although the lecturer specially guards himself against the interpretation that his individual opinions and sympathies were identical with the facts which he has stated, he nevertheless comes to the conclusion that the continuance of the present order of things in the States of the Church would only then be possible, were the great majority of the people to manifest a decided partiality for the present system of government. But since notoriously this is not the case, the government, he contends, will be unable in its present form to maintain itself for any length of time. "If the Pope is to remain a temporal prince, or to become one again, a secularization of some kind or other is inevitably necessary for the States of the Church."

We cannot do more than merely recapitulate the arguments which the writer brings forward in favour of the secularization of the government in the Papal States ; in the first place he meets the objection, that as the Head of the States of the Church is an Ecclesiastic, therefore, without respect to the wishes of the people, the government must be entrusted to the hands of ecclesiastics, and if this be not acceded to, then that the country should be occupied as it has been for the last thirty years, by foreign soldiers, by the following consideration, namely, that the experience of history does not show that it is impossible that the States of the Church should be governed in a manner different from the present, because an earnest attempt has never yet been made to introduce a system of self-government, or to admit the laity to participate in the administrative and legislative functions of the State. But

since this attempt has not been made, of course it cannot be said to have failed. He appeals to history to show that the ecclesiastical principalities of Germany were governed by laymen, under a spiritual prince, with such advantage and success as to give rise to the German proverb, that "*unter dem Krummstab ist gut leben*," "a proverb," continues the lecturer, "of quite another description would have arisen had the government been entrusted to clerical hands." Dr. Döllinger then argues that no appeal can be made to the Middle Ages in favour of ecclesiastical government, because the Middle Ages are gone for ever, and we live in quite other times, and under totally different circumstances. The Modern State, the writer argues, with its greatly increased wants, its police and centralized authority, its guardianship over the public lotteries, the gambling-houses and theatres, its censorship of the press, its passport system and excise duties, does not harmonize with an ecclesiastical government, and the very attempt to place such things in clerical hands degrades the priestly state and office. In confirmation of his views the lecturer appeals to authorities, and to no less an authority than Pope Pius IX. himself. In granting an unconditional amnesty, and in calling Count Rossi to his councils, the Sovereign Pontiff, he argues, intended to break with the old system, for on no other hypothesis could this extraordinarily bold act be accounted for. Count Rossi's principles were known to the Pope; moreover, he made it a condition of his entrance into the Papal service—as was well known at the time in France and Italy—that the chief power of the administration should be placed in the hands of laymen, and the government, so to speak, be secularized. Dr. Döllinger sees in the death of the prime minister of the Pope by the dagger of a Mazzinian assassin, a proof that the revolutionary and antipapal party had discovered in Count Rossi and his plans a sure means for the rescue of the Papal throne. The next authority which the lecturer cites is the memorial of the Five Great Powers in the year 1831, in which the Court of Rome was counselled to admit laymen into all the offices of state, and to introduce institutions of a popular character, founded upon the principles of self-government. This advice was given by the great Powers at a time when they did not even think of making such reforms in their own dominions, and yet they were, nevertheless,

convinced of the inevitable necessity for the introduction of these measures into the States of the Church. Dr. Döllinger then brings his lectures to a conclusion by suggesting five possible contingencies, which may lead to to the solution of the Roman question. We cannot in these pages do more than give the substance of these solutions which the lecturer offers, and must refer the reader for the arguments with which his views are introduced and supported, to the work itself, which no doubt will shortly make its appearance in an English form. The first contingency to which we have already alluded is the renewed outbreak of war in Italy, leading to the restoration of the Austrian domination in Lombardy, and to the compulsory surrender of the revolted provinces and rebellious States of the Church to the Papal authority, and as a consequence of this enforced submission, to a series of new revolutions, by which Italy will be plunged into a whirlpool of passions and crimes, in which the States of the Church will perish, and the last condition of things be more disastrous than the first.

The second eventuality is, that the Italian kingdom, now in process of formation, may be consolidated under the power of Sardinia; and the secularization of the entire States of the Church would then soon become an accomplished fact. In this case the Pope would be compelled to leave Rome, and have, for a time, to reside in some other Catholic country, and Rome, without more ado, would be incorporated into the Italian kingdom. Of course all those institutions would then be introduced into the States of the Church which the Papal Government, of late years, considered it a duty not to concede, because every concession was turned into a weapon against itself. But in the case supposed, the institutions, now common in Italy, would be introduced into the Roman States, and would amount to a complete secularization. The clergy, with its privileges so repugnant to the laity, would be placed under the common law, and by this act the chief cause of the aversion against the priesthood would be removed. In Germany, adds the lecturer, by way of example, all exclusive rights of the clergy have long since been happily done away with, and there is not a priest who reflects on the subject but would reject with abhorrence the thought of their restitution. But were, then, he continues, the exceptional position of the clergy abrogated in the States of the

Church, it would be pure gain, and a decisive step towards the imperious necessity of a reconciliation of classes. If we assume that the germs of dissolution, which are unmistakeably visible in the new Italian kingdom, develope themselves, and a restoration of the Papal power in Rome and in the whole, or part of the States of the Church, be brought about, the Pope will have gained an immense advantage, inasmuch as the greatest part of the work of reform will have been accomplished for him, and he will have been spared the labours and difficulties of all the changes in the State,—he will enter upon quite an altered position; he will be the head of an administration, composed entirely, or for the most part of laymen, which will be for the Pope a simple gain. The third, and most probable solution which the lecturer suggests of the Papal difficulty is the convocation by the Emperor of the French of a Congress of Catholic Powers, to consider the affairs of the Papacy. At the present juncture such a step the Rev. Lecturer considers to be not only the best and wisest course open to Napoleon, but the only means to avert the reproach, that he had made himself the subservient tool of English hatred against Rome, (or rather, we should say, of the revolutionary party in Europe,) and had placed France in a position as politically false as it is morally degrading. France, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, and Bavaria, would be the Powers to take part in the Congress; then, adds the lecturer, “an unwelcome guest, Piedmont, a power which has declared it will recognize no international rights, as representative of Italy must needs be admitted.” But why should the lecturer exclude the Papacy from his congress? Is it out of a tender regard for the honour of the Pope, lest his representative should be confronted with the crowned Robber of Italy? or does he take upon himself to waive for the Supreme Pontiff his right to be considered an independent Italian power? The result of such a congress on the States of the Church Dr. Döllinger considers it not difficult to foresee. The majority would insist not only that the Holy See should retain its present possessions, but upon the restoration of, at least, a part of those which have been torn away from its dominions; but at the same time they would demand as the only means of reconciling the people with the government, the secularization of the Papal administration, municipal institutions, the admission of laymen to the

control of the finances and to the legislation of the country; in a word, the introduction of all those institutions which, with the exception of Russia and Turkey, are now common to all Europe. If, however, these concessions were not granted, it would be impossible to re-establish order for a continuance without the permanent occupation of the States of the Church by foreign troops. "This difficulty," continues the lecturer, "still remains, that the hopes of the Italian patriots for the formation of a united and powerful kingdom would not thus be fulfilled. But they must comfort themselves as we Germans do, whose only prospect at best is a strong federal State, with which the Italians also must be content to put up." Dr. Döllinger is here again not very consistent in his argumentation; for the difficulty of Italian patriotism, which he now makes light of, in his first lecture he set great store by, as an argument against the possible continuance, in the present state of Italy, of the temporal power of the Papacy.

In the solution of the Roman question, two other possibilities of far darker complexion still remain in the background, and which the lecturer considers under the fourth and fifth contingencies, and which may be thus briefly summed up. 4. There is the plan of the first Napoleon to make the Papacy subservient to his ambitious projects. The Nephew has declared that he has entered upon the inheritance of his uncle, and is now perhaps meditating on the removal of the Papacy to France, in order to use it as a tool of his policy. This contingency, however, is the least to be feared, because the "whole public opinion" of Europe would revolt against it. And "public opinion," in the lecturer's characteristic remark, "is in its continuance an irresistible power." Alas! for the Papacy, alas! for Christianity itself, were there no power more irresistible than public opinion, the base idol of the present day, before which in most abject humility its worshippers bend the knee. From the days of Pilate to the days of Napoleon, have not truth and public opinion been in perpetual conflict? Shall truth to-day be put aside, shall the rights of the Papacy be surrendered, because the journals, the parliaments of the world, the lecture-halls even of Catholic cities, and all that forms the brazen image with its hidden feet of clay, is set against their maintenance, and loud against them who think they can see "the finger of God's justice" in events other than those sanctioned by public opinion or

welcomed as Providential triumphs? The present state of parties in France, the lecturer conceives, would render the project of transplanting the Papacy to that country impossible. He divides France into three parties, the Catholic, the democratic, and the Bonapartist; the latter only would be in favour of such a plan. Every religious-minded Frenchman, the whole of the clergy, and all that portion of French society which is ranged under Falloux, Villemain, and Montalembert, would, he rightly supposes, rise like one man against the dishonour put upon the Church by such a subjection of the Papacy to the imperial government. They, on the other hand, who think the spiritual power is already at present too strong in France, and who fear that the presence of the Pope would increase the religious feeling of the people, as might well be the result, are likewise opposed to this project. In these two parties, nine-tenths of the French people are comprehended. The Bonapartist party, which alone remains, is weak indeed, and powerless, and as soon as public opinion is directed against them will fall to pieces. Lastly, the fifth contingency, which seems ever present in the lecturer's mind, is that the States of the Church should be lost for ever to the Holy See.

"This contingency," says the lecturer, "we must look in the face, since possibly it is so ordained in the councils of God. The Church, indeed, has received the promise that the gates of hell shall never prevail against her, yet she has no promise that the successor of St. Peter shall remain for ever a monarch of a temporal kingdom. Should Italy or Europe," continues the lecturer, "be destined to become the theatre of new revolutions, who will deny that the position of the head of the Church would be better and more dignified were he not tied down to the heavy and helpless burden of a temporal kingdom, which he would be totally unable to protect, or maintain against the renewed assaults of tumult and rebellion? Were Italy, however, to be consolidated into an orderly State, the public opinion, or more properly, the public conscience of Europe will be strong and powerful enough to secure the freedom of the Holy See." The lecturer then asks who will deny the fact that since 1831 the dominion over central Italy, and over three millions of subjects has been a source of weakness and dependence, of trouble and affliction for the Holy See? Who will desire that this unnatural and lamentable state

of things should be dragged on for an uncertain period, in a course of alternations between revolts, political trials, banishings, imprisonments, and foreign occupation? One thing, however, we are glad to see, that in this last contingency, which the lecturer evidently considers the most probable solution of the Roman question, he takes for granted that Rome will either now be preserved to the Pope or restored to him again, even though it be on the low and selfish ground on which Dr. Döllinger puts it, and not from higher motives, or by a providential direction. Dr. Döllinger argues, namely, that Rome would prefer to be the metropolis of the world and mistress of two millions of subjects, rather than the chief city of an Italian kingdom of twenty millions, even were she able indeed to maintain this pre-eminence, were Naples, as most probably will be the case, to free herself from the rest of Italy. Rome is ordained to be the metropolis of the world, and cannot put aside this glorious ordinance like a garment. Which of these contingencies, then, asks the lecturer, may be realized, who can say?

In a difficulty which none can unravel, he will not even give himself the appearance of offering advice. There is not the slightest hope, he maintains, humanly speaking, ever to reconcile the people with the clerical administration. "It is utterly impossible to refuse to the Romans, institutions which are now granted to the rest of Italy, freedom of the press, popular representation, and the independence of the judicial tribunals; it is equally impossible, if such concessions be made, that an ecclesiastical administration can continue to exist. In the whole of Italy the clergy are placed in an awkward and painful position, as injurious for their spiritual office, as for the religious life of the people. But where man cannot solve the knot, God will solve it. Who can see into the future, however near?—who knows whether central Europe be not advancing on to a terrible commotion—who knows whether plotting under cover of Sardinia, the Mazzinian party will not plunge Italy into all the tortures and convulsions of a social and anti-Christian revolution? Who can say how much will fall to pieces in Italy and elsewhere?" But one thing is certain, is the lecturer's conclusion, that among all the ruins, one institution will remain erect; out of all the floods of the revolution, the Church of God will ever rise unimpaired because it is indes-

tructible and immortal. Nobody on earth is strong enough to level it to the ground; were all the powers of Europe banded together for its destruction, they would be unable to accomplish its overthrow." The reverend lecturer masses together with ready eloquence arguments furnished from Holy Writ, and from the nature of a divine institution, that the Church will not perish at the hands of its enemies.

But is his argument not rather beside the question? We hardly need the testimony of Dr. Döllinger, that the promises of Christ shall be fulfilled. Every Catholic child, which had learnt its first catechism, could give an explanation, on this point, as satisfactory and complete. Even Napoleon himself, and the late Count Cavour, never contemplated the extinction of the Church of God. The point at issue is, whether it will fare better henceforth with the Papacy, if it be deprived of its temporal power, or if it retain, as heretofore, its worldly dominions? To this point the lecturer, in his peroration, again returns. "Let us not cling," he says, "to the perishable and the accidental. Let us not demand that what we ourselves would not bear should be forced on the Roman people—a government, which is a compromise, a middle-thing (*ein Mittelding*) between the temporal and the spiritual, and which for the last forty-five years has engendered only revolt, and a deep aversion in the majority of the people of the Roman States. Whoso leans on this staff, runs the risk if the staff indeed should be rotten, of falling to the ground." And again, "There are many enemies," says Dr. Döllinger, "of the temporal power of the Papacy, but within the Christian world there are no enemies of the spiritual power, who are not at once enemies of the Christian religion altogether." To this proposition of Dr. Döllinger, we shall take the liberty to add the following as a rider, but not for his benefit alone—that there are no enemies of the temporal power of the Papacy who are not at the same time enemies also of the Pope. Who is a better judge of what is conducive to the well-being of the Papacy than the Pope? And has not Pius IX. himself declared that the temporal power has been given as a shield to guard the spiritual independence of the Church, and that they who attack, or who countenance the attack on, this necessary safeguard, are enemies of the spiritual head of the Church? What more do we need than this express declaration of the

Sovereign Pontiff to make us friends for ever of the temporal power of the Papacy?

What in reality Catholics most condemn in these lectures of Dr. Döllinger is the supreme and sovereign disregard they show to the recorded opinion of every ecclesiastical authority from the Holy Father downwards. Is Dr. Döllinger aware of the unanimity of Catholic opinion in favour of the temporal power of the Popes? Has he read or heard of the numerous addresses to the Sovereign Pontiff in favour of the maintenance of his rights, for the sake of the safety of the Church—addresses from all parts of the world, from Venice and Naples, from Sardinia itself, as well as from the revolted provinces of Central Italy, from Spain, from England and Ireland, from France and Germany, from America, from the Indies, and from the far Australia, all declaring in various tongues, but with one voice, for the temporal power of the Popes? Such unanimity in the Christian Church is like the speaking of the Holy Ghost; it appears to us at least like an indication of His overruling Presence and of His Divine Will. We object to the intellectual Protestantism which shrinks from or evades the supernatural character of the Papacy. In Dr. Döllinger we miss the higher discernment proper to the Catholic mind. About the Papacy there is nothing accidental, either in its constitution, or in the course of its history. Its position in the world is Providential. Rome is bound to the Popes, not because under the Popes it maintains its ancient distinction of being the metropolis of the world, but because Rome is the Jerusalem of the new dispensation, because the Papacy is rooted in the tomb of the Apostles. Not in vain was St. Peter crucified in Rome. The union of the Papacy and Rome is sealed by the sacrament of his blood. It is the elect of the cities. It is the appointed Witness whether to the glory or to the martyrdom of the Papacy. What has Dr. Döllinger gained by declining to a lower range of argument, by propounding, or rather suggesting views which may be liberal, but certainly are not Catholic? Has he bought off the hostility of the avowed enemies of the

* A collection at Rome has been made of these important documents, since the year 1860, entitled: *La Sovranità temporale dei Pontefici Romani propugnata dal Suffragio dell'orbe Cattolico.*

Church? Whom has he conciliated, whom won over to his side? None that are worth the winning, none whom he himself would like to keep or to own. Dr. Döllinger expects too much from the liberalism of Italy, has too great a confidence in its gifts and promises. He thinks that modern institutions, parliamentary government, a free press, the abrogation of the hated privileges of the clergy, will not only "reconcile classes," that is to say, reconcile the violators of the law with those whose rights they have trodden underfoot, and whose possessions they have appropriated, but will also lead Italy back to the feet of the Pope, who, according to this new theory, is to be either a subject of the king of a united Italy, or a sovereign shorn by the violence of his subjects, or neighbours, of his sovereign rights. The Vatican is to be the limit of the Papal Sovereignty. By this compact, conceived in fraud and completed by violence, a new glory is to be conferred on Italy, and greater liberty of action secured to the Papacy. What a vain delusion! how sanguine is the learned Professor, or how ignorant of the nature of revolutionary liberalism! If Italy be willing to exchange her glorious Pontificate for a Sardinian Kingship, to sell her birthright for a mess of liberal pottage, robbery, wrong, and sacrilege, crusted over with a liberal phraseology, compose a dish which Dr. Döllinger at least ought not to present for the Papal benediction.

The road to a reconciliation is rougher. The offended justice of God must be satisfied by something else beyond the introduction of liberal institutions. Italy will have to undergo much before she becomes even conscious of the gravity of her own misdeeds. Revolution brings its own reward. She will have to see her priesthood suffer persecution for justice sake, her bishops driven into exile, the property of the Church confiscated, the freedom of the pulpit violated, the sacerdotal dignity outraged, even to a greater degree than at present. The work of persecution has already begun. The Italian clergy, however, will be winnowed; the chaff will be gathered into the government granaries, but the good seed will be cast into the soil of Italy, and will bear fruit for the sanctuary of God. The winnowing process is a wholesome trial for the priesthood itself. The breath of persecution will fan the flame of faith and make it burn the brighter. The Italian clergy, stripped of their rich possessions, and giving evidence of their zeal, will

win by their constancy the hearts of the people to repentance. Their fervour will impregnate the lethargic masses, and give courage to the cowardly faith of Italy. The unfaithful among her clergy, seduced by the government, and enriched with the spoils of sacrilege, will soon become a reproach and a scandal to the country, and earn for themselves the scorn of their hard and exacting task-masters. Italy cannot remain Catholic and be hostile to the Pope. Until Rome shall have reached its final apostacy, the city of the Apostles will remain the city of the Popes. Between Rome and the Revolution there is no room for compromise. Such extremes do not meet. We believe, indeed, in the future return of Italy to her allegiance, not indeed on the path of liberal institutions, but by the way of the cross. When, therefore, Dr. Döllinger, in the contingency which he supposes possible, of the Pope becoming a subject in the Italian kingdom, sets up the hope that the spiritual supremacy will be respected by the revolution, triumphant and crowned at Rome, we ask, with Montalembert, what is the guarantee for this hope? In his speech of the 27th of March, Count Cavour promised to the Catholic world and to the Papacy, in exchange for their violated capital and for their plundered patrimony, a free Church in a free state. "If we could only persuade Catholics," he said, "that the union of Rome with the rest of Italy would not lead to the subjection of the Church, the question would have made a great step in advance." "In convincing," he said again, "Catholics of sound faith of this verity, that Rome united to Italy, would not bring about the oppression of the Church, but that its independence would, on the contrary, be increased by the union, we shall soon end, I say, by coming to an understanding with France, the natural representative of Catholic society in this great dispute. Once at Rome we shall proclaim the separation of Church and State, and the liberty of the Church. Thereupon the great majority of the Catholics of Europe would approve of our conduct, and would cast back upon whom it may concern, the responsibility of the quarrel which the Court of Rome had wished to carry on with the nation."*

We would direct Dr. Döllinger's attention to the answer

* *Moniteur*, 28-30 March, 1861.

which Count Montalembert gave to this insolent offer. "In adopting my formulary of a free Church in a free State, you have given me the right," he said, "to reply to you; nay, you have imposed upon me the duty to snatch from your hands a weapon which you have taken from me, and not to allow you to prostitute a doctrine which I love, to ends which I detest." After showing to Count Cavour that, by invoking the conscience of Catholics, and by appealing to that moral responsibility of which God, and after Him, the conscience of the human race were the sole judges, he had placed himself on a domain where the cannon had not the last word, and where even congresses are incompetent, Count Montalembert thus continues: "You have acknowledged then, that the consent of Catholics is necessary, and you reckon beforehand on their concurrence. Well, then, I am one of those faithful Catholics whom you invoke. I have defended for thirty years this independence of the Church, which you speak of for the first time to-day. By this double title, in the name of all those millions of Catholics whose suffrages you claim, I do not fear to answer, our adhesion you will never have. You say to us, 'Have confidence in me.'—I answer boldly, No. You boast that, sooner or later, you will obtain the general consent of Catholic opinion. I assert that you never will. You appeal to the majority of Catholics. I contend that among true Catholics, the only ones who count, the only ones whose adhesion would have weight in matters of religion, whether of priest or layman, you will not have one. I answer you in three words,—no! never! none!" "Who are you," he continues, "that we should have confidence in you?" Who are your allies? What are your antecedents? You would have us believe in the sincerity of your proposals. You say that your system is liberty in all things, perfect liberty in the relations between the Church and State.* You promise to the Pope, the bishop of bishops, respect and liberty on the sole condition that he shall divest himself of his temporal power. But how have you treated the bishops, his brothers, who have no temporal power, and who are already your subjects, as you contend he ought to become? You had an Archbishop of

* Count Cavour's speech, *Moniteur*, 30th March, 1861.

Turin, what have you done with him? You have dragged him from his See, and transported him, without trial, to France. You had one at Cagliari, where is he? Exiled to Rome. You had a Cardinal Archbishop at Pisa, I look for him, and I find that he is an exile in Piedmont. You have a Cardinal Archbishop at Naples, what respect, what liberty does he enjoy? Every day we see him outraged in his palace with impunity by bands of rioters, and when he forbids priests, whom he considers unworthy of their sacred office to preach, your civil authority places them in the pulpit. Are these the guarantees which will inspire confidence in the faithful of the entire world, for the future fate of their Holy Father, and the Pope himself for the future liberty of his sacred office?" "In all the countries of your domination," he continues, "the Church is shackled, insulted, and despoiled, her bishops are exiled, her writers imprisoned, Catholic journals are ruined, priests outraged and ensnared, monasteries are closed and profaned, nuns torn from their violated cells; these are your titles to our confidence and gratitude. For ten years you have been the author or the agent of persecution, of spoliation, of imprisonment, of usurpation, of violence,—and all fresh from oppression and iniquity, you dare look us in the face and offer us your hand, exclaiming, Behold, this is liberty!" Although the master-mind of the Italian Revolution, to whom these severe but only too just reproaches were addressed, has just passed, fresh from his revolutionary triumphs, and full of evil designs against the Papacy, to the Judgment-seat of God, he has left behind him men formed on his own model, and heirs of his evil policy, who will not hesitate to enter upon their heritage of ill, and keep up the traditions of their departed master. Undeterred by the abrupt termination of his reckless career,—another notable instance of the danger of meddling with the Papacy—the sons of the revolution, it is to be feared, will advance to their end as bold in their ambition, though perhaps not quite as unscrupulous in the means to be used, as was the author of the Machiavellian policy of Sardinia. The reconciliation between Revolutionary Liberalism and the Papacy, which Dr. Dollinger suggests as a contingent solution of the Roman question, Montalembert discards on the instant as impossible to be conceived. Indeed the lion and the lamb cannot lie down together in peace. Hypocrisy, with its

submissive-sounding words, is not Catholic reverence. Liberalism is not liberty. Let us look this much vaunted Cavourian policy, steadily and dispassionately, in the face. Let us confine ourselves strictly to the domain of indisputable facts, and be content to abide frankly by the result of such an examination. What, let us ask ourselves, has this revolutionary policy done for liberty, what for justice, what for the regeneration of Italy? What regenerating influence was exercised by the murderers of Count Rossi, by the leaders of the Roman Revolution of 1848? who instigated this abominable crime, and then stifled every attempt at investigation,* or by those deputies of the Roman Chambers who had not a word to say against this deed of blood, or by those heroes of the Republic of 1849, who looked upon the assassination† of priests, or other reactionary leaders, as an honourable and praiseworthy act? Did the murderers of Count Anviti, at Parma, or the conduct of the Sardinian troops and officials, who witnessed the revolting spectacle of the 5th of October, or the palliators and defenders in the press of the cold-blooded murder, contribute to the march of civilization? What facts are more patent or more degrading, more opposed to religion and morality, than the conduct of the revolutionary press, of the caricaturists of Turin, of the theatres of Italy, by whose potent agency the august mysteries of Christianity are turned into ridicule or blasphemously parodied?‡ Has not the moral sense of the people

* Prince Lucien Bonaparte played a conspicuous part in the Chamber of Deputies. The meetings of the notorious Facciotti Club were held in his palace. On his journey from Turin to Rome he foretold the murder of Count Rossi, and when he arrived at the Chambers, he declaimed against all the fuss that was made about Count Rossi, and asked whether it was the King of Rome who was dead. *La Rivoluzione Romana*. *Processi dell' assassinio del Conte P. Rossi*. For the horrors of San Callisto see Crétineau-Joly, p. 477.

† *Fatti atroci dello Spirito demagogico negli Stati Romani. Racconto estratto dai processi originali*. Firenze, 1853.

‡ The art of engraving seems to vie in Piedmont with that of printing, in corrupting the people by their abominations—M. Sauzet—also, “*Catechismo popolare*.” On the insults against religion and morality, in the theatres and in the press, see Episcopal Letters of the Archbishop of Bologna, dated 29th August, 8th of

been outraged by the honours and rewards which, at Turin, have been heaped upon notorious criminals like the Gallengas, the Zambianchis, and men of the like description? But are the men of '59 of a higher moral stamp, more fit to be the standard-bearers of the promised regeneration? Fraud, dissimulation and falsehood have marked the present leaders of the Italian Revolution—treachery and sanguinary violence have disgraced its subordinate agents. No public man of the present day has shown a more callous disregard to truthfulness and honour than was exhibited by Count Cavour in the speeches and despatches which preceded and accompanied the barter of Savoy to France; no General displayed greater treachery than Cialdini in his attack on Lamoricière, perpetrated in violation of the laws of war and honour; and no guerilla chief ever issued more blood-thirsty proclamations than Pinelli, nor shed so much innocent blood as he has done in the unfortunate but faithful Abruzzi. Piedmont, the boasted regenerator of Italy, has not only invaded states, without even the pretext of a just cause, torn up the most solemn treaties, and turned the "*jus gentium*" into a "*jus latro-num*," but she has at home trodden justice underfoot, and violated the statutes of her own constitution. The 29th Article of the Sardinian Constitution declares that "All property, without exception, of any kind, is inviolable." But the Constitution is set at nought, and the rights of property are abrogated in as far as regards the Church. We will cite a few facts which are notorious, which are beyond dispute or denial. On the 10th of March, 1854, the seminary of Turin is sequestered, its property seized by the Sardinian government. On the 10th of August, in the same year, the Carthusians of Collegno are turned adrift, their house and property seized and confiscated. The same fate befell the Monks of the Consolata and of St. Dominic, the priests of the mission of St. Vincent of Paul at Casal, the Oblates of Pignervol, and the Servite Fathers of Alexandria.* In the beginning of the year 1853 an edict had abolished a benevolent institution

December, and of the Archbishop of Ferrara, dated 15th of December, 1859. (*Civiltà Cattolica* 1st October 1859 and 7th January, 1860.)

* Mgr. Dupanloup.

in Savoy, known by the name of the Ladies of Compassion, whose occupation was to teach poor children, and to attend the sick; the nuns of the Sacred Heart had already been proscribed throughout the Sardinian dominions, all their houses had been dissolved, their pupils dispersed, and their property, whether in land or money, confiscated to the public treasury.* Not only, says the Rev. Dr. Hergenröther, in his able and painstaking work on the States of the Church since the French Revolution,† were entire religious communities driven out of their possessions, but their property was spent in rewarding disobedient or suspended priests. Robbery, however, was reduced to a system. To legalize and consummate all these iniquities a bill was introduced by the liberty-boasting ministry of Sardinia for the suppression of religious communities and corporations, and the sequestration of their property. "This law," says the Bishop of Orleans, in his noble work on the Papal Sovereignty, "as unconstitutional as it was unjust, put the seal to the long series of violence and spoliation committed by the Piedmontese government. It was a law based on the most false and fatal principles; for it disallowed to the Church the right of property, a right which even pagan governments had not disputed to her; for, as we have already said, whenever paganism allowed to the Church the right of existing, it also allowed to her the right of possessing property; so essentially co-related are these two rights." The Jesuits, alone, since the commencement of the revolution in Italy, have lost three houses and colleges in Lombardy, six in the Duchy of Modena, eleven in the Pontifical States, nineteen in the kingdom of Naples, fifteen in the rest of Italy. Everywhere has the Society

* Mgr. Dupanloup.

† The '*Civiltà Cattolica*' speaks in deservedly high terms of Dr. Hergenröther's volume. "Among," it says, "the many works on the temporal government of the Church, which we have seen of late—and they are very numerous—we know of none which can be compared with this, as far as regards the copiousness it displays in positive facts and in practical knowledge. There is scarcely a work that has appeared on the subject during the last half century, which the author has not carefully consulted. It is, in short, a truly German production—whether in the patience of its researches, or in its frank and honest exposition of facts."

of Jesus been literally plundered of its moveable property and real estates.* These two public crimes, if we may be permitted to call things by their right names, against God and against the nation, this infraction of the rights of the individual, and this breach of the constitution, were deliberately committed, and guiltily persisted in. Cardinal Antonelli remonstrated in vain; in vain he called the attention of the Sardinian Government to the fact that "the general tendency of the law which they had passed was to deprive the Church of the right of acquiring property which, even the constitution of the State secured to her;"† he reminded them in vain of the solemn treaties they had broken. How just was the reproach conveyed by the bishops of Savoy, in their address to the king, on such ignoble conduct. "Perhaps," they boldly said, "if treaties with a great European power were in question, more caution would have been used: those powers have effectual means of making themselves respected; but Pius IX. has no army." But, lastly, has it perhaps fared better with the liberty of the individual than with the rights of property, and with that moral regeneration which was to have resulted from the revolutionary policy of Sardinia? The Constitution guarantees the liberty of the individual, but the liberty of the individual does not exist, as we shall show, for those who defend the liberty of the Church. Priests and bishops, monks and nuns, Catholic journalists and writers, are entitled in a free State to equal rights with the rest of the community, and to an equal protection from the law. Yet priests, because they are faithful to their duty, are continually insulted with impunity in the public streets. Not only were many ecclesiastics ‡ arrested, merely because they expressed dissatisfaction with the present state of things, or because they were known to be hostile to the new government, but bishops and priests in numbers were seized and brought to Turin to be prosecuted, simply because on conscientious grounds they refused to sanction, by divine services in

* Protest of Father Beckx, General of the Jesuits.

† Exposé des négociations suivies entre le Saint-Siège et le Gouvernement Sardes.

‡ *Allgemeine Zeitung*, 15th and 25th November, 1859, and 23rd January, 1860.

their churches, political acts which they disapproved of, such as the singing of the *Te Deum** in thanksgiving for the violent annexation of the Papal provinces to the kingdom of Sardinia, or in celebration of the anniversary of the Constitution—a constitution, be it remembered, whose provisions are habitually violated to the detriment of their personal liberty and of their rights of property. It is only an additional insult that the crown officials at Turin, who have sworn on the constitution to reverence the Church,† should make use of the power it confers on them, the better to enslave its ministers. Let us proceed to enumerate a few of the more conspicuous instances of the infringement of personal liberty, a fact to which we invite the attention of those who, either in ignorance of the actual state of affairs, or in a happy forgetfulness, are never weary in bepraising this new-born Italian liberty. Are not the flying columns of the Piedmontese soldiery—the ministers of this new-born liberty—a proof that the people of the Neapolitan States are not willing subjects of Victor Emmanuel, but have been coerced into submission? Even the *Times* correspondent at Naples is compelled to admit this fact.‡ Not only were the doors of the churches

* The singing of the *Te Deum* and every act which may be construed into a positive co-operation or approval of injustice, are forbidden by the instructions promulgated under like circumstances by Pius VII. in 1808-9. In these decrees a distinction is drawn between those acts under a *de facto* existing government which are absolutely necessary for the good of society and to preserve civil order, and those which give countenance, support, or consent, to an unjust usurpation of power.

† *Atti ufficiali del Senato.*

‡ "Let people deny it as much as they like," writes the correspondent of the *Times*, "a great part of the population is so utterly degraded as to look back upon the past with regret. Such blind insensibility to their real position is, at times, most disheartening, but when it takes, as it commonly does, the form of ingratitude to the Piedmontese, it is disgusting. As I have remarked in other letters, the revolution was made by the few, not by the many. The crisis is now one of great interest, and I wait with anxiety to see what the effect of Count Cavour's death will be on the fickle and volatile Southerners and their numerous reactionary enemies."—*Times*, 18th June, 1861.

forced open,* and suspended priests, or Sardinian field-chaplains, introduced to celebrate in them against the will of the rector, or parish priest, the religious services forbidden by ecclesiastical authority; not only, as we have before stated, were whole religious communities, without having been tried, far less convicted, of any offence against the laws, driven out of the country, or deprived of their lawful possessions, and turned into the streets to starve; not only were professors removed from their chairs, without a trial, or even a hearing, merely because they were supposed to entertain opinions hostile to the spread of revolutionary principles; not only were these violent infractions of the liberty of the subject sanctioned by the Sardinian government; but they went so far as to interfere more directly with the internal administration of the spiritual office of the Episcopate, and had the audacity to deny to the ecclesiastical authorities† the right to withhold from a priest the permission to celebrate mass—an interference with the rights of conscience which exists in no other civilized land. The vacant sees‡ to be found everywhere throughout the dominions covered by the flag of Sardinia give silent testimony to the loss of liberty of conscience. How many of the Italian bishops and archbishops are living in exile, like the venerable Archbishop of Turin, like Cardinal Corsi, the distinguished Archbishop of Pisa, like the Bishops of Piacenza and of Asti, and of Avellino, or like Cardinal de Angelis, the Archbishop of Fermo, who is detained at Turin, and treated almost like a prisoner? How many are dragged before the tribunals on false or frivolous charges, and subjected to the severest judicial examinations, like Cardinal Baluffi, in Imola, and the invalid Bishop of Faenza? How many are condemned to loss of freedom, to be confined prisoners on parole in their own palaces, or placed under the degrading surveillance of the police on suspicion of ill-will, or as a precautionary measure against their possible influence on the people, in a manner un-

* A long list of such acts of violence, which we need not quote, is given in the *Civiltà Cattolica*, 7th and 21st July, 1860.

† Dr. Hergenröther.

‡ In Piedmont proper, more than one-third of the bishoprics of the kingdom have been for the most part vacant for years.

favourable to the designs of the *de facto* government? How many we cannot recount, who, like Monseigneur Ratta, the Capitular Vicar of Bologna, have been mulcted in heavy pecuniary fines? This system of persecution was not the result of over-officious zeal on the part of subordinate agents, for the hand of the Prime Minister of Sardinia was too plainly visible in every department and act of the government. To serve his own political ends the clergy were publicly accused by Count Cavour, in his Circular of the 27th of October, 1853, "of having sought, under pretext of the rise in the price of corn, to foment disorders among the people." "The syndics," he continues, "must act with vigilance and zeal; the priests must be carefully watched; words should be taken down, facts recorded, and the law officers should indict. In the more serious cases, the ministers of religion should be immediately arrested." Count Cavour was obeyed with alacrity by his agents and spies. Priests are arrested on all sides, though often released after a precautionary imprisonment, the charges against them being declared void. Thus the Abbé Gagliandi, Lent preacher at Mondovì, was imprisoned for two months, and afterwards declared innocent on the 17th March, 1850. Louis Piola was arrested on the 13th of September, and set free after forty-five days of unjust confinement; the priest of the parish of Malanghers was imprisoned from May till September, and then declared innocent; and fifteen priests of the valley of Aosta were accused of having fomented riots, while it was proved on the trial that, on the contrary, they had only interfered in order to pacify the people.*

To obtain redress, or to look for justice at the hands of the King or cabinet of Sardinia, is a hopeless task. Within the last few weeks a deputation from Fermo waited upon the King and besought him to allow the Archbishop, Cardinal de Angelis, of that city, to return to his See. The deputation were referred for redress to the late Count Cavour, but of course the remonstrance was in vain. The Prime Minister of liberty in Italy alleged, as an excuse for this gross violation of justice and of freedom, that the law-

* Mgr. Dupanloup, on Religious Persecution in Sardinia. The *Armonia*, 20th December, 1859, contains a long list of Ecclesiastics falsely accused and unjustly imprisoned.

ful representatives of the city, that is, the liberal and local opponents of the Cardinal, had demanded the removal of the Archbishop from his See. On such flimsy pretexts is the boasted principle of liberty not only trampled underfoot on Sardinian ground, but its infraction justified by the Prime Minister himself, to an indignant deputation of his countrymen who in vain sought redress at his hands. We cannot help exclaiming with Count Montalembert, that it is the liberals who have yet to be converted to liberty. As a witness to another infringement of liberty in Sardinia, we quote the following passage from Montalembert's well-weighed letter to the late Count Cavour. "You have," he said, "Catholic journals—what do you do with them? Every courier brings the news of a prosecution, of a seizure, of a trial, of a condemnation to prison, or to a heavy fine, and against whom? Against Catholics, and against them only. You have inscribed in your laws, nevertheless, liberty of the press. Every one throughout your dominions may use it or abuse it, except the Catholics. It must be clear to you that you are of one mind with your allies of France and of elsewhere; you grant, like them, liberty to all except to the Church; you had monasteries which had survived the revolutionary turmoils—what is become of them?—I see them everywhere deserted, profaned, confiscated. Your nuns, have they not been violently expelled from their virginal sanctuaries and flung upon the streets? In the Marches, in Umbria, in the two Sicilies, has not the suppression of the conventual life, the confiscation of monastic property, followed everywhere as a necessary and immediate consequence of the appearance of the Piedmontese flag? Even the notorious pamphlet, *Napoleon III., et l'Italie*, was compelled to confess that the policy of Piedmont was "an encouragement to revolutionary passions, an embarrassment to consciences, a real and grave danger not only to Piedmont, but to Italy and the whole of Europe."

If then conscience, justice, liberty, have been outraged by the fatal policy inaugurated by Count Cavour, and if, by the armed intervention of France, and by the unscrupulous diplomacy of Europe, Sardinia is become the master of Italy, how is it possible to reconcile and ally the Papacy with a government whose subversive and irreligious policy it condemns—whose principles it can never recognize—and whose agents it has excommuni-

cated? Dr. Döllinger suggests that were the Papacy to lay down its temporal power, the conscience of Europe would compel Sardinia, triumphant over the councils of the Vatican, to respect the spiritual independence of the Pope. Is not the conscience of the Christian world if not deaf, yet powerless now to shield the Papacy against the armed force of the revolution and its avowed and covert allies among the great powers of Europe? How then will it be able hereafter to persuade the future "King of Italy" not to trench upon the spiritual rights of the Pope-dom? Has the death or the reputed repentance of Cavour changed the policy of Sardinia? We fear not; we admit, however, that it has removed one obstacle to the return of the reign of justice and honour in Italy. We grant that Cavour was the life and the hope of the revolution; that he had laboured for years like a mole under ground, to undermine the foundations of the very States for which, as neighbours or allies of Sardinia, he expressed in public, friendship or concern. It is well known that he was in communication with the Secret Societies, that he privately subsidized rebels and adventurers like Garibaldi, and Zambianchi, and others, whom he publicly condemned or punished. The Prime Minister of Sardinia was indeed the foremost man in the ranks of the army of European revolution, which numbers among its lieutenants a Palmerston and a Russell. For alas! the Crown Ministers of England thought it not inconsistent with honour to pay extravagant tributes of respect and reverence to the character of a man whom, from their own too recent experience, they knew to be unscrupulous as to the use of means, however repugnant to truth or common honesty, to gain the lawless ends he had in view; such conduct may, perhaps, be considered natural in them, and of a piece with their dishonourable diplomacy; but for the liberals of Europe to call upon Catholics of the united kingdom to join in the lamentation which they have set up, for the irreparable loss is the height of absurdity or of hypocrisy. As well might the French have insisted that England, after the battle of Waterloo, should have gone into mourning for the destruction of Napoleon's army. That by the death of Cavour, the enemies of order, of the Papacy, and of religion, have one cunning brain, one unscrupulous hand the less in their ranks, is to us simply a matter of congratulation. We do not, for an instant, hesitate to

express our satisfaction at the abrupt termination of this long leadership of ill. If our liberals try to infect with their unwholesome regrets the public opinion of Europe, it is no part of our duty to give in to their unhappy vehemence. For the unfortunate individual, his crimes and death, we can only have sorrow, but it would have been a sorrow of a far deeper character had not, by a rare and special grace, the terrors of death led the blood-relation of St. Francis de Sales to repent, and if not formally to renounce the evil policy of his life, yet at least not to brand it with the stamp of final impenitence. But whatever effect this grave event may have on Italy, it can never reconcile the Papacy to the surrender of its temporal power. The Popes may again be attacked by a force, irresistible for the moment, may be driven into exile, or martyred, as they have been a hundred times before, yet, even if not in this generation, they will return as they have done so often before to the sacred centre of Christianity to rebuild the broken walls of the eternal city. Not to go deeper into the question, we may remark, that, in all ages, human sagacity has recognised the necessity of spiritual independence, and of an inviolable asylum sacred to religion. Not only does an analogy exist between the temporal dominions of the Popes, and the position assigned by Providence to the Levite cities of refuge in the Jewish dispensation, but we find that the Pagan Greeks saw the wisdom of granting privileges, immunities, and independence to the Delphic city, and of respecting the theocratic character of its government, and the inviolability of its Sacred Oracle.

What the Providence of God has hitherto assigned to the Church—what the wisdom of the Pagan has recognised, shall the arrogance of the nineteenth century boldly, we may say, blasphemously dispute to-day? What is there in the present century to render the temporal independence of the Papacy less necessary than heretofore? Is reverence for moral right on the increase among the politicians of Europe? Has the encroaching ambition of kings grown less, or are their council-chambers more Christian than in the days of the venerable Pontiff who used to say with as much truth as sorrow, *I gabinetti non sono battezzati*, or are the peoples and their assemblies more ready now rather to respect the rights of the weak than the pretensions of the powerful? And who are the

immediate advocates of the destruction of the temporal power of the Pope, but they who will gain by its overthrow an increase of territory, a city which, in their hands, would no longer be eternal, and a name which would be a glory were it a right? And who are their allies? Their allies are everywhere the implacable enemies of the liberty of Catholics. But we must let Count Montalembert describe them, because, among the implacable enemies of the Papacy, is our own country. "England," says the indignant writer in terms of regret, "England is one of the allies of the revolution." "No more, alas, that glorious England, liberal and conservative, which we have boasted of, loved, admired, imitated, but a degenerated England, scarcely to be recognised again, a country faithless to its true interests, to its good sense, to its natural equity, to its better traditions, to its former glories; a country where intolerance is pushed so far that the Prime Minister publicly declares that a sincere Catholic is incapable of fulfilling the duties of a simple Keeper of Records; an England which, at Suez, sacrifices to her mercantile selfishness, the interests of the human race; which in Syria sacrifices to her jealousy against France, humanity, piety, justice, and 'would rather see thirty thousand Christians massacred, than let them be saved by us;' which in Italy sacrifices to the inveteracy of its ancient Protestant fanaticism, the law of nations and all that she herself has guaranteed or established; which in France applauds and instigates all those oppressions which at home her own laws forbid; which fomented and encourages against the Pope and Catholic kings, acts and ideas which she herself has blotted out in the blood of the Irish, of the Indians, and of the Ionians; which, when a question arises which may do injury to the Church, has money for all adventurers, connivance for every invasion, and sympathy for every crime;—a jeering Palmerston to play chief mourner over international law as well as over the ancient honour of England, and I add, with the most painful regret, a Gladstone to insult the filial reverence of all Catholics by terming their Pontiff and their Father, a Sanguinary Mendicant."^{*}

* Speech on the motion of Lord Elcho at the end of the Session of 1859. What a contrast and what a fall since the days when Pitt, the great Minister, speaking of the first attempts of General

It were well, however, if among the allies of the Revolution were found none but enemies of the Papacy; but the misfortune is, whether wittingly or unwittingly, Catholics are found who are the advocates of a false subversive liberalism, and the apologists for the destruction of the temporal power of the Popes. Either from want of confidence or want of hope, they surrender at discretion, rights which ought to have been upheld to the last. There is a wide distinction between acknowledging facts which are disagreeable and disheartening about the temporal dominions of the Pope, and drawing from these present facts conclusions hostile to the future permanence of the Papal Power, or against its necessity or the wisdom of the struggle in its defence. These doubtful friends are more mischievous than enemies; they obtain a hearing which they do not deserve, and which, in the present state of Europe, is denied to the advocates of legitimacy, of real freedom, and of the rights of the Papal throne.

If not among the unwilling enemies, Dr. Döllinger must be reckoned at least among the doubtful fainthearted friends of the Papacy. It is but fair, however to the learned professor of Munich to state that he is said to be engaged in preparing a vindication against the imputations which have been cast, to say the least, upon his discretion, by the almost unanimous opinion of the Catholic press of Europe. He complains that his views have been misinterpreted by the newspapers of France and Italy to promote a cause with which he has no sympathy. But Dr. Döllinger has only himself to blame; he had no business to give out an uncertain sound, or even to appear to cast doubts upon the wisdom of the course which the Papacy is pursuing under the present eventful crisis of its history. And why then, if he feel so deeply the injury which his inconsiderate lectures are doing to the Papal cause, allow so

Bonaparte against the Papal Sovereignty, said: "It is one of the most atrocious crimes which has ever disgraced a revolution. This insult offered to a pious and venerable Pontiff, seems to me, Protestant as I am, almost a sacrilege."—Hausard's Parliamentary History, vol. xxxiv., pp. 1316, 1338. These remarks extorted from Mr. Gladstone a denial that the term sanguinary ever passed his lips, and that he had not used mendicant in an offensive sense, and that it was far from his intention to say anything calculated to wound the respect which was due to the Sovereign Pontiff.

long a period to elapse before he disclaims in an effectual manner, the interpretation put upon his views? In a few weeks he will be forgotten; but the statement, or the misstatement, if he likes, will remain in the public mind that a stone from a Catholic hand has been cast at the Papacy. Not the ignoble diplomacy of England, not the unreasoning hatred of a portion of the people against the Catholic Church, not the perverted judgment, nor the deliberate falsehood of the English press, is half so injurious, or half so disgraceful as the disloyalty of Catholics. "There is something," says Father Faber, in his profound and inspiring discourse on Devotion to the Church, "there is something very horrible in a Catholic's disloyalty to the Church; but there is surely a peculiar horror about it in a misbelieving land." His solemn warning is not out of season. The Papacy is undergoing a sharp trial, its enemies are numerous and triumphant; and for the first time misgiving and symptoms of wavering are perceptible here and there in the Catholic body. "We must beware then," says Father Faber, "of dangers from within, we must be on our guard even against Catholic books, periodicals, journals, and pamphlets, however specious they may be." With a truth and wisdom for which we ought to be grateful, he counsels Catholics against the dangers of a false political and religious liberalism.

"There are times," he says, "in the world when wrong opinions may be as prolific a source of the loss of souls, as wrong conduct may be at other times. To seek the truth, and to hold the truth, to seek it in lowliness, and to hold it in obedience, are as much moral obligations as honesty and chastity. We are apt to forget this, because, through want of prayer, we have such inadequate and indistinct notions of the dominion of God. Thus it is that we allow questions that are part of our piety and matters of our salvation, to be carried off into the field of history, of criticism, of philosophy, or of politics. These undoubted sins get new names, and not only escape our recognition, but craftily obtain our respect and even our allegiance. No one likes to say that he is not liberal. Most men have not the courage to incur such a charge. Yet what is that spirit which modern phraseology honours with the title of liberalism, but the old sin of lawlessness, tempered fortunately for our powers of endurance, with a sort of baseness peculiarly its own? Revolution may mean one thing in history and in political philosophy; but in asceticism it means now what it meant in old-

fashioned times, and what it will always mean to saints, simply and undignifiedly, a mortal sin !”

If this mortal sin, this spirit of lawlessness, succeed in striking its roots deep into the heart of Italy, and in darkening by its corruption and pride the judgment of men, it is not difficult to foresee how this Godless revolution may end in driving the Papacy to the Catacombs, in leading it to the Cross again, as the great Pagan persecution did St. Peter ; but it will surely fail, not only in its desire to exterminate a Divine Institution, but in its attempt to alter the Providential shaping of the Temporal Papacy. Even the dark and devilish craft of the arch-hypocrite of the Tuilleries will be of no avail in the long-run against a Power which has beaten back an Attila, baffled a Henry, or a Frederick of Germany, and survived in our generation the fierce and arrogant hostility of him whose legions for a time spread dismay and desolation over the Continent of Europe. And in spite of the present state of public opinion in Italy, which has inspired Dr. Döllinger with such misgiving as to the possibility of the complete restoration of the temporal power of the Popes—in spite of the singular success which has hitherto attended the programme sketched out by the hand of the Emperor of the French—in spite of that policy whose aim it is to limit the Sovereignty of the Supreme Pontiff to the single city of Rome,* and to make the Head of Christendom a grand Dependant of the monarchy of France—in spite of the vehemence of its enemies and the supineness of its friends, there is no doubt of the ultimate triumph of that power whose losses have been ever gains, and to which persecution always brings fresh access of glory.

With Dr. Döllinger we recognize indeed the melancholy fact that a large portion of the Roman States themselves cherish a rooted aversion against the Papal government, and that no conservative majority rallied round the Papal throne, and that the government itself could reckon with confidence on no class of the popu-

* Le Pape, trônant à Rome et Siégeant au Vatican est ce qui grappe le monde. On aperçoit à peine le souverain des états Romains. Quant à cette possession elle-même, la ville de Rome en résume surtout l'importance. Le reste n'est que secondaire.—Le Pope et le Congres.

lation, could form no native army, and that in the hour of danger and attack not a hand was raised in defence of the temporal rights of the Pope. We acknowledge that nowhere more than in Italy is the national ambition greater—nowhere keener the vain-glorious desire to count among the Great Powers of Europe. We confess that, not only the public feeling of Italy, but the spirit of the age is opposed to the Papal Sovereignty. But against the spirit of the age we oppose the Spirit of God—the Guardian and Guide of the Papacy until the consummation of time—against the idea of nationality and the passion of the hour—the eternal principles of justice, and against the political and accomplished facts of the day we oppose this other great fact of the development by the Hand of God, through the course of ages, of the Temporal Power of the Popes.

ART. VII.—*The Law of Divorce*.—A Tale by a Graduate of Oxford.
London: T. Coutley Newby, Publisher, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square. 1861.

CAVOUR and the Italian Revolution, Sir Cresswell Cresswell and the Divorce Court, are subjects uppermost at the present moment, in the popular mind; foreign political troubles and domestic social grievances are accordingly the staple commodities most in request by the reading public. Our novelists are not usually slow in pampering the prevailing appetite, but seldom do they venture to adopt as their theme a popular topic and depict it in a light unpleasing to the majority of the educated public. Such a course requires honesty and courage. We trust, however, that the author of "*The Law of Divorce*" will meet very many among his readers who will coincide with his views on the miseries and sins which are likely to result from the late Act of Parliament, whereby the dissolution of marriage is made easy by law. The plot of the tale consists in the complications of a novel and startling

character, arising from a divorce, from a hasty marriage of resentment on the part of the injured husband, his speedy regret for his ill-considered step, and a desire to receive back his repentant and divorced wife, coupled with a conscience awakened to the immorality of his second marriage. The interest is instantly fixed on the conflicting claims set up by the divine precept and the human law. The difficult position and the vacillating conduct of the hero, Roland Elsmere, is well and skilfully portrayed, and the real repentance and broken-hearted love of the wife are powerfully shown by her letters to her husband, and by the correctness of her behaviour. The novel opens, not with love, its disappointments and delays, nor with marriage, and its many motives, but with divorce. The letters of Harriet Elsmere, full of shame and poignant grief, like the chorus in the Greek tragedy, answer the purpose of introducing the darker portion of her history, which is thus skilfully removed beyond our immediate cognizance. Our first acquaintance with the guilty wife is in sorrow and suffering, borne with a patient meekness which enlists at once our interest and sympathy. There is no delay in the action of the story, the personages are natural and well grouped. In her sister Lizzy Monteagles, Harriet Elsmere finds a faithful and forgiving friend, a prompt and intelligent adviser under circumstances of no ordinary difficulty.

The second wife, a fine and fashionable woman, trained in all the arts and accomplishments calculated to enhance her value in the Belgravian Marriage Mart, overwhelms her conscience-stricken or passion-led husband with the bitterest invective, and pursues him with the resolute determination of maintaining rights, secured to her by the laws of her country. In the name of society, of worldly honour, and of the law, Catherine, the second wife, denounces with defiance and with the indignation which is natural to her unfortunate position the avowed desire of Roland Elsmere to return to his first wife. In vain he pleads the Divine Precept, too late understood, and the unaltered love with which he regards the mother of his children. Catherine is inexorable, she ridicules with a bitter mocking lip the repentance of Harriet, and threatens Roland—the awkward husband of two wives—with all the public terrors and stringent measures of law if he should attempt to forsake her whom alone the law of England recognises as his wife. Fearful of incurring the displea-

sure of society, and of wounding his *delicate sense of honour*, the weak and vacillating, Roland pursues a middle course, and makes a compromise with his conscience, and satisfies neither the divine nor the human law. He determines never to separate from Catherine, unless he obtain her consent. As was to be expected from a person of her character, she declares that such a consent shall never be extorted from her, neither by persuasion, nor by the deepest provocation a woman can receive. Roland Elsmere may repair with his wife to what quarter of the globe he likes, but she will pursue him;—not out of love, nor out of revenge, but simply to maintain her rights and her lawful position as his wife. She tells him with cool and quiet determination that he shall never enjoy a day's peace, or know again what privacy is; everywhere she will proclaim his conduct, denounce his motives, and point out his dishonoured wife. His servants are set as spies upon him, his letters are suspiciously handled, his movements watched. The hard and flinty nature of Catherine, and her worldly and unfeminine disposition destroy the sympathy which would otherwise be due to her most unhappy condition; therefore our interest is more drawn to the once erring but repentant Harriet, than to the rigid and virtuous but unfeeling Catherine. We will not, however, enter further into the main plot of the story, nor attempt to unravel the intricate complications in which the chief personages of this interesting and powerful tale are involved, nor tell the numerous surprises and strange turns events take before they arrive at their conclusion.

We will, however, state what, in our thinking, is a real satisfaction, that the author has not been induced to endow his hero and heroine with happiness beyond the world's wont, where unfavourable circumstances usually end in unhappy results. He deals out with an impartial hand poetic justice to the personages of the tale; as they sowed so they reaped. Successful villany had its enjoyment, brief, passionate, and fierce, but it also met its reward in the death of Walter Dunraven—a seducer as he calls himself, on his death-bed, a perfidious friend, a cruel enemy, a murderer, and a suicide, unworthy to live, unfit to die. Harriet and Roland Elsmere, in the various vicissitudes of their fortune, are the victims of their own actions; the chain of consequences is not broken to relieve their distress, howsoever much we should like to see con-

stant, long-enduring love made happy in the end, in spite of fate; yet we know that such a consummation, however devoutly to be wished, is not in the natural course of events, and rejoice that the author has had sense and strength enough to sacrifice inclination to probability. The proud and implacable Catherine alone is successful. She is the avenging angel of the tale, the remorseless fury let loose by offended justice. Before we look at the political aspect of this novel, (for the "*Law of Divorce*" in one of its secondary characters treats of the Italian Revolution,) we will quote the description of the meeting of Harriet and Roland Elsmere after the divorce and re-marriage of the latter, as a specimen of the style and power of the author:—

"As he turned to resume his walk, he felt a hand laid gently on his arm, and looking quickly round, he beheld—O thrilling and overpowering sight!—his own repudiated, repentant, loving, beloved and adored Harriet, with her sister Lizzy by her side. Roland's brain reeled with emotion, and his full heart choked his speech. He griped rather than pressed Harriet's hand, and fondly embraced her, not forgetting Lizzy in the midst of the crowd. Ere five minutes were passed, they had crossed the square in front of the Palais Royal, and were safe in the saloon, which Harriet had just taken in the Hotel de Louvre. Her feelings, no less than those of Roland, were perfectly uncontrolled and uncontrollable. Like torrents from mountain sources, they rushed into each other's embrace. They clung together with a cohesion the more consistent because fate, Providence, and circumstances seem to be bent in keeping them apart. As they sat side by side, their foreheads, their cheeks, their lips were pressed together fervently and closely, as if to reverse by resistance that cruel law, which now made such endearments illicit. The passionate tenderness of their first love had returned upon them in all its fullness. Every idea of recrimination was scattered to the winds; repentance and forgiveness on both sides were realized in a singular degree. Each had been injured, each had been the injurer. Harriet by her sin, Roland by his vindictive folly; but sin, folly, vengeance, and mutual injuries were now whelmed in the tide of love. The confluent streams of their affections mingled and assimilated the more impetuously in consequence of those very barriers and obstructions, which they had now for a moment at least surmounted and swept away. Harriet had married in her eighteenth year, and was now in her twenty-third. Her beauty was great, and she was still in its zenith. As she passed through the streets all the men rendered her that homage which the God of nature assigned to it as its due. All men gazed on her with admiration, and many paused to look again, when she had gone by. And many blessed the foot-falls of her

goddess-like feet, and many exclaimed inwardly, "Oh angel of light," and many coveted so resplendent a treasure; blessed is the man who calls thee by his own name! Time had not yet robbed her of a single charm, nor dimmed in any way the brightness of her intelligent face. Grace, dignity, and sweetness characterized all her movements and address fascinated every beholder and won every heart."

In the bye-plot, which is naturally contrived, and without an effort interwoven with the main story, we find Lizzy, Harriet's sister, falling in love with an Italian of unknown parentage named Scipio Saffi. The love process is well managed, and shows the author's knowledge of woman's nature and how her wayward heart is won. It is the old old story as true now as in the days when the daring Moor won the gentle Desdemona by his round unvarnished tale—

Of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach;

Scipio Saffi relates to Lizzy the adventures of his rebel life, of his escape from the "Neapolitan dungeons" and death; he so fascinates her attention, until with Othello he might well say—

"Sh'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse * *
* * Upon this hint I spake;
She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I loved her that she did pity them;
This only is the witchcraft I have used."

And such is the witchcraft used even now, in spite of the selfishness of this unromantic age. Lizzy Monteagles magnified her Scipio into a hero, and the Italian revolutionist with, of course, his "intellectual expanse of forehead and Raphael-like face," became the idol of her imagination. Into their cup of love just so much of bitterness is instilled as to flavour its sweetness; but, out of homage to the prejudice in favour of wealth and position, Scipio turns out, after all, to be the son of a real prince, and Lizzy is supremely blessed by the possession of a title and broad acres. After all, there is nothing like leather—"put money in thy purse," says the world, with Iago, and be happy; love in a cottage won't do, therefore, novelists, poets of the

19th century, make all your *successful* lovers at least noblemen in disguise, or better still let them have a large balance at their bankers', and then we shall say that is something like a tale, and not too far from the truth.

In addition to his other attractions, Safi was an *Italianissimo* in politics, but "not a Mazzinist;" he thus abjures his revolutionary chief—"I hold the doctrines and schemes of Joseph Mazzini in the utmost abhorrence. '*Odi et arceo.*' His watchword—'*Iddio ed il popolo,*' means nothing more nor less than this—democracy built upon the ruins of religion. Assassination, which is the basest of crimes, he extols as a virtue. I would rather see Italy suffering all the rigours of the old regime, than governed by Infidel-Socialists, whom I regard as demons incarnate. Of all the enemies of liberty they are most deadly; of all tyrants they are the most cruel. They would not only corrupt society with the principles of Voltaire and Frederic II., but also disorganize and anarchize it to an extent which even those apostles of scepticism never advocated or proposed."

In spite of this disclaimer of adherence to the open impiety of the Mazzinian party, we think that the author of "The Law of Divorce" has given, both artistically and morally, too great a scope to the views of the Italianissimo, or at least provided too feeble an antagonist to his revolutionary opinions in the person of the Baron de Barrère, the old French legitimist. Scipio Safi is made triumphantly to show that "the Popes themselves disintegrated Italy politically, as they do to this day. They were too weak to unite her—too strong to let her unite." We must remember that Scipio Safi is represented to be, if not a good Catholic, yet at least a zealous defender of religion. Like Count D'Orsay, he fights a duel with one of the revolutionary leaders of his party, for offering an insult to religion. Although he declares "the temporal States of the Church to be a seemly appendage to the Pope's spiritual supremacy," and necessary for his "independence;" "nevertheless, rather than that they should be governed in a manner which is offensive to the great majority of the people, he would say with the Pasquinade—

'Il gran Prete
Torni alla rete.'

Let the high-priest become as innocent of dominions and

provinces as his predecessor, the Fisherman, and as scep-treless as St. Leo and Gregory the Great. The patri-mony of the Church, though an ecclesiastical property, is not exempted from liability to that *Jus publicum* which affects all other dominions."

But, we ask the author of this publication, has the Pope no rights as a temporal prince? May his dominions be invaded, with impunity, by ambitious and unscrupulous neighbours? What cause of invasion has he given, what treaty broken? Has he set international law at defiance, that he should become the Pariah of Europe? In regard to his own subjects, how has he offended against the *Jus publicum*? Has he sworn a coronation oath, or other pledge to his people which he has violated? What justifiable cause has he given for an armed rebellion? If he be as innocent of these wrongs as his predecessor, the Fisherman, on what plea is he to be deprived of his possessions, which were given to him for the support of the Church, as the nets with their miraculous draught of fishes were to St. Peter? We must enter our protest likewise against the propagation of the hideous Neapolitan dungeon stories of which we have already had a surfeit. We object likewise to the following too partial portraiture of Napoleon; however graphic it may be, it wants the darker touches of truth.

"The Emperor appeared on a beautiful jet-black steed. The horse was but middle-sized, as best suited the imperial rider's height. Two gentlemen of his household rode at his right and left, two grooms followed at a convenient distance. This was all the cortège. He who holds in his hand the reality of tremendous power can afford to dispense with some of its trifling insignia. So here he sat, the brave, cold, thoughtful, iron-willed Emperor. His face told no tales, no changes passed over it. It was hard as silver, it was like the Black Sea in a dead calm. If it expressed anything, it was keen penetrating craft and cold severity; but this expression resulted not from mental work, discerned through a veil of flesh, but from the eyes of this ambitious man being habitually almost half-closed.

"No one ever believed him to be a good man, yet who besides, that was not good, ever did so much for the benefit of society? Who besides, that was not good, ever became so successful or so great, yet committed so little evil, so few acts of violence and of wrong? Even during his coup d'état, he held his terrors, as it were, in leash. Who besides could have made himself notoriously the imitator of the first Napoleon, and yet have avoided the greatest

faults of his prototype, in whose place he stands, and have distinguished himself by that very moderation, in which his model was so singularly wanting? There he rode—the Carbonaro of Romagna—the aspiring rebel of Strassburg—the daring adventurer of Boulogne—the gaoler-baffling prisoner of Ham—the dauntless President—the people-chosen Emperor—the victorious hero of Solferino. There he rode as if no assassin or maniac had ever levelled a pistol at his breast. He feared not death—for he believed in destiny. He thought not of danger, or if he thought of it, he said within himself, ‘*La balle qui doit me tuer n’est point encore fondue.*’ ”

What! the Carbonaro of Romagna has “committed so little evil forsooth, so few acts of violence and wrong!” Is he not a usurper of other men’s rights, a tyrant at home, a revolutionist abroad? A plotter in the dark, an instigator of evil, has he not in Savoy reaped the reward of unjust war and sacrilegious spoliation? Did he not at Villafranca enter into a solemn treaty, every provision of which he has violated for his own advantage? Has he not broken his word of honour to the Pope? Has he not systematically deceived every one who has trusted him? He has perverted the public policy of Europe, undermined every state, put weapons into the hands of evil-doers, and furnished them with an opportunity of evil, which they never could have compassed by their own contriving. In one thing alone the nephew excels the uncle, he is a greater and more successful hypocrite. He has all the meanness, but none of the grandeur, of his great and guilty prototype.

We must remind our readers, however, that these political views and descriptions are episodes—merely natural or necessary episodes in the development of the story. The author appears desirous of showing that there are two sides to every question. As in the case of divorce and re-marriage there are the claims of two sufferers to be considered, so in the character of Napoleon, and of the Italian revolution there are two aspects presented to our judgment. It is indeed true that the opinions of men are divided; it is true, we fear, that Scipio Saffi is a fair type of a vast portion of the educated Italians; it is true that vain-glory and the ambition to be a great nation have dazzled the judgment and darkened the moral sense of Italy; for the struggle is not so much one of nationality, of giving Italy to the Italians, as of surrendering Italy to Piedmont in the hope of playing a great part among the nations of Europe. But vanity and

ambition are no excuse for the violation of the eternal principles of justice, and for trampling right, because it is weak, underfoot. After making these protests, for in times like these it is necessary to be more on our guard than usual, we can heartily commend "*The Law of Divorce*" as a tale grounded upon high principle and as exhibiting great power, especially in scenes of love and hate, in which the volume abounds. It is written in a fresh and vigorous style, and the interest never for a moment flags; it might easily have been expanded into two volumes, but the writer has wisely chosen rather to let us with "*Oliver Twist*," ask for more than give us a surfeit or even a sufficiency at once.

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- ART. VIII.—1. *Essays and Reviews*. By Frederick Temple, D.D. Rowland Williams, D.D., Baden Powell, M.A., Henry Bris'ow Wilson, B.D., G.W. Goodwin, M.A., and Benjamin Jowett, M.A. 9th Edition, 8vo. London, Longman and Co.
2. *Specific Evidences of Unsoundness in Essays and Reviews*. By the Rev. Dr. Jelf. London, Parker, 1861.
3. *Convocation of the Province of Canterbury*. [Times Newspaper, June 19, 20, 21, and 22, and July 10.] 1861.
4. *Scripture and Science not at Variance*. By John H. Pratt, M.A. London, Hatchard, 1861.
5. *A brief Defence of Essays and Reviews*. By the Rev. Dr. Wild. London, 1861.
6. *Analysis of "Essays and Reviews."* By G. A. Denison, Vicar of East Brent and Archdeacon of Taunton. London: Saunders and Otley. 1861.
7. *Supremacy of Scripture. An Examination into the Principles and Statements advanced in the Essay on the Education of the World; in a Letter to the Rev. Dr. Temple*. By W. E. Jelf, B.D. London: Saunders and Otley. 1861.
8. *Reply to Dr. Wild and the "Edinburgh;" a Defence of the Bishops and the Memorialists; in a Letter to the Rev. G. Wild, LL.D.* By Francis Bodfield Hooper. London: Rivingtons. 1861.

JUST upon the eve of our last publication a very important step was taken in the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury, on the subject of "*The Essays and Reviews.*" In conformity with a demand from the Lower House, the bishops resolved that "a committee of the Lower House should be appointed to examine and make extracts from the book entitled '*Essays and Reviews,*' and to report thereupon."

To the party of orthodoxy generally in the Church, and especially to the party of authority, this resolution was a subject of much gratulation and hope. It was confidently affirmed that at length the truth was about to vindicate itself; and that the Church had at last, after so many days of darkness, resumed her true character, and would speedily drive away the strange doctrines by which for a time her teaching had been deformed.

There were many, nevertheless, even of the party of authority whose anticipations were by no means so assured. There was quite enough in the proceedings of the very meeting from which this resolution emanated, to make the further results even more than problematical.

In the first place, upon an exact scrutiny of the component elements of the Lower House of Convocation, from which the call for synodical censure proceeded, it appeared that it represented but very imperfectly the great body of English Churchmen. Many of the greatest, or at least most popular names, among the dignitaries of the Church were missing;—the Dean of St. Paul's, the Dean of Canterbury, the Deans of Westminster, of Chichester, and of Christ Church. The Dean of Ely, in the discussion, took the side favourable to the Essayists. Many others of the leading dignitaries adopted the same course; and the resolution ultimately taken was not agreed to without a protest from a strong and influential minority against its justice and expediency.

A still more significant indication of the temper of Convocation was presented in the discussion which ensued in the Upper House. Notwithstanding the apparent unanimity of the adhesion of the Episcopate to the well-known archiepiscopal Letter referred to in our last Number,* it appeared, upon the actual discussion, that, whether some

* pp. 492-3.

new light had meanwhile arisen, or whether it was felt that the published protest was in itself a sufficient condemnation, a considerable section of the body was strongly opposed to any synodical censure. The Bishop of London especially urged many objections to such a course. It turned out that, to use the language of one who seems to be thoroughly informed, "the names of the bishops had been appended so carelessly to the archiepiscopal Letter, that one of them, that of H. Exeter, is now known to have been added without his knowledge, and against his wish; two at least of the most distinguished of the body had published opinions exactly coinciding with those which they had condemned; and two others on the first public occasion after the manifesto had been issued, had the good sense and feeling to avow that they exempted from their censure, three at least, and these the most important, of the five persons whose position and character the vague anathema had been intended to blast."* And hence, when the question as to appointing a committee to examine the book was finally proposed, it appeared that, of the thirteen out of the seemingly unanimous Episcopate who were present in Convocation, but *eight* voted in favour of the motion, four being decidedly hostile, and the Archbishop of Canterbury declining to vote either way!

Although, therefore, the Committee was appointed to report on 'Essays and Reviews,' the moral effect of the measure was marred in the very outset by this marked want of unanimity in the Upper as well as in the Lower House. An animated controversy sprung up as to the constitutional competency of Convocation, to consider such questions at all, and still more as to the expediency of reviving at this particular crisis functions of that body which had so long lain in disuse. It was remembered that the measure which had led to the suspension of these functions in 1717, had been very similar in its character to that which it was now prepared to take. Then, as now, a committee of the Lower House had been named to report on the well-known work of Bishop Hoadley; but with this great difference, that, while the present Convocation was so divided, the former proceeding had been unanimous, and unhesitatingly

* *Edinburgh Review*, Vol. cxiii. p. 469.

adopted. And it was argued that any formal censure from such a source would be but an attempt to stifle free discussion, and to outrage the traditional rights of private judgment; and that, as in the case of Bishop Hoadley, considerations of state expediency had led to the interposition of the authority of the crown, so in the present instance it would be the duty of the public feeling and public sense of free England, of the educated laity, and especially of the young generation, to resist and to disregard the arrogant pretensions of a bigoted and fanatical section of a body whose rights, even if united, were far more than questionable.

These principles, put forward in many forms in the daily or weekly journals and in various ephemeral publications, took a substantive shape in an article in our great Whig contemporary, which public rumour ascribes to a distinguished professor of the University of Oxford, one of the very highest names in the modern ecclesiastical literature of England. It is beyond our present purpose to discuss the tenor and tendency of that article; and we only refer to it as one of the main elements of the reactionary movement which followed the last session of the Convocation. Describing the recent ferment in the Church as but one of the many 'religious panics' which from time to time have agitated the public mind, the writer endeavours to show its utter groundlessness in point of fact, and at the same time to account for its violence, and for the extent to which it pervaded the clerical body in England. In the view of this able writer, which coincides in this respect with that put forward by ourselves in our last Number, it is a prodigious mistake to suppose that the volume contains anything new. He points out the identity of the doctrines of the Essayists with those, not only of Herder, Schleiermacher, Lücke, Neander, De Wette, and Ewald, but even of the less rationalizing names of Tholuck, Hengstenberg, and Olshausen. He indicates cursorily the names of several living writers in England, whose opinions on most of the points to which exception is taken, are identical with those of the writers now menaced with denunciation. In a word, he lays down as his thesis the confident assertion, that, "with the possible exception of Professor Powell's Essay, and a few words of Dr. Williams and Mr. Wilson, there is no statement of doctrine or facts in this volume which has not been repeatedly set

forth by divines whose deep and sincere faith in the Christian religion cannot be denied without the worst uncharitableness, and some of whom are actually regarded as luminaries of the Church.”*

Our readers, bearing in mind the startling passages cited in our last number, will acknowledge the justice of this part of the *Edinburgh Reviewer's* allegation. It is perfectly true, and has been shown most conclusively, that the opinions of the Essayists, even the very worst of them, are by no means new, even in England. Three, at least, of the Essayists themselves, had already published doctrines in every respect identical with those of the Essays. The late Dr. Donaldson had anticipated them, not merely by a bold and ostentatious avowal of the same doctrines, but by a direct appeal addressed to the authorities of the Church, challenging them to a trial of his right, as a member and minister of the Church of England, to maintain and profess these doctrines in their integrity. But we must say that, beyond this, the Reviewer's proof does not fairly extend. His attempt to show that these doctrines, taken as a whole, have been taught by men who are “regarded as luminaries of the Church,” is a complete and signal failure, and is disfigured by an amount of sophistry and special pleading, for which it would be difficult to find a parallel.

This part of the subject is extremely well argued by Mr. Hooper,† in reply to Dr. Wild and the *Edinburgh Review*. He shows that a group of isolated *obiter dicta*, such as Dr. Wild has collected from a hundred different sources, however they may tally individually with this or that one among the separate statements of the Essayists, are utterly inadmissible, whether as a defence or as a parallel for this combined and systematic publication. And we may add that Mr. Hooper has shown very clearly that many of Dr. Wild's quotations are irrelevant, and that many more were themselves, in their day, the object of censure and reprobation precisely similar to that with which the Essays and Reviews have now been visited.

We shall not stop, however, to discuss this question.

* *Edinburgh Review*, p. 474.

† Reply to Dr. Wild and the “*Edinburgh*.” By F. B. Hooper. 1861.

We have alluded to this article solely in its bearing and effect upon the public mind, and in its influence upon the suspended deliberations of the convocation. That it produced a powerful effect in allaying the "panic," it is impossible to doubt. As the well-known article of the great rival Review had been a main instrument of the agitation against the Essays, the Edinburgh article, if it did not lead the reaction, became at least its centre and rallying point; and the line which it indicates, viz., of refusing to join in any censure of the Essays, or to gainsay to English churchmen the right of free discussion, even to the extreme length to which it is carried in that publication, became the recognized policy of a large body, both among the laity and the clergy.

It was in this condition of the public mind that the Convocation reassembled after its prorogation; one of the principal objects being to take into consideration the Report of the Committee of the Lower House on the question, whether there were sufficient grounds for proceeding to a synodical judgment upon the "Essays and Reviews."

It is perhaps worthy of note, as indicating the curious fluctuations of popular religious controversy in England, that the chairman of this committee was the well-known Archdeacon Denison of Taunton, who had himself only just ceased to occupy the attention of the public, as the object of a protracted ecclesiastical suit on a charge of heterodoxy in a direction precisely opposite to that of the Essayists; and of whom the Edinburgh Reviewer remarks that, "his zeal for persecuting others seemed to be only whetted by his recent and narrow escape from his own long persecution."

The Report is so clear and so precise in its statements, that we shall transcribe it entire:—

"The Committee of the Lower House of Convocation of the province of Canterbury appointed by direction of his Grace the President and their Lordships of the Upper House, to examine a book entitled, 'Essays and Reviews,' and to report thereon to the Lower House 'in order that the Lower House may communicate to the Upper House whether there are sufficient grounds for proceeding to a synodical judgment upon the book, report as follows:—

"The book committed to our examination consists of seven 'Essays and Reviews,' six of which were written by clergymen of the United Church of England and Ireland.

"We have carefully examined the book and we consider the following to be its leading principles:—

"1. That the present advanced knowledge possessed by the world in its 'manhood,' is the standard whereby the educated intellect of the individual man, guided and governed by conscience, is to measure and determine the truth of the Bible.

"2. That where the Bible is assumed to be at variance with the conclusions of such educated intellect, the Bible must be taken in such cases to have no divine authority, but to be only 'a human utterance.'

"3. That the principles of interpretation of the Bible hitherto universally received in the Christian Church are untenable, and that new principles of interpretation must now be substituted if the credit and authority of the Holy Scriptures are to be maintained.

"We find that,

"1. In many parts of the volume statements and doctrines of the Holy Scriptures are denied, called into question, or disparaged; for example:—

"(a) 'The reality of Miracles,' including the idea of Creation as presented to us in the Bible.

"(b) 'Predictive prophecy,' especially predictions concerning the Incarnation, person, and offices of our Lord.

"(c) 'The descent of all mankind from Adam.'

"(d) 'The Fall of Man and Original Sin.'

"(e) 'The Divine Command to Sacrifice Isaac.'

"(f) 'The Incarnation of our Lord.'

"(g) 'Salvation through the blood of Christ.'

"(h) 'The Personality of the Holy Spirit.'

"(i) 'Special or Supernatural Inspiration.'

"(k) 'Historical facts of the Old Testament, including some referred to by our Blessed Lord Himself.'

"2. It is urged that many passages of the Holy Scripture may be understood and explained upon the principle called 'ideology;' by which is meant that the reader is at liberty to accept the idea of characters and facts described in the Holy Scriptures, instead of believing in the reality of those characters and facts.

"3. It is maintained that the creeds of the Church, whether regarded as confessions of faith or as 'instruments for the interpretation of Scripture,' may now be put aside as no longer suitable to the present advanced intellectual condition of the world.

"4. Liberty is claimed for the clergy and candidates for holy orders to subscribe Articles of religion and to use formularies in public worship without believing them according to their plain and natural meaning.

"5. Attempts are made to separate Christian holiness of life from Christian doctrine.

"We notice in many parts of the volume the absence of that spirit of humility and reverence with which human reason ought

ever to approach the study of Divine truth ; we notice also a confusion of the dictates of the natural conscience with Divine grace, and in some places a substitution of those dictates for Divine grace.

"It appears to us that, while the professed intention of the volume is the 'free handling in a becoming spirit' of religious subjects, the general tendency and effect of the volume are unduly to exalt the authority of human reason, to lower the authority of Revelation in regard to things divine and spiritual, to unsettle faith, and to consign the reader to a hopeless scepticism.

"We have appended two schedules, A and B,—Schedule A containing the advertisement 'To the Reader,' as prefixed to all the editions of the book, and referred to in the preceding paragraph of our report; Schedule B containing passages denying, calling in question, or disparaging statements and doctrines of the Holy Scriptures, with citations from and references to those parts of the Holy Scriptures and of the Formularies and Articles of the united Church of England and Ireland to which such passages are contrariant.

"Signed on behalf of the Committee,

"GEORGE ANTHONY DENISON,

"Archdeacon of Taunton, Chairman."

Those of our readers who bear in mind the statements from the Essays, transcribed or indicated in our last Number, will have no difficulty in accepting the above as a fair, and on the whole not inadequate, Report upon the contents, as well as upon the plain and natural tendency of the volume. There is not a single point of objection here indicated, which may not be amply substantiated by many passages from the writers themselves ; and whatever may be urged by the apologists of the Essays, as to the general unfairness of judging a work by isolated extracts, separated from the context and from the explanatory antecedents or consequents from which they are withdrawn, we do not hesitate to say that we are fully satisfied, that, taking the language as it is, and reading the work according to the natural and ordinary construction which it ought to bear, it is impossible to doubt that the spirit as well as the letter of the publication is fairly represented in the summary presented by the Report of the Committee.

The justice of the report indeed is amply vindicated by more than one of the writers named at the head of these pages. Archdeacon Denison has entered very fully into the question of the unity of design, which is implied in the publication. He shows how each support and supplements

the statements of the other—how one illustrates by practical examples what another lays down, as a debateable theory ; and how the worst and most daring principles of all are recapitulated in the concluding essay of Mr. Jowett. And as to the essay which by many has been regarded as the least objectionable, that of Dr. Temple, Mr. Jelf, in a most calm and philosophical analysis demonstrates that whether placed at the head of the volume by accident or by design, it is “practically the foundation and introduction to all the rest.” The tendency of this essay, indeed, may be faithfully condensed into a few sentences.—“It seeks to prove men of the present day to be under rules and obligations of faith different from those of former times, and more especially from those which obtained in the Early Church ; that the points which were then fixed and defined on scriptural grounds, though true and necessary for that age, are no longer true and necessary for us, nor even desirable or suitable guides for us ; that they are not even permissible to us ; that not only should we not be wrong in giving them up, but are wrong in retaining them. Reason, having now attained its maturity, is in fact a higher Revelation, and Scripture has no longer any right to do more than to suggest to reason that which reason may reject if it pleases ; whatever interpretation of Scripture may have been true in former ages, Scripture is now to be interpreted and modified to suit the tone of the age, or the supposed progress of the intellect ; this supremacy of reason is not only in harmony, as some would have it, with the pride and blindness of man, but with the counsels of God and the divine economy of salvation.”

Without entering, however, into this question, we shall, at least, understand from the Report under our eyes, what are the doctrines, the admissibility of which, within the pale of the English Church, is now under discussion. It is of little consequence, as bearing upon this view, whether the Report does or does not fairly represent the opinions of the writers. This much, at least, is certain:—The Report was presented, and was accepted by Convocation as a fair summary of these opinions, and in all the discussions which ensued, *this fact was unhesitatingly assumed*. Schedules were appended to the Report containing extracts from the Seven Essays in support of the views regarding their tendency presented in the Report. But no discussion was raised as to this question ; and

although the Dean of Ely deprecated in general the notion of condemning any work from a collection of passages extracted from it, yet he made no complaint as to the unfairness of the selection of extracts made in this particular instance by the Committee.

Here then, at least, the matter is brought to an issue. And we find ourselves in the presence of a fact for which few parallels can be found in history—a Synodical assembly of the ministers of a Christian Church, discussing in sober seriousness, the question whether, within the pale of that Church, it be free to her members and even her ministers, to profess and publicly to propound, a body of doctrines and principles which, however variously they may in some respects be construed, are at all events confessed by all to involve a denial of “the reality of Miracles, including the order of Creation; predictive prophecy, and especially the Messianic prophecies; the common descent of man from Adam; the fall, and original sin; the Incarnation of our Lord; the Personality of the Holy Ghost; Supernatural Inspiration; the historical facts of the Old Testament; even some referred to by our Blessed Lord Himself!”

Let us see, therefore, what is the course adopted by the Convocation in discussing the compatibility of professions such as these with membership of the Church of England. There is much, it is true, even in the proceedings of the party favourable to the Essays, to which, upon the received principles of Protestantism, no exception can fairly be taken. We can understand, for example, Canon Wordsworth’s energetic appeal “upon grounds of Christian charity, that the authors should be permitted the opportunity of defending themselves.” We ourselves fully sympathize with the remonstrance of the Dean of Ely against the unreasonableness and the “inconsistency both with the dignity of the House, and with the dictates of propriety, of professing their readiness, having only had the Report placed in their hands during that morning, to enter at once into its consideration.” In like manner we understand the technical or constitutional difficulties which are raised against the particular form of proceeding which was proposed, as irregular and unprecedented. It was a perfectly intelligible objection on the part of Dr. Wordsworth, that “Convocation was a deliberative and not a judicial assembly; and that they were now engaged in a

measure for which they had no precedent." It is true that in 1669 a Committee of Convocation was appointed to examine certain books declared to be mischievous ; but it was declared by the Bishops on that occasion, that they could not pronounce judgment without the Royal license. On the contrary, they said they were advised that by so doing both Houses of Convocation might incur the penalties of the statute of the 25th of Henry VIII. A similar decision was come to in 1689 in reference to Bishop Burnett's Book upon the Thirty-nine Articles ; and Whiston's case, in 1710, fails equally to apply as a precedent for the proceeding now proposed, inasmuch as in the case of the Essayists the Convocation neither has the author before them nor the Royal license to proceed. It was not unnatural, therefore, that Dr. Wordsworth should warn the assembly that they " must respect the rights of the Crown, and if they were to find means, as he hoped they might, to check the spread of these pernicious doctrines which were circulating among them, they must take care to proceed in a legal way."

For these and several similar suggestions, we are perfectly prepared ; nor should we think it inconsistent with even the most decided reprobation of the doctrines under discussion. But what will the advocates of Church authority say to the proposal of the Archdeacon of Stafford that, while such doctrines are disseminated in the Church, while the very foundations of the Christian faith are at stake, and where, if ever it is the plain office of a Christian Church to interfere in vindication of the truth, it was nevertheless, " not expedient to revive the power of synodical action under the existing circumstances of the Church !"

Still more what will be thought of the complete, unconditional, and unreserved surrender of the functions of the Church as a witness, much more as a judge of true doctrine, which is implied in the significant warning of another of the speakers ? Not content with " protesting against the course which was taken, of dealing with the book as a whole, by which all the writers were made jointly responsible for anything objectionable found to be contained in any one of the articles, and expressing his fears that the Report of the Committee would be looked upon out of doors with some suspicion, seeing that among its members were those who had before taken a conspicuous part in

opposition to the work," he openly avows that in the present condition of the public mind, in England, authority has practically grown obsolete; that churchmen are no longer to be taught, but to be convinced; that, in a word, the only instrument of the doctrinal teaching of the modern Church is Reason; that the arguments of the Essayists would be expected to be condemned by the same weapons as those used by the Essayists,—namely, by the learning, the science, and the wisdom of the age;* and with the young men of the country, the judgment of that House would only have the effect of exciting sympathy on behalf of the writers, and would be regarded as a condemnation of Convocation. Their sitting depended upon public opinion, and if they acted in a manner which would

* The Essayists and their defenders in their constant reference to the educated and enlightened classes, and their constant solicitude for *them* especially, appear to forget altogether that one grand characteristic of the Gospel was that it was to be "preached to the poor." This is forcibly put by Dr. Jelf: "Let us turn to the humbler classes, to the village school, and the village home. What will be the effect of the book there? There is, for example, (I would if I could, avoid exemplifying by personal allusion,) a certain parish, the vicar of which (unless he has two Gospels, one for the learned and one for the simple, is bound in conscience to teach in the parish school, that a child may believe or not, as he likes, the facts of the Old Testament and the New: the facts of creation, of the deluge, of Abraham's call—nay, of the life and death of our Blessed Lord. How will all this square with the Catechism, or with the Creed, or with simple reading of the Scripture, or with child-like faith? The child cannot be blamed (nay, on the principles of this book, he is praiseworthy,) whether he accept 'literally, or allegorically, the story of a serpent tempter, of an ass speaking with man's voice, of waters standing in a solid heap,' and the like. He may laugh at these scriptural facts, or accept them unreservedly, as he pleases. Or fancy, in another parish, some aged labourer in the act of reading to his dying wife out of his Bible, in simple faith, the 22nd chapter of Genesis. Just then, his wiser child comes in from the parish school, and tells him, on the high and unquestioned authority of his reverend instructor, one also who enjoys a theological reputation elsewhere, that the story he delights in, as an example of faith and obedience, is not a real transaction at all, but merely an allusion to certain motives in Abraham's mind, forbidding him to pass his son Isaac through the fire to Moloch—which wickedness, but for these motives, Father Abraham would have been disposed to do."

excite public feeling against them, they might have their doors shut for another century, as they had been."

It would be difficult to find a more significant commentary upon the very work which is under discussion, than the suggestion contained in these pregnant sentences. The true standard by which religious truth is to be measured, is—not the traditions of the fathers, not the judgments of pastors, not the authority of synods,—but "the learning, the science, and the wisdom of the age!" The ultimate tribunal upon whose decision all must turn, can only be found in "the young men of the country!" The synods of the Church depend for their value, not on the commission of our Lord, not on His promise of the Holy Spirit, but "on public opinion!" And the judgments of synods must be attuned to that public opinion, lest, if a hostile feeling be excited against them, "they may have their doors shut for another century, as they had been before!"

How must these suggestions have grated upon the ears of Dr. Jelf,* whose hopes had been fixed upon the "Pro-

* He expresses this feeling with great warmth in his address to the Convocation:—"Is the Church, Laity and Clergy, to sit tamely by, and see all this unfaithfulness, unmoved? Is the law of this Christian land powerless? And shall this sacred Synod, the organ and representative, however inadequate, of this pure and Apostolic branch of Christ's Church, keep silence and hush up the matter, and let things take their course? How my reverend brethren may feel, I know not; I, for one, will not forget that, so long as this Chamber is left open by our gracious Queen's commands, I am here, in the execution of a sacred trust, to speak a word in season for the Church of this land at home and beyond sea—a word for all Christian people, belonging to this realm of England, dispersed throughout the world. In the name of that Church I am compelled—and woe is me if I shrink from it!—to stand up boldly and honestly, and ask these men whether they can call themselves 'faithful dispensers of the Word of God and of His holy Sacraments.' I confine myself to those amongst the seven writers, who have received the Orders of Deacon and Priest. The one layman amongst them I can compassionate; and, but for his share in this concerted attack on the Christian faith, I could respect. Even a mere layman, indeed, cannot meddle with such things, and be innocent. So far there is no distinction between Clergy and Laity; but still he is comparatively blameless, in that he does not add to the sin of infidelity the breach of a sacred trust. He has given no

vincial Synod" as the one tribunal which the English Constitution has, from the earliest times, as the true and legal representative assembly, entrusted with the discussion of matters touching the welfare of the Church of England!

Well may the despairing friends of orthodoxy "conclude*" that the world has given its vote in favour of 'Essays and Reviews'—aye, and much more and much worse teaching than that; and in opposition to Catholicism, unless it be of the *pseudo* kind against which we have for some weeks past been raising our voice. In a question between faith and reason, it is not difficult to foresee the world's vote. As many believe the Church would gain by separation from the State, so it might be no loss to Christian truth were faith and scepticism to declare themselves at deadly feud. We should then at least know who are for and who against Catholic doctrine, who desire no longer to halt between two opinions, and who would be altogether and wholly faithful. There is urgent need that those who would be on the side of faith and Catholic truth should take their stand with firmness and consistency; and this for their own sake, as well as for the

promise, which he could break, and made in the face of the Church no solemn assurances, which he has never openly retracted, which, however he may fluctuate in opinion, he never can retract and retain his office.

"Six of these misguided men, in common with my reverend brethren and myself, did, in the most solemn hour of their lives, when the Bishop asked that categorical question, 'Do you unfeignedly believe all the Canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testament?' give that irrevocable answer, 'I do believe them.' And in that answer, we one and all, gave up our natural liberty, as some call it, to dispute the authenticity and genuineness of either the Old Testament or the New. We were thenceforth no longer free, if any one is ever free, to split hairs about what we could or could not hold under the Sixth Article of our Church; still less to draw Jesuitical distinctions of the term 'Canonical Books' into 'determined' and 'regulative;' or explain away the plain English words 'allow,' and 'acknowledge,' and 'agreeable to.' The common honesty of the country will not tolerate such evasions; indeed, most of the writers would, I am persuaded, repudiate their colleague's sophistry; I can call it by no milder name."—p. 44-6.

* With a writer in the "Union." June 21, 1861.

sake of others. For their own sake because, if they will not now stand firm, how know they presently they shall stand at all? An uncertain faith becomes a certain scepticism—a sure faith daily grows more sure and more certain. If to believe and love and obey implicitly be a gain and a happiness, not to do so must be a loss and a misery. Again, for the sake of others—perhaps never was there a time of greater danger to the souls of men than this our day. The world, the flesh, and the devil, tempt through the luxury and vice of our great towns. Walk about our vast city, east or west, by night or by day, and eye and ear let in enough of evil willingly or unwillingly; and what is this to the hidden misery and crime maddening the life of young and old? Wealth, public opinion, popular literature—upper, lower, and middle class—every ‘use and wont’—all wage unholy war against the soul. Young and old, broken-hearted, sin-sick, worldly-weary, cry to God for His truth; and what, aye, what too generally have they given them by their teachers? For bread, a stone!”

It is only justice, however, to the majority of the Lower House to say that this suggestion met but little favour, and that the prevailing sentiment regarding the “Essays” was of strong reprobation. Without entering into a detailed history of the various courses which were proposed, it will be enough to say that not one of the several expedients by which it was sought either to obtain a favourable judgment, or to evade a positive censure obtained more than a limited support. The resolution against the expediency of reviving synodical functions was defeated by a majority of twenty-nine to ten. Dr. Wordsworth’s proposal to leave the question to the ordinary operation of the Ecclesiastical Courts shared the same fate; and eventually the original motion of Archdeacon Denison, to the effect that in the opinion of the Lower House “there were sufficient grounds for proceeding to a synodical judgment upon the book,” was carried by a majority of thirty-one to eight. This decision was communicated to the Upper House, and the Convocation was adjourned to the 9th of the present month of July.

The result of this decision was of course to bring the subject again, and by the most formal procedure known to the ecclesiastical usage of the English Church, under the

consideration of the Episcopal body ; and the re-assembling of the Convocation has been looked forward to with much anxiety both by the patrons, and the impugnors of " *Essays and Reviews*." This meeting was, for the bishops, *the third* public opportunity for expressing their judgments of the work under review.

Now, we must say that gross and palpable as was the inconsistency between the first course taken by the bishops in the publication of the celebrated manifesto and their second public appearance in the earlier session of the Convocation, the decision just arrived at in the session of the 9th July is the most unaccountable of them all, being practically in contradiction to both its predecessors.

On the resolution of the Lower House being read, the Bishop of Chichester called attention to an event which had occurred since the last meeting—namely, the institution by the Bishop of Salisbury of proceedings in his court against one of the authors of " *Essays and Reviews*," Dr. Rowland Williams, Vicar of Broad Chalk, which appeared to alter the position of the bishops in relation to the work. It was not unlikely that this cause might come to be considered, in appeal, by the ultimate tribunal in such cases—the Privy Council. Now, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, being members of the Privy Council, would be embarrassed in their judgment as Privy Councillors, if they should have already pronounced judgment upon the work in Convocation. In consequence the Bishop of Chichester proposed the following resolution :—

"That his Grace the President be requested to communicate to the Lower House that this House, having taken into consideration the communication of the Lower House touching a book called ' *Essays and Reviews*,' have resolved that whereas, since this House formerly considered the question, a suit has been instituted against one of the writers, and whereas His Grace the President and the other bishops who are members of the Privy Council may in the course of the appeal upon it have to decide in the said suit judicially, and whereas it appears to this House inexpedient either to proceed with the consideration and discussion in the absence of his Grace the President and the other bishops who may be members of the Privy Council, or to embarrass their hereafter sitting as judges, by their having joined in a synodical judgment of the book, it is expedient to adjourn the further consideration of the question, pending the course of the suit."

This resolution was seconded by the Bishop of St. Asaph, and was passed unanimously.

Now, we cannot help saying that the resolution thus adopted is but one of those paltry expedients for evading a difficulty to which recourse is had by those who have not the courage to encounter it upon its own merits. It is plain to every impartial observer of the course of events, that the contingency which is here relied on as a ground for abstaining from present action is one which might have been foreseen from the very outset, and which ought to have been contemplated before the issuing of the Episcopal manifesto. Nay, it is plain that such a contingency was *de facto* contemplated, and not only contemplated, but provided for in the manifesto itself. In expressing their satisfaction with which they received the address of the clergy on the subject of "Essays and Reviews," the bishops declared in their manifesto that it was "still under the gravest consideration," whether the language of the Essays "is such as to make their publication *an act* which would be visited in the Ecclesiastical courts, or to justify the synodical condemnation of the *book* which contains them." A clear distinction is thus made between "the act" of the pastors who published these opinions and "the book" in which the opinions are contained. The first falls within the notice of the Ecclesiastical Courts; the second belongs to the sphere of Convocation. And the bishops in the manifesto plainly urged the two causes as independent of each other, and as capable of being adopted simultaneously. So far therefore as the publication of the works is concerned, there was nothing in the exercise of the judicial functions of the Archbishop of Canterbury as a member of the Court of Appeal, incompatible with his pursuing to its farthest limit the inquiry into the soundness or unsoundness of the doctrines which are put forth in the book. Nor can we regard the plea set up by the Bishop of Chichester, as other than a device by which to escape a collision which is regarded with alarm or a defection which might make the church a desert.

But whatever may be its true import, the plea has at least served the turn. The question is again postponed, and if we may judge from the length to which similar and indeed far less formidable contests have been protracted, it is hard to foretell at what time a decision may be expected. Meantime, the evil remains unmitigated

and unchecked. "It is fearful," says the writer already quoted, "to reflect on the thousands, nay millions of souls, who in this country are starving, care-worn, and sustained with no hope. And what has been done for them? They look for peace, and pardon, and salvation; but *where* are they to look for them? Would that our churches were again filled with priests who in life and doctrine and work are Catholic: then would there be no lack of penitent and grateful souls. Spite of Protestant, worldly, sceptical, money-worshipping creeds, the true Creed from Heaven would then be winning true souls for Heaven. For the sake, then, of others, as for our own, let each and all of us do all in our power to set up the truth which Christ has given us in the Candlestick, that it may give light to all that are in the house. 'A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid;' yet, if there is no city from the lack of builders, but only a ruin and a heap and a wilderness, while ever day and night there goes up to heaven a lamentation of lost souls, what is to be done? But many will say—We are making a violent and unreasonable outcry, when we ought to know that the Church of England is most prosperous, its priests amiable and inoffensive, and its laity highly respectable and perfectly satisfied." Alas, who is so weak as to risk all upon an appearance so hollow and delusive? Alas, too, what is the assurance that even this, unsubstantial as it is, is destined to endure! Who shall say what may be the condition of public belief in England by the time when the last technical appeal in the case of "Essays and Reviews" shall be brought to a conclusion?

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

- I.—*Memoirs of the Most Rev. Oliver Plunkett*, Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of all Ireland, who suffered for the Catholic Faith in the year 1681. Compiled from original documents by the Rev. P. F. Moran, D.D., Vice-Rector of the Irish College, Rome. Dublin: Duffy, 1861.

WE deeply regret that the necessities of space compel us to hold over the notice of this most interesting and

valuable work till our next issue. At the last moment we are reluctantly compelled to relinquish the hope of including it in the present number. But we cannot permit this opportunity to pass, without at least, a few words of most earnest commendation. Dr. Moran's work is the most valuable contribution to the post-Reformation history of the Irish Church since the days of De Burgo. It gives an earnest, in the copiousness and variety of original materials with which it abounds, that the history of our Church in these countries is not the hopeless blank which it has been commonly reported to be; and we cannot doubt that the success of this first instalment of what is plainly a labour of love, will induce the learned and accomplished author to pursue his researches in the same field for which he appears eminently fitted, as well by his own personal qualifications, as by the peculiar advantages which he enjoys in virtue of his position.

II.—*The Chapel of St. John: or, a Life of Faith in the Nineteenth Century.* By Kenelm Henry Digby. London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson and Son. 1861.

Nothing from the pen of Mr. Digby can need an introduction to the readers of this journal. There is no Catholic writer of our day on whose pages we have so frequently drawn through the long series of years during which we have laboured in the cause which he has done so much to render popular with the thinkers of our age. We may confidently predict for his present work a popularity wider, if not more lasting, than has fallen to the lot of any of its predecessors. It appeals more intimately than any of them to the feelings of the reader, and although it is distinguished by the same various learning, the same vastness of historical research, the same brilliancy of style, the same copiousness and felicity of illustration, it addresses itself to sympathies which are at once wider in their range and more tender and touching in their influence.

It would be out of place here to attempt any analysis of this most charming volume. It must be read in order to be fully appreciated. It will be enough to say that it presents, in a discursive sketch of one who was very dear to the writer, a picture of the inner life of those who with loving hearts serve God truly in that sphere of life in which

His Providence has placed them. This life Mr. Digby sketches partly by the example of the subject of his loving biography, partly by the aid of the vast resources which his own erudition has placed at his disposal, through all its phases and in all its varied relations—its Catholicity, its piety, its wisdom, its relation to society, its relation to art and literature, its relation to the family, its justice; its humility and charity; its amiableness, its cheerfulness, its courage in affliction, its resignation in suffering and in death; nor is it possible to contemplate any detail of this portraiture without feeling elevated by the grandeur and attracted by the tenderness with which it is delineated.

We can only spare space for one or two specimens. The first is from the introductory chapter, and will remind Mr. Digby's old admirers of the very happiest of his former efforts.

"Now that the sweet voice of a gentle Christian woman has just ceased, for one about to speak of her retiring goodness, there is no doubt great need of indulgence, which he would not have asked if he had not been confronted with an age not perhaps hostile, but indifferent to merit of this high order. And yet to those who would object that details of this kind were not befitting any but a private audience, he would reply that such a life is either rare or common. If rare, it ought to be written for its singularity; if really, what seems so incredible, common, still more ought it to be made known to the literary public, since certainly there are many who do not seem aware that it is with goodness of this kind they, living in the nineteenth century, are every day surrounded, as such an hypothesis requires them to believe. In either case this chapel of St. John shall not be made the grave of her deserving. Nor is it a boastful extravagance to add, that England should know the value of her own; but it is a most natural conclusion to say with the poet, that to suffer it to pass into oblivion

—————were a concealment

Worse than theft, no less than a traducement.'

To hide the light inherent in such a life, and in an instance of so grave a kind, would be to furnish fresh ground to the complaint of the Florentine philosopher, who, speaking of such examples, laments, 'ut notiora sint nobis quæ prisca tempora tulerunt quam quæ nostrâ setate acta sunt.'

"When Fontenelle pronounced his eulogium on the celebrated Du Hamel, he felt it necessary to apologize for having presumed to touch upon that part of his life which ought to have been spoken of in front of the altar, and not before an academy. Perhaps, with regard to this book, what would have furnished ground formerly for

bespeaking pardon, might now on the contrary be advanced as substantiating a claim for favour ; since contrary to the ancient usage, as in the instance of a Marcella and a Paula, an Eloi and a Francis, whose lives were written by a Jerome, an Ouen, and a Bonaventura, the portrait here presented will be sketched by one who has no pretensions to a similarity with what he delineates. The world has often heard of the lives of holy persons written by the holy ; but though it is enough to make one pause to think of the ancient saying,

μισῶ πονηρὸν, χρηστὸν ὅταν εἴπῃ λόγον,

it will excite perhaps its attention as a novelty, and even conciliate in some degree its regard as an instance of unbiassed and unsuspected testimony, when it hears of such a portrait being drawn by one who cannot by the pattern of his own thoughts cut out the purity of her whom he portrays,—

‘ Car en moy n’est entendemens ne sens
D’escrire, fors ainsi comme je sens,’—

and who in consequence of that dissimilarity of character cannot be suspected of any partiality or predilection in favour of a subject which what some call the destiny of life, rather than any meritorious inclination on his part, has cast in his way. It is even a very religious contemplatist who says, ‘ Books written in a devout way often weary me. I yawn at the first page. A theologian who speaks of such grave subjects moves me much less than a man of the world who seems to think about them.’ And Fontenelle, speaking of M. de Ressous, remarks, that if religion can be said to receive honour from what some men have done for her, perhaps may she take some little credit to herself for the weak efforts in her favour extorted as it were from men whose condition was the most different from that of her natural and professed advocates. Possibly, too, the very manner in which such a person taking up a pen is likely to treat a subject of this nature, may present certain advantages that are not to be wholly disdained ; for

‘ The world which neweth every day,’

as old Gower expresses it, will not be content with writings composed to suit the taste of the thirteenth or even of the seventeenth century. It may be well to present it with goodness and faith as seen with modern eyes, with eyes that are accustomed to the perspectives of the present civilization ; and, after all, gratitude, admiration, reverence,—not gratuitously offered or supposed, but extorted, will be of all ages. One may reasonably hope, therefore, that this book, devoted to the memory of one who was accessary to such violence, will be not alone pardoned, but praised,—‘ professione pietatis aut laudatus erit aut excusatus.’ ”—pp. 10-12.

The closing paragraphs are inexpressibly tender.

"Is this the last we have to speak? O hasten us not. We are come indeed to the whole depth of our tale, and ought to occupy the argument no longer. Perhaps the impatience of others tells us we should be gone; but yet methinks we have still somewhat to communicate; the moment is not come for the last adieu; we can yet stand here, forgetting any other home but this, parting is such sweet sorrow. Let us, then, I would continue, remember her to whom we have been debtors for that which will be ever to pay while we pay still. Let us keep fresh within our minds that recollection, which, by a consequence that ought to be inevitable, would fit us for a readmission to her society hereafter. She now walks the paths of upper air,—

'Sed longe sequere, et vestigia semper adora!'

Statius is thought to have won by this one line the heart of Dante. Applied as we propose it, let us cherish it as a panoply for our own. We should follow thus, and even imitate her fond example, elsewhere noticed, of never leaving one we love without seeming to linger still and multiply last words.

'I hear, I hear, with pleasing dread,
The plaintive music of the dead;
They leave the amber fields of day;
Soft as the cadence of the wave,
That murmurs round Jane Mary's grave,
They mingle in the mystic lay.'

Sweet saint! Oh, ever breathe the powerful strain, and thy faith will live within the book and volume of the brain unmixed with baser matter. Yet stay; even such love has danger. Hamlet, after converse with the ghost, dismisses his companions without more circumstance at all,—holding it fit that they shake hands and part; and adding, for his own poor part, 'Look you, he will go pray.' There's the deep-toned music of our Shakspeare's soul; but his Paulina,—mark this,—thinking of her 'that's never to be found again in this life, would wing her to some withered bough, and there lament till she was lost.' Fearful and impotent conclusion! leading us to distinguish between strong impressions, when closing all, and to perceive that there is one direction fraught with peril, in which men's mournful steps can move—path sinistrous, 'eiry,' as old minstrels say, and full of gloom, to which Prospero too alludes when saying,—

'—————Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.'

Let Love hear therefore the right voice, and fear, lest, by neglecting just distinctions, the stone we stand on should rebuke us for being more stone than it. Hears not Religion herself its grave accordant voice, attesting yet another witness? Another who sealed her testimony, to be added to the long list of those inscribed on adamantine rolls,—

‘Hears not also mortal life?
Hear not we, unthinking creatures!
Slaves of folly, fear, or strife,
Voices of two different natures?
Have not we too?—Yes, we have
Answers, and we know not whence,
Echoes from beyond the grave,
Recognized intelligence!
Such within ourselves we hear
Ofttimes, ours though sent from far;
Listen, ponder, hold them dear;
For of God—of God they are!’—pp. 386-7.

For the rest we must refer to Mr. Digby's own pages. No one who recollects the charming sketches of mediæval life in the “Ages of Faith” can fail to be attracted by this kindred portraiture from our own time—the Life of Faith in the Nineteenth Century.

III.—*The Sisters: Inisfail: and other Poems.* By Aubrey De Vere, Author of “May Carols,” &c., &c. London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts.

We have just received this charming volume, which we heartily commend to all lovers of genuine poetry. We must reserve the detailed notice till our next publication.

IV.—*The Cathedral of Monreale, Sicily.* By D. B. Gravina, B.C. Burns and Lambert, 17 and 18, Portman Street, London, (w.); and Rev. R. Emanuele, Grove House, Maidstone.

Few illustrated books will be more highly valued than that of Father Gravina, on the Duomo of Monreale in Sicily. Among the architectural works of the day, not many can be the subjects of such long and laborious study as the present, as it is but rarely that professional men can devote the necessary time to the careful studies required for a task so serious.

The leisure hours of forty years have resulted in a work equal to the best of a similar kind now existing. The

plates now shown are admirably executed, and the colours and gilding of the mosaics are given with the greatest fidelity. If the succeeding numbers do not fall behind those already circulating,* the whole will form a work answerable in every way to what we so much require.

As a work of reference for students, professors, and others, it will take its place with the great Italian works on the Churches and Buildings of Rome, &c. It is to be hoped, therefore, that it will find its way to the shelves of the useful professional libraries of our great cities. In proportion too, to the singularity and perfect preservation of the architecture and decoration of the Duomo, will be its value as a reliable authority for all its measurements and minute details.

Those students who have felt the want of accurate and detailed accounts of such noble and isolated landmarks in the tradition of modern architecture, will appreciate the publication of Father Gravina's work.

It must not be forgotten that the price of the numbers with their illustration, is lower than could have been possible, had such a work been produced in this country, and one cannot but feel certain that it must gain and preserve the popularity it so fully deserves.

The work will be published in this country, in 40 parts, each part (price 14 Shillings) will contain two plates large imperial folio, and will appear every two months.

* We have seen several other numbers which are, in every respect, equal to the first.

We had prepared a notice of the magnificent work of Mr. Cockerell on *Ægina*, the insertion of which we are compelled for want of space to postpone. The same, we regret to say, is the case as to Lord Stanhope's admirable *Life of Pitt*, and to several other notices which we had prepared for our present number.